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POPES, CARDINALS, AND CONCLAVES.

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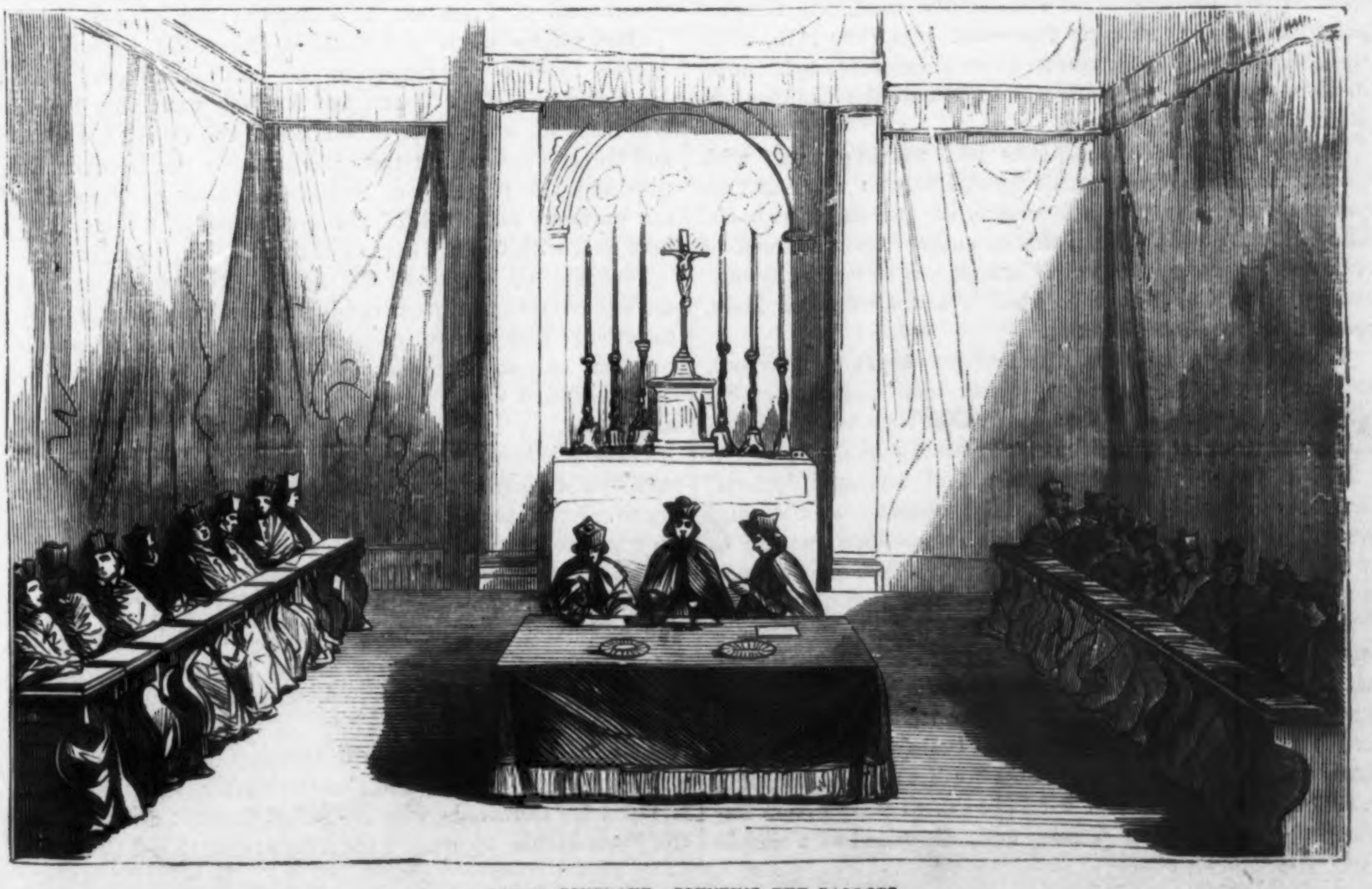
The Pope is dead! Such was the rumor flashed throughout Europe, to Asia and Africa, and across the Atlantic to America, on the 12th of November, 1877. It thrilled all Christendom; and, although it happily proved to be unfounded, it has awakened so lively an interest in the venerable Pontiff himself, the Sacred College of Cardinals, and the Conclave in which, sooner or later, the next successor of St. Peter will be elected, that it is deemed opportune to compile, from various reliable sources, a number of facts relative to these topics.

Pius IX. (Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti) was born on the 13th of May, 1792, at Sinigaglia, in the ancient duchy of Urbino. His father, Count Geronimo Mastai-Ferretti, was Gonfalonier of Sinigaglia, and his mother, the pious Countess Caterina, was a descendant of the noble family of Ferretti. His classical studies, which he began in 1803,



A PAPAL CONCLAVE—COUNTING THE BALLOTS.

were interrupted in 1808 by frequent attacks of epilepsy. In 1809 he went to Rome to study theology. Two of his uncles, the Bishop of Mantua and a Canon of St. Peter, were then in Rome. He returned to Sinigaglia in 1810, and continued his studies under the direction of his maternal uncle. In 1812 his name was placed by the French authorities on the list of the Italian guard which they were organizing at Milan, but he was excused from military service on account of his physical infirmity. The same cause thwarted his wish to join the Pope's "guard of nobles." In the Autumn of 1813 he attended, as a layman, the lectures of the Roman Academy. Soon afterward, his epileptic fits recurring less frequently, he was encouraged to resume his clerical costume, and was allowed to receive minor Orders. He was chosen, in 1818, by Monsignore (subsequently Cardinal) Carlo Odescalchi as a companion on a missionary excursion in the neighborhood of Sinigaglia. His zeal and talent in teaching the common people led Odescalchi to recommend him for ordination as sub-deacon. Pius VII. personally gave him permission to receive Priest's Orders in 1819, when he was appointed director of an institution called *Tata Giovanni*, for the education of poor boys. He was chosen in June, 1823, secretary to Monsignore Muzi, apostolic delegate to Chili, where he ministered to the Indian population of the interior. On his return to Rome in June, 1825, he was made domestic prelate to Leo XII., and in December he became superintendent of the Hospital of St. Michael, on the right bank of the Tiber. In 1827 he was nominated Archbishop of Spoleto, and he created, at his own expense, charitable and industrial establishments like those which he had governed at Rome. In 1831 he induced a body of four thousand insurgents to give up their arms to him, obtained their pardon from the authorities, and governed for a time the provinces of Spoleto and Perugia. In 1832 he did much to alleviate the distress occasioned by severe earthquakes, and he was made Archbishop of Imola. On the 23d of December, 1839, he was created Cardinal, and he was proclaimed as such on the 14th of December, 1840. When Gregory XVI. died, on the 1st of June, 1846, Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti was immediately designated, by representative men of the moderate national party, as the most suitable successor. On June 16th, while the Austrian Cardinals, known to be unfavorable to his nomination, were still on their way to attend the Conclave in Rome, he was elected Pope.

One of the first acts of Pius IX. was to consult with Count Rossi on the reforms most likely to reconcile the papal sovereignty with the claims of Italian patriotism. The zeal with which His Holiness entered upon a course of reforms, the avowed object of which was to realize by successive steps the Giobertian ideal of a confederated Italy, aroused universal enthusiasm.

The popularity of the Pope did not begin to decrease, at least in foreign countries, until 1850 had almost expired. In December of that year, New York voted him an address of grateful sympathy and encouragement.

But at the very outset Pius IX. had honestly declared that he could yield no part of his prerogative as temporal sovereign if it would trammel his independent action of governing the Church. Austrian intrigues, and the excesses, in word and in deed, of the Republican party, after the French revolution of February, 1848, and finally the assassination of Rossi on November 15th, 1848, together with the fact that on the next day the populace, the civic guard, the gendarmerie, the troops of the line, and the Roman legion, besieged the Quirinal, and forced the Pope, whose secretary, Monsignore Palma, was shot down by his side, to accept a radical ministry, at length led Pius IX. to escape from imprisonment in his own palace, and, disguised as a simple priest, to seek refuge at Gaëta. Here he was received with great honor, and declarations of attachment and sympathy poured in upon him from all parts of the world.

He immediately issued a protest against the acts of the Revolutionary Government, and in February, 1849, he called upon the Catholic powers, particularly France, Spain, Austria and Naples, for armed resistance. Rome capitulated to the French forces on July 1st, 1849.

The Pope re-entered Rome on April 12th, 1850. Although he proclaimed a partial amnesty, his progressive tendencies had, naturally enough, been checked, and the reactionary policy of the late Cardinal Antonelli, his Secretary for Foreign Affairs, became dominant in his councils.

On September 24th, 1850, Pius IX., by a letter apostolic, restored the Catholic hierarchy in England, making, in accordance with the reservation of the Catholic emancipation bill, no See at any city where there was a bishop of the Established Church.

In 1854, he invited the bishops from all parts of Christendom to meet at Rome, and, with their consent, he formally defined the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception to be a dogma of the Catholic faith. The ceremony took place at St. Peter's, December 8th, 1854. Other important acts of his pontificate have been the conclusion of concordats with Spain, 1851; Baden, 1854; and Austria, 1855; all of which have since been revoked or annulled; the foundation at Rome of English and American colleges for theological students; a bull of excommunication, March 26th, 1860, and published with the usual formalities on March 29th, against all persons concerned in the invasion and dismemberment of his dominions; his reform of the great religious bodies, begun by the encyclical letter of June 17th, 1847, and since consummated, so as to make the period of probation more protracted, and to raise the standard of discipline and intellectual training; the publication, December 8th, 1864, of the encyclical *Quanta Cura*, and the accompanying *Syllabus*, or catalogue of propositions condemned by him at different times; the celebration, in 1869-70, of the first session of the Council of the Vatican, which ended with decreeing and promulgating the dogma of Pontifical Infallibility; the creation in the United States of a vast Catholic hierarchy, crowned in March, 1875, by elevating to the cardinalate Archbishop McCloskey, of New York; the conflict with the Russian Government, after 1863, in defense of the Polish Catholics; and the conflicts which took place within the German Empire and the Republic of Switzerland after the Council of the Vatican; and, in 1877, the restoration of a hierarchy in Scotland, with the full accord of the English Government.

Pius IX. has conferred the honor of canonization upon more persons than any one of his predecessors. He completed the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate in June, 1871, and by reigning longer than any predecessor, he has contradicted the traditional words: *Non videbis annos Petri*—used at his coronation.

From this brief outline of the career of Pius IX., let us turn to the Sacred College of Cardinals, the highest Church dignitaries after the Pope, whose counselors and electors they are, and from whom his successor is generally chosen.

The appointment of a Cardinal rests exclusively with the Pope, who is empowered to bestow the rank of Cardinal on any individual of the clergy, or even of the laity, whom he may select. But this power, so far as the latter point is concerned, is seldom exercised, and has sometimes been contested.

According to stipulations with leading Catholic sovereigns, a Pope occasionally appoints, at the recommendation of the latter, a few Cardinals, who are called Crown Cardinals. As the Pope wields supreme authority over national Churches in various parts of the world, he seeks the advice of wise and learned men in all civilized countries, in order to make his administration truly catholic, and in compliance with directions to this effect by the Council of Trent and the Constitutions of Sixtus V.

Various causes have led to the fact that the majority of the Cardinals are of Italian birth. Most of them reside in Rome, where they either hold ecclesiastical benefices or are employed in the administration of the Church. Some of them belong to monastic Orders, and remain in their convents even after their election.

The Cardinals are divided into three classes—cardinal-bishops, cardinal-priests and cardinal-deacons. The maximum of these classes is respectively six, fifty and fourteen. The first class consists of the bishops of the six suffragan sees of the former States of the Church—Ostia, Porto, Albano, Tusculum, Sabina and Palestrina.

The *Almanach de Gotha* for 1877 catalogues as cardinal-bishops, Cardinal Patrizi, dean of the Sacred College, and Cardinals Amat di San Filippi e Corso, Di Pietri, Guidi and Bilio. It also gives a list of forty-three cardinal-priests, several of whom are archbishops, and a list of eight cardinal-deacons. The names on the former list most familiar to our community are those of Cardinal Riario Sforza, lately deceased, and Cardinals Donnet, Antonnucci, De Bonnechose, De Hohenlohe, Bonaparte, Simeoni, Franzelin, Cullen, Manning and McCloskey.

One of the eight cardinal-deacons, Cardinal Capalti, died recently. Other deaths of members of the Sacred College have occurred during the past year, and a few of the vacancies still remain unfilled.

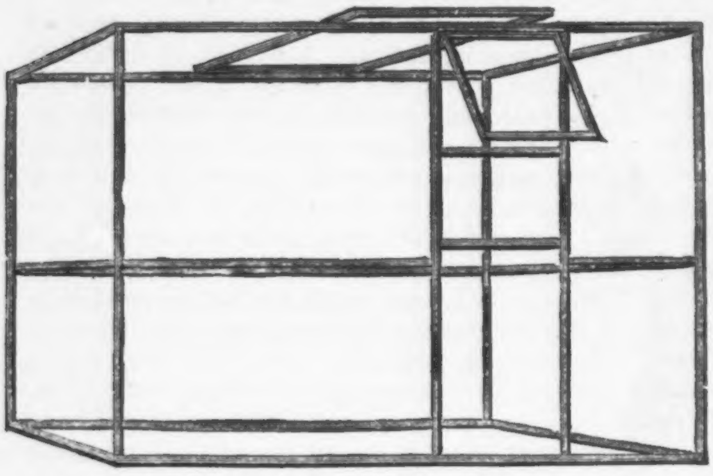
A sprightly letter from a correspondent in Rome has been published in the London *Times*, giving sketches of the "Home Cardinals"—that is, of the Cardinals residing in Rome. The correspondent is manifestly an Englishman, but he must have dwelt long enough in the Eternal City to catch the infectious familiarity with which the Romans—true children of old facetious and satirical Pasquino—are accustomed to speak of the purpled Princes of the Church, and even of the Holy Father himself.

According to this writer, the influence of Cardinal Simeoni, Secretary of State, and the triumvirate of Monaco La Valetta, the Cardinal Vicar of Franchi, and Bilio, is supposed to be supreme at the Vatican. The Pope is withdrawing, day by day, from the management of public affairs, and leaving them in the hands of the Congregations, of which Cardinals are the nominal heads, but the real minds and souls of which are the secretaries. These nineteen secretaries, and those of the eleven pontifical chanceries, are, he asserts, the real Popes of the present day. Sketches of these "powers behind the throne" would be not less interesting than those given of the Cardinals at Rome.

Some of the latter are very old men—such as Amat, 81 years old, disabled by repeated apoplectic fits; Asquini, 75 years old, a good-hearted, scrupulous man; and Bizarri, of the same age, but a confirmed invalid; on none of whom the choice of a Conclave would probably fall, unless the Sacred College were a prey to hopeless division, when the expedient of naming a Pope with one foot in the grave—of provisionally filling the Papal chair with a view to a better organization of the parties for a new trial of strength—might suggest itself. The votes of these venerable gentlemen may be predicted. The amiable and moderate Amat would be in favor of conciliation. The two others would recommend extreme measures, and give their suffrages to a candidate pledged to enforce them.

Cardinals Di Pietri, De Luca, Mertel and Nina are named as likely to some extent to sway the deliberations of the conclave. Di Pietri is a Roman noble of high and gentlemanly feelings, lavish of his money, not aspiring himself to the Papacy, but disposed to back some moderate and appreciative candidate. De Luca is a Sicilian, earnest, deeply learned, moderate, a man of action, well versed in worldly affairs, highly honorable, formerly Nuncio at Vienna. He keeps up a brisk intercourse with men of liberal opinions, meeting them, however, not at his own residence, but at friends' houses, or at their own villas. He is in his seventy-second year. Mertel, a great jurist, seventy-one years old, is one of the wisest and most moderate men in the Sacred College. The correspondent takes pains to draw almost a full-length portrait of Mertel, adding that "a more desirable Pope could certainly nowhere be found, but as surely he never will be Pope, for he is too modest and reserved." Nina, a Roman, an intelligent, reasonable man of unblemished reputation, is one of the rising men of the moderate party. We can only allude to the correspondent's profile sketches of some of the other cardinals—the upright Consolini; Barardi, whom the clerical party (so-called) has nicknamed "the priestly Cagliostro"; Borromeo, who signs the circulars laid before him by the Loyola Fathers, "and fancies himself the chief mover, the head and heart of the Association"; Bonaparte, with his truly Napoleonic brow and set of features, under which may perhaps lurk extraordinary powers that have not yet found an opportunity for development (and may not, unless the Bonapartists succeed in overthrowing the French Republic and help make him Pope); Chigi, who is credited by his friends with "a sublime ambition"; Martinelli, who once went to sleep a mere sacristan of St. Augustine's Church, being a monk of the Augustinian Order, and awoke in the morning to find himself a Cardinal; Pacca, an accomplished courtier, a collector of old coins, and the Romans make fun of his squinting, "prismatic" eyes; Franzelin, a Jesuit, who despises all vanities, is a profound theologian, widely and deeply learned; Panebianco, "a fierce and most obstinate monk," learned in theology, but with a temper tried by a sleeplessness that has been tormenting him for years; and Pecci, "a man of blameless character, sincerely religious, well versed in Church matters," and whose appointment is considered one of the wisest acts of Pius the Ninth's pontificate. These, says the English writer, are the luminaries revolving more immediately round the sun of this Vatican firmament.

Shorn as this sun now is of its former temporal power, it is intently watched in its setting by all nations, and all await with deep interest the rising of another in its place on, probably, some not far distant day. Citizens of the United States are so much accustomed to the separation here between Church and State as scarcely to realize that in Europe a religious question is at the bottom of almost every political question that agitates the public mind. They will, therefore, be apt to lend less importance than it deserves to a telegram sent on November 26th to the London *Times* by a Paris correspondent, explaining from this point of view many things otherwise incomprehensible in the actual French situation at that time. Light is shed on the obscure causes of the action of May 16th, and of the formation of a new Cabinet which was unacceptable alike to Republicans and Bonapartists, when, according to the telegram, one great obstacle to the reconciliation of the public powers is discovered to be that "the prompters of the Executive foresee that at no distant date, through a vacancy in the Holy See, France may have to play an important part, and are resolved, at any cost, that that office shall not then be held by the Liberals, who not only would not pursue traditional French policy, but might add immense strength to quite an opposite cause." There is more in this, perhaps, than may appear on the surface. But as Pius IX. comes of a



THE FRAMEWORK OF A CARDINAL'S CELL.

long-lived stock, both the French reactionary faction, which thus anticipates the death of the Holy Father, and the Republican poet, Victor Hugo, who has advertised that as soon as it occurs his manuscript, *Le Pape*, will be published, may well wait a while quietly.

It cannot be denied however, that the extreme old age and debility of Pius IX., who is now (Nov. 28th,) confined to his bedchamber by a severe cold, warrant apprehensions of his death, which would be mourned throughout the world.

The Conclave, in which the choice of a new Pope is to be determined by the Cardinals in Rome, therefore commands special attention in advance, and a leading question of the day is—How is a Pope elected?

Anciently, the Pope was elected by the clergy and the people. During the era of persecutions, the position of Bishop of Rome, like that of Bishop of Constantinople, or of any other important See, was a perilous one, for which it was likely that none but candidates the most eminent for piety, virtue and wisdom, would be chosen. But as the Church increased in numbers, wealth, spiritual influence, and political power, the choice of men to fill such great Sees as those of Rome and Constantinople, became the occasion for stimulating human passions on the part of both aspirants to episcopal office and of those who had the power to bestow it upon them.

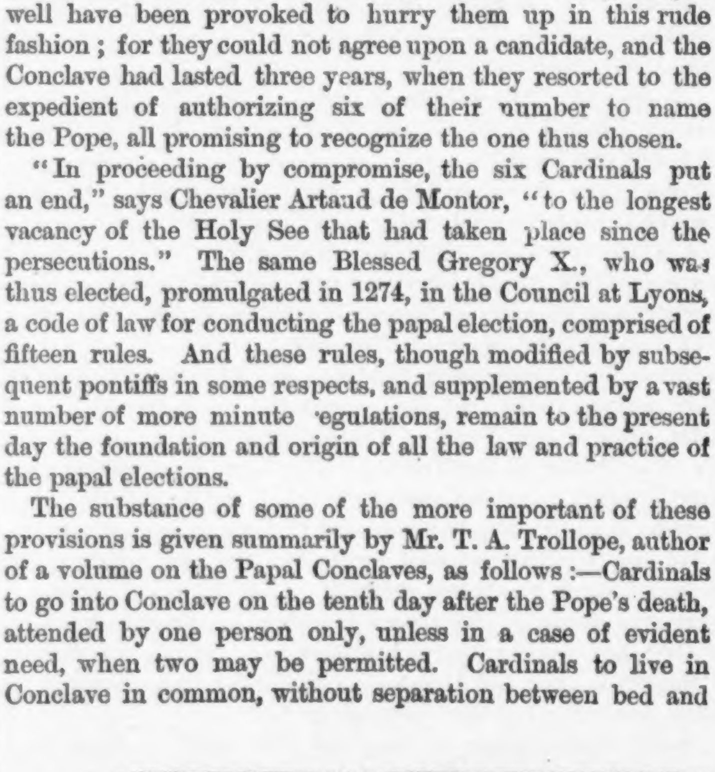
Unseemly intrigues and turbulent scenes often attended the early elections of a Pope. The Emperors, from motives of policy, wished to have seated in the Papal chair men who would subserve their own interests. From first protecting the liberty of ecclesiastical elections, they soon came to oppress it. Justinian claimed the right of confirming the choice of the Roman clergy and people, and this practically meant setting it aside. It was claimed that Adrian I. had conferred on Charlemagne the right of choosing the Pope. However this may have been, the German Emperor continually interfered in papal elections.

In order to protect the freedom of the papal elections, and to put an end to the scandalous disorder which frequently accompanied them, Nicholas II. decreed, in 1059, that in future the election of the Roman Pontiff and the administration of his See, during the vacancy, should be the exclusive right of the Cardinals of the Roman Church. The chiefs among the clergy are called cardinals, as the principal virtues are called cardinal virtues. After a violent struggle with the imperial power, the statutory dispositions of Nicholas triumphed through the energy of Gregory VII. In 1179, Alexander III. solemnly confirmed the decree of Nicholas, which prescribed that a two-third vote should be necessary to a valid choice. Meanwhile no statute existed compelling the Cardinals to reclusion while they performed their duty as electors. Several instances are on record, however, where reclusion was resorted to with the most beneficial effect. Honorius III. was elected two days after the death of his predecessor, in consequence of the strict reclusion to which the Cardinals then submitted; while Gregory X. was chosen only after a vacancy of two years and nine months, because the electors were not shut up. These two extreme cases induced Blessed Gregory X., in 1274, during the Council at Lyons, to decree a strict reclusion thenceforward, together with other conditions which have substantially come down to our times.

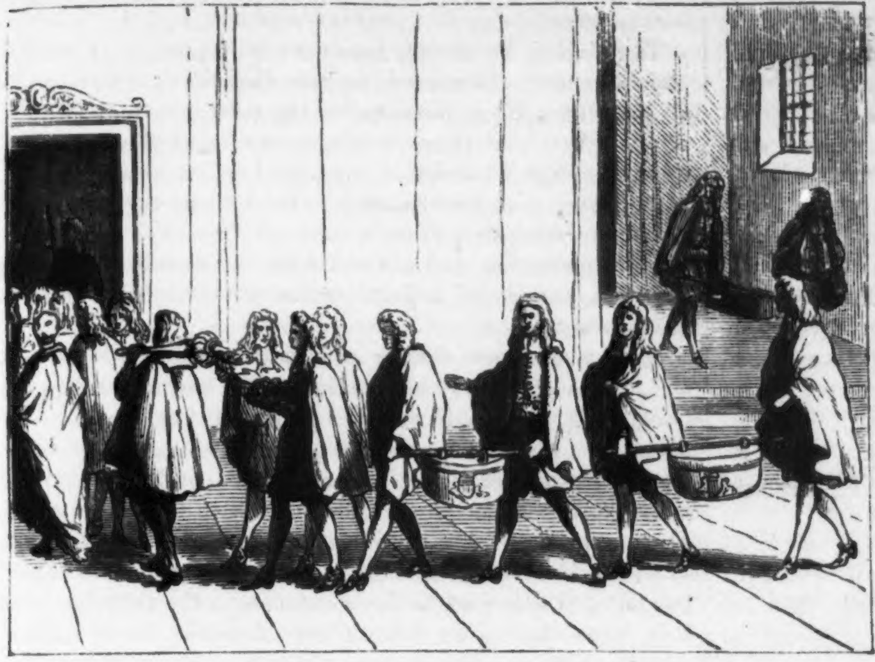
Conclave is derived from *cum*, with; and *clavis*, a key; and is applied either to the assembly of Cardinals engaged in electing a Pope, or to the apartment formerly in the Quirinal, and now in the Vatican, wherein they are locked up during the election. This shutting up of the Cardinals on such an occasion used often to be an involuntary imprisonment. Thus, after the death of Innocent III. in 1216, the Perugians kept nineteen Cardinals imprisoned until the election of Honorius III. was completed. Gregory IX. was similarly elected in 1227, by Cardinals who had been shut up against their will by the senators and people of Rome. In 1270, Blessed Gregory X. was elected at Viterbo by fifteen Cardinals, who were not only shut up against their will, but over whose heads the roof of the building in which the Conclave was held was removed by the citizens, in hopes that the inclemency of the weather might hasten their deliberations. Indeed, Ranieri Gatti, captain of the city, might well have been provoked to hurry them up in this rude fashion; for they could not agree upon a candidate, and the Conclave had lasted three years, when they resorted to the expedient of authorizing six of their number to name the Pope, all promising to recognize the one thus chosen.

"In proceeding by compromise, the six Cardinals put an end," says Chevalier Artaud de Montor, "to the longest vacancy of the Holy See that had taken place since the persecutions." The same Blessed Gregory X., who was thus elected, promulgated in 1274, in the Council at Lyons, a code of law for conducting the papal election, comprised of fifteen rules. And these rules, though modified by subsequent pontiffs in some respects, and supplemented by a vast number of more minute regulations, remain to the present day the foundation and origin of all the law and practice of the papal elections.

The substance of some of the more important of these provisions is given summarily by Mr. T. A. Trollope, author of a volume on the Papal Conclaves, as follows:—Cardinals to go into Conclave on the tenth day after the Pope's death, attended by one person only, unless in a case of evident need, when two may be permitted. Cardinals to live in Conclave in common, without separation between bed and



A CELL ERECTED WITH THE CARDINAL'S ARMS SET UP.



BRINGING IN MEALS TO THE CARDINAL ELECTORS.

bed by wall, curtain or vail (modified by subsequent rules to the present practice of a wooden cell for each Cardinal). No access to Conclave to be permitted. An opening to be left for food to be passed in. No vote shall be given save in Conclave. Cardinals who quit the Conclave by reason of sickness cannot vote. Those who arrive after the closing of it may enter and vote. Cardinals who may have been censured or excommunicated cannot be excluded from Conclave. An election can only be made by a two-thirds majority of those present.

Any man, lay or ecclesiastic, not a heretic and not canonically incapacitated, may be elected Pope. No entreaties or promises to be made by one Cardinal to another with a view to influencing the vote. All bargains, agreements, undertakings, even though corroborated by an oath, having such an object, to be of no validity; and "let him that breaks such be deemed worthy of praise rather than blame of perjury." The severest penalties have been affixed to any violation of the last of these rules.

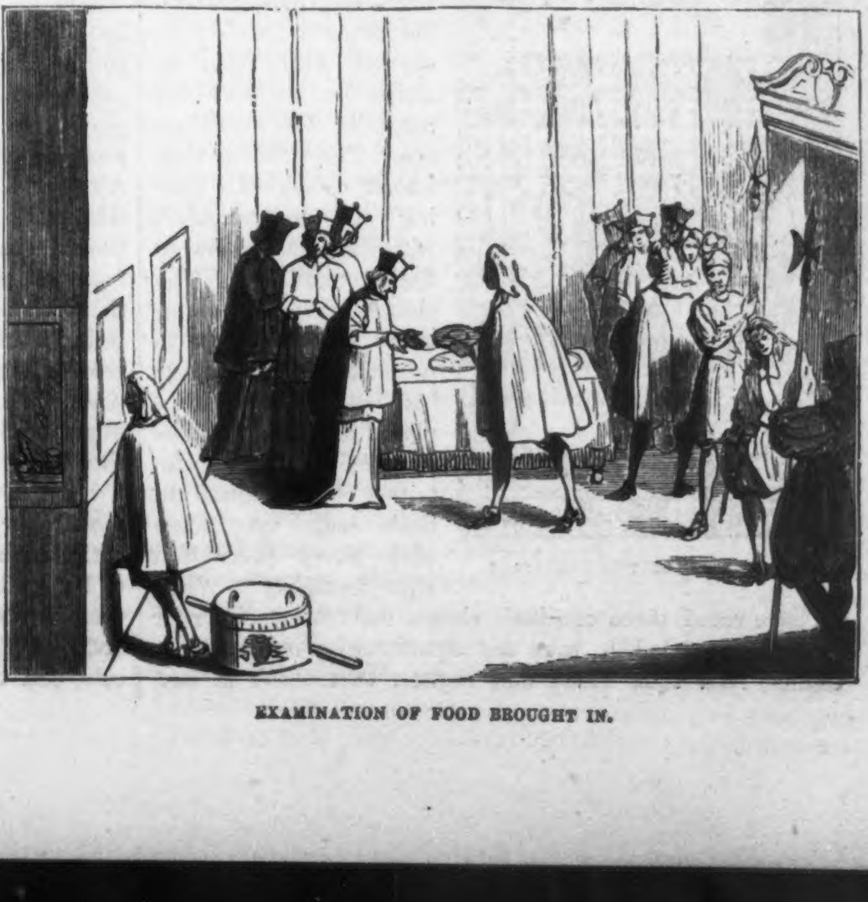
The greater continental Catholic powers—France, Austria, Germany and Spain—were formerly understood to have the privilege, through one of the Cardinals, of placing a veto upon the election of a candidate. It has even been said that, on the death of Pius IX., the Emperor of Germany, or Prince Bismarck through Kaiser Wilhelm, will claim the right of veto, in order to prevent the election of any candidate of the Jesuits. In that case, aside from the quality of these distinguished personages as Protestants, a question might be raised as to the validity of Kaiser Wilhelm's claim to the title of German Emperor, which the Emperor of Austria asserts to be his own by inheritance. Moreover, in old times, a German Emperor could not style himself such until he had been crowned by the Pope, although he might rightfully wear the title of King of Rome. The son of Emperor Napoleon I. left no heirs to his crown as King of Rome. But if the Emperor of Germany, who has never been crowned by the Pope, and probably never will be, should claim that title, Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, as well as Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, might have something to say about it.

Amidst all the proverbial uncertainties of French politics, it is as little likely that the son of the late Emperor of the French will become Napoleon IV. and exercise any influence in the coming Conclave toward making Cardinal Bonaparte the immediate successor of Pius IX., as that Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, will ask Mr. Disraeli—we mean the Earl of Beaconsfield—to induce the Sacred College to make Cardinal Manning or Cardinal Cullen the next Pope.

Most Americans, Protestants and Catholics alike, were glad to have Archbishop McCloskey become Cardinal, and would be equally glad to have him elected Pope. But long usage prescribes that the Pope, save by extraordinary exception, shall be an Italian. The late Cardinal Riario Sforza was by many regarded the most probable successor of Pius IX., who may yet outlive many other Cardinals.

The whole ceremonial observed by the Conclave is thus briefly described, according to Patrizzi and other modern authorities: Nine whole days are given to devotional exercises for the eternal repose of the deceased pontiff. On the ninth day his obsequies take place. On the tenth day the Cardinals assemble at the Sistine chapel, where a mass in honor of the Holy Ghost is celebrated by the Cardinal-dean, who then intones the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, and the Sacred College, with their officers and attendants, go in procession to that part of the Vatican set apart for their reclusion, immediately adjoining and including the Sistine and Pauline chapels, with three courts and the surrounding apartments. On their arrival in the Pauline Chapel, the Cardinal-dean chants before the altar the prayer, *Deus qui corda fidelium*, and the Papal Constitutions on Conclaves are read, all present swearing solemnly to observe them.

Formerly it was the custom to begin from that moment the rigorous reclusion prescribed by the pontifical decrees. In modern times it commences only on the evening of the tenth day. As soon, however, as the signal for the prescribed reclusion is given, all meet in the chapel, Cardinals

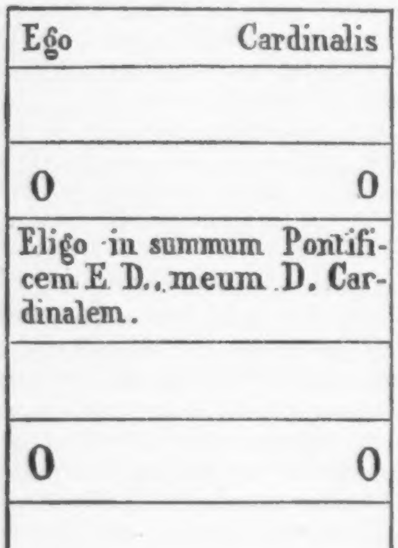


EXAMINATION OF FOOD BROUGHT IN.

and Conclavists (all the authorized officers and attendants in the Conclave), the oath of fidelity and secresy is administered to the Conclavists and guardians, and three Cardinals (chosen, one from each of the three orders of bishops, priests and deacons), accompanied by the high chamberlain (*camerlingo*) and the first master of ceremonies, make a scrupulous examination of every room and corner, from cellar to garret, in order to see that there are no intruders. The only door of communication having been closed, with two strong locks on the outside and two within, the Conclave is formally begun.

The cells in which the electors are locked up are simple in their construction and their furniture. They are draped in purple for the Cardinals created by the last Pope, and in green for all others.

The following daily routine is observed so long as the reclusion lasts. At six o'clock in the morning a master of ceremonies knocks at the door of each cell, to warn the inmate to proceed to chapel. At seven, the mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated, after which all the Cardinals withdraw. The Cardinals then recite the penitential psalms and the litany of the Saints, and a first vote is cast. Then the Fathers retire to their cells, breakfast, and take a short walk in the open air. At two o'clock P. M. they meet again in the chapel for the second ballot. After this they dine, walk out if they choose, or retire to their respective cells, where a religious silence is observed after dark.


Ego Cardinalis

0 0

Eligo in summum Pontificem E D. meum D. Cardinalem.

0 0

Nomen

Signa

BALLOT USED BY THE CARDINALS.

Gregory XV. decreed that the cardinals in conclave should vote by secret ballot. Papers of uniform size, texture and color are distributed to the cardinals. They are folded in such a manner that the part on which each elector writes his name cannot be opened, while that on which he writes the name of his candidate can. The ticket is then folded, closed with sealing-wax and stamped with the common seal of the Conclave. The elector then, kneeling, takes the solemn oath prescribed, and deposits his vote in a chalice placed on the altar. The votes of such as are detained by sickness in their cells are taken with every precaution and formality. When all have voted, three cardinals, chosen one from each Order in the Sacred College, take the papers one by one from the chalice, read them aloud and register them, each in succession. As soon as a two-thirds vote is obtained the fact is announced.

The elect, if he accept, immediately chooses the name by which he is to be known, and receives the first homage of all present. He is next clad in the vestments and insignia of his office, and receives homage a second time. Thereupon the first in order of cardinal-deacons, preceded by a cross-bearer, goes to a balcony in the Vatican and proclaims the name of the new Pope.

The coronation and consecration ceremonies attending the inauguration of a Pope are of a very solemn and impressive character.

But we are now chiefly concerned with the ceremonies and laws relating to Papal elections. The laws which Blessed Gregory X., remembering the length of the Conclave in which he was elected, passed in order to prevent similar delays in future, were frequently suspended, and then restored when there was too long a Conclave, which often happened. Thus, after the death of Nicholas IV., on the 4th of April, 1292, the Holy See was vacant two years, three months and two days. There were twelve Cardinals in the Conclave, but they were divided in opinion—six Romans, four Italians and two French. Villani says: "*Quærentibus illis quæ sua, non quæ Jesu Christi, tantum dilata est electio*—the election was so long delayed because they cared for their own interest, and not for that of Christ." At length Saint Celestine V., originally called Peter of Morroni, the eleventh of twelve sons of Angelerio, a farmer, and who, after being a Benedictine monk and spending five years in solitude in the caves of Morroni, a mountain near Sulmona, had founded the Order of Celestines and become its prior, was elected Pope at Perugia on the 5th of July, 1294. This election was principally due to the solicitations of the cardinal-bishop of Ostia. The Cardinal, to put an end to the discords which rent the Sacred College, proposed that they should choose this hermit, well known for his sanctity, and who was then at Rome on a visit to a house of his Order. Peter of Morroni, therefore, was unanimously elected, and the decree of his election forwarded to him. But he firmly refused to accept. His refusal was only overcome by the en treaties of the Cardinals, of King Charles II. of Naples, and of Andrew, King of Hungary. Francis Petrarch writes that Peter had meditated escaping from the importunities of the two last-named princes by flight, but the people flocked about him, and he was obliged to yield to their cries and commands. Almost frenzied, Peter set out for Aquila, which he entered on an ass, the bridle of which was held by King Charles and the King of Hungary. He had written to the Cardinals that, on account of the heat, he could not proceed to Perugia, and they repaired to Aquila to take part in the ceremonies of his coronation on the 29th of August, in the church of the Celestines, of Collemaggio. Afterward, mounted no longer on an ass, but upon a beautiful white horse, he made his entrance into the city amidst the acclamations of a multitude of people who had gathered from all parts to see the first personage in the world, who so recently had been only a lowly hermit, poor, often suffering from hunger. Celestine, soon regretting his liberty, resolved to recover it. He showed that resolution more plainly after the death of Cardinal Latino, to whom he had intrusted the principal business of the pontificate. Celestine knew that the Cardinals were ill-pleased with him. Twelve new members of the Sacred College, whom he promoted, seven French and five Italians, had been created without the former Cardinals being consulted. He began to be spoken of as a man reared in the woods, and unfit to wear the tiara. Impelled by such considerations, he first declared that the Pope might freely renounce the pontificate, and then he soon desired to make that renunciation—

XUM

not, as some authors have pretended, because Cardinal Benedict Gaetani, who succeeded him, told him through a trumpet (anticipating the modern telephone), as though the voice came from Heaven, that he ought to resign the tiara. This, says Artaud, is a wretched fable, unsupported by any contemporary evidence.

Two kings, as we have seen, held the bridle of the ass which bore the hermit-pope, Saint Celestine V., and pages might be filled with the names of powerful and illustrious monarchs who were proud to render, in medieval days, a similar service to Sovereign Pontiffs, while the latter rode on white palfreys, richly caparisoned, to take possession of St. John Lateran's basilica, after their elevation to the papal chair.

Among the striking accidents which have occurred on like occasions, is the one that befell Clement V. at the time of his coronation in St. Juste's Church, at Lyons, in 1275. The ceremony was very brilliant. King James of Arragon was present, as was also the King of France, accompanied by Charles of Valois, and Louis, Count of Evreux, his brothers, and John, Duke of Brittany. During the ceremony of the cavalcade, which took place in imitation of the Roman custom, a wall fell down, and the Pope's horse took fright. Clement fell, the tiara rolled upon the ground, and a ruby of great value was detached from it, and vainly searched for after the accident. John of Brittany, who held the bridle of the Pope's horse, was knocked down, and perished in the tumult. The King and his brothers were themselves wounded. The Conclave that ended in Clement's elevation had lasted nearly ten months.

At another long Conclave, which lasted four months, and resulted in the election of Pope Pius IV., in 1559, a stratagem was employed to cause the vote to fall upon Cardinal Bartolomeo della Cueva, a Spaniard. His Conclavist, an able man, secretly visited thirty-two of the Cardinals separately, begging each to give a single ballot to his master, who would be very grateful for this *solitary* token of esteem. Each Cardinal thus solicited, imagining that he alone was asked for that graceful act of politeness, promised his vote. When all met in the chapel, and each was asked how he intended to vote, and each replied that for that single time he should give it to Cardinal Cueva, this trick of Torres was discovered; but they could not prevent his master from attaining seventeen votes. As thirty were needed, however, the trick was useless.

Party spirit used sometimes to run very high, almost to extreme violence, in a Papal Conclave. After the funeral of Innocent IX., fifty-two electors entered into Conclave on the 10th of January, 1592. The Spanish party in the Conclave soon showed a preference for Cardinal Santorio, who, on the 11th, was on the point of being elected by *adoration.* Thirty-five of the electors had given their votes; but Cardinals Altemps, Gesualdi and Colonna put a stop to the tumult which, for several hours, prevailed in the chapel. They constrained those who were clamoring for the adoration to consent to the scrutiny. Here Santorio, a fanatical partisan of the Spanish faction, had no more than thirty votes—five too few. But Providence had decreed the tiara to Cardinal Aldobrandini. A single Cardinal was here seen to exercise a sort of power of exclusion. Cancellieri says: "'The Cardinals were divided into two parties. Ascanius Colonna, desiring the elevation of Santorio, Cardinal of San Severino, wished the election to proceed by way of adoration. The excitement of the two parties was so intense that the Spanish party shut themselves up in the Hall of Scrutiny, while the other party retired to the Pauline chapel, and everything seemed to menace scenes of violence. The tumult was such that the senior Cardinals could not count the votes, which, at that instant, were sufficient—thirty-five. Ascanius received a slip of paper from his relative, Mark Antony Colonna. Ascanius read it and exclaimed, 'Ascanius will not have San Severino for Pope, *because he is not the choice of God!*' And he rushed from the chapel, in spite of the efforts of the other Cardinals to detain him. The effect of this renunciation was so rapid, that Santorio (San Severino) was at once excluded by a very great number of votes. Other candidates were proposed, but rejected. A Cardinal suddenly named Aldobrandini. He was accepted with acclamation, and elected at nineteen o'clock (Italian reckoning)—*i.e.*, noon, on the 19th of January, 1592."

Before accepting the dignity, which he had not contemplated, Aldobrandini demanded permission to approach the altar. Yielding to an impulse of sublime humility, he said, with an emotion that excited universal enthusiasm, "O, my God! let my tongue dry up that I may not consent to this election, unless it be for the good of Thy Church, which I love from the very bottom of my heart, and of Christendom, whose glory and prosperity I desire."

This admirable manifestation of modesty greatly impressed the Cardinals. They sent for the pontifical vestments. They almost forcibly seized the Cardinal and attired him. He kept silence; but when he saw them remove his red cassock, which he was never to see again, he exclaimed, "Give us back our beads and the Office of the Blessed Virgin, which are the witnesses of our devotion!"

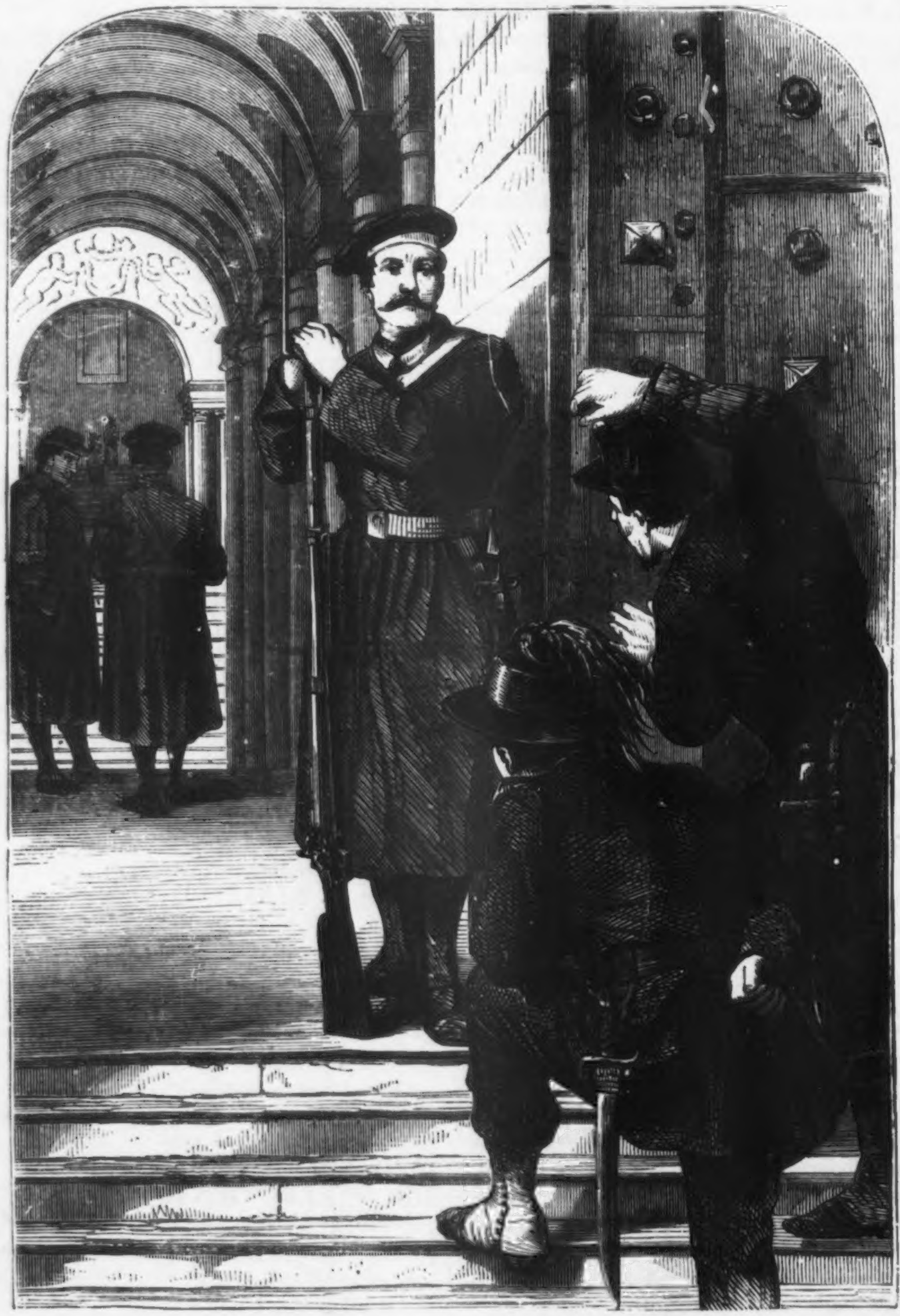
Aldobrandini could no longer withhold his consent, as he had used the Papal first person plural—"Give *us* back *our* beads"; and he declared that he would take the name of Clement VIII.

Remarkable predictions and prognostics have often anticipated the elevation of a Pope. Saint Philip Benizi, the Servite, predicted that of Adrian V., who became Pope in 1276. Callixtus III., who became Pope in 1455, predicted his own; he had said some years previously that he should undoubtedly be Pope. Of Pius II., who succeeded Callixtus III. in 1458, it is related that on the night before he was born, Victoria, his mother, dreamed she should give birth to a son with a mitre on his head. A second prognostic was that when he was seven years old his playmates created him pontiff, crowned him with a mitre composed of green leaves, and then kissed his feet. No less than three personages—King Alphonso of Naples, Emperor Frederick III. and a Cardinal at Rome—pointed him out, at different times, as "the future Roman Pontiff."

The natural sagacity of more than one Pope, and their familiarity with the character and antecedents of a Cardinal, have enabled them, without extraordinary gifts of prophecy, to designate, half in fun and half in earnest, their successors. Thus, the venerable Pius VII. foretold both the elevation of his immediate successor, Leo XII., and that of Leo's successor in 1829. Transacting some business with the latter, Pius VII. said to him: "Your Holiness, Pius VIII., may one day settle this matter." About two centuries and a half before, Sixtus V. (Felix Peretti) had made a similar prediction to Cardinal Castagna, who became, in 1590, his successor, with the title of Urban VII. As they dined together at a country house, Sixtus, helping himself to some pears, found a decayed one, and said: "Just now the Romans do not like *pears* (Peretti); they will soon have *chestnuts* (Castagna)."

This little chapter on prognostics may be concluded with two pretty auguries. The first relates to Cardinal Barberini, who became Pope Urban VIII. in 1623. It had been remarked in Rome that a swarm of bees from the direction of Tuscany had alighted in the rooms of Cardinal Barberini, and that was deemed a favorable augury, because the armorial bearings of his family were three bees, placed two and one. In allusion to these bees in his armorial bearings the

Holy Father was called the *Attic bee* when he received ambassador from the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and conversed with these representatives of the Greek Church in their own language, which he spoke with as much facility as they did. The second augury relates to Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti (now Pius IX.), when the death of Gregory XVI., in 1846, summoned him to Rome. As he passed through Fossombrone the crowd gathered around the carriage of the Prince of the Church, when suddenly a white dove, undisturbed by their noise and regardless of their attempt to drive it away, settled on the carriage. Taking it as an omen, the people cried out, "*Evviva! evviva!* behold the Pope!"



ENTRANCE TO THE VATICAN PALACE—VICTOR EMMANUEL'S GUARD.

We will not go back again to the ancient Papal Conclaves—not even to the one in which Nicholas Breakspeare, the only native of England ever elected Pope, became Adrian IV., in 1154; nor to that in which Urban VI., subsequently deposed, was elected in 1378, but, in order to appease the fury of the Roman populace who would have none but a Roman for Pope, poor, decrepit, old Tebaldeschi had to be dressed up in the Papal vestments, in fine, to personate a Pope; nor to that in which, in 1623, Cardinal Barberini refused the tiara on account of a strange irregularity in the balloting, and demanded a new vote before he consented to be Urban VIII.

Let us rather hasten after the carriage of Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, on its way to Rome in 1846. We can arrive there in time to witness at least the closing ceremonies—perhaps some of the opening ceremonies—of the Conclave which assembled after the death of Gregory XVI.

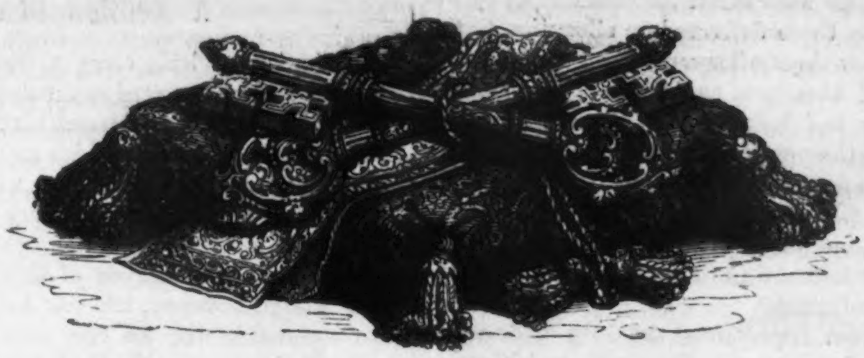
An Italian liberal shall be our *cicerone*.

His translated and abridged description will not lose all its sprightliness even if a few drops of subtle malice and partisan prejudice be omitted. Preferring a past tense, he tells us that the Cardinals entered into Conclave on the 13th of June. The diplomatic body went to compliment them. This body usually contents itself with commonplaces. But upon this occasion Count Rossi, who was delegated by his colleagues to speak, broke through routine, and formulated a desire in the name of the Italians and the diplomatists, that the Conclave might choose a man capable of comprehending the greatness of his position, the exigencies of the times, and the wishes of the people. Cardinal Micara replied to him, laconically, that "the Sacred College knew its duty, and would perform it."

The doors of the Quirinal were then closed. All of the windows had already been plastered up, to intercept all communications from without. But, adds our *cicerone*, the first care of the Cardinals, who were interested in keeping up these communications, was to contrive, with the assistance of their servants and of the conclavists, the making of a small hole in the still fresh plaster, through which a packthread might pass, that by this means they might send and receive letters.

The dinners of the Cardinals were sent to them from without upon handcarts, escorted by a butler in a carriage, bearing the arms of the Cardinal for whom the viands were intended; there could be seen the splendid dishes and plates of some, the meagre fare of others—these were compared, commented and jested upon. All the dishes were in turn examined by a commission of Bishops, in the dress of the Pontifical ceremonial, under the supervision of Prince Ghizi, who, by hereditary right is the guardian of the Conclave. They disemboweled the poultry and the fish, they broke the eggs, they examined the bottles, they peeled the oranges, they examined the soup-tureen. . . . . But notwithstanding all their precautions, means were always found to convey a message and to receive a reply.

Indeed, Cardinal Lambruschini, it was said, sent the news of his trouble, after the second scrutiny, to the Minister of Austria, and solicited the arrival of Cardinal Gaysruck, Archbishop of Milan, a person of great influence, particularly with the Neapolitan Cardinals. His Eminence received a reply, under the double ticket of a bottle of champagne, to prolong the contest, as the Cardinal was on his way.

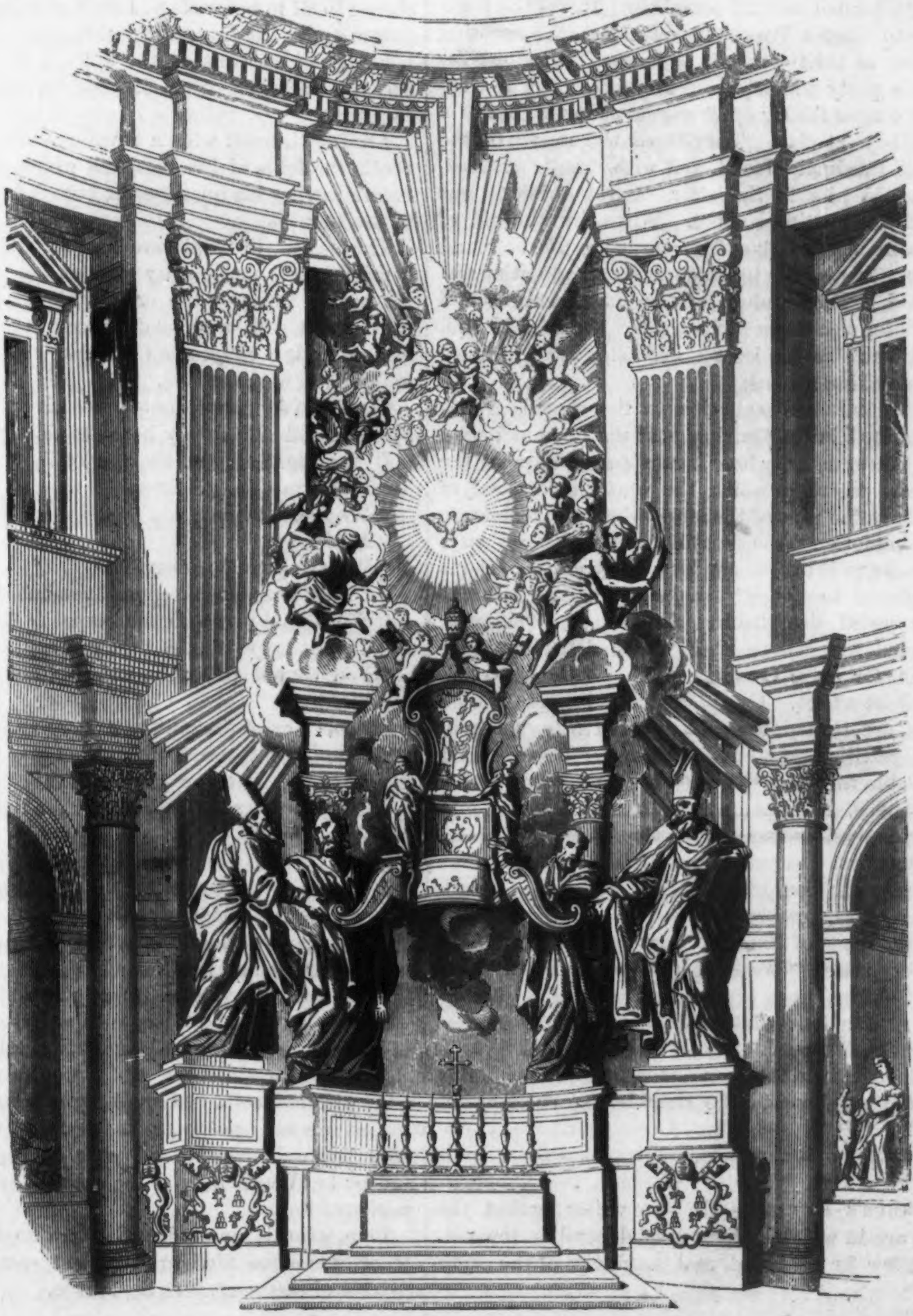


THE PAPAL ARMS.

Cardinal Piccolomini, it was also said, sent to Cardinal Bernetti, in the carved handle of a knife from which the blade had been broken, the solicitation of a Roman princess, an old friend of the Cardinal, requesting him and his friends to give their votes to Cardinal Mastai.

In the meantime, after having said the *Veni Creator* in the chapel, the Conclave opened and held its first session. Outside, the Cardinals were divided into four factions; but once within, once abstracted from exterior influences, the position of affairs became modified. The influences acted only from a distance, and greater interests took the place of private animosities and ephemeral ends.

The Conclave separated under two banners. One under that of an inflexible Papacy; the other under that of a Papacy of reform. Lambruschini stood as the candidate for the first, and for the second there were four candidates, nay, even five, with Bernetti, to wit—Falconieri, Soglia, Gizzi and Mastai. . . Besides Cardinal Gizzi, whom the Austrian Minister vetoed with his own authority, for the sole reason that this Cardinal was the candidate of the liberals, it was known that Cardinal Gaysruck bore also the exclusion of Cardinal Mastai. So that, if the Austrian Cardinal had arrived in time, Mastai would not have been nominated for Pope. But Gaysruck had scarcely reached the frontiers of Tuscany, when he received the news that the Pope was elected.



ST. PETER'S CHAIR, ROME.

On the 14th of June, after night set in, and the vast palace of the Quirinal again fell into silence and shadow, the real battle begun. It continued throughout the whole night. At last the morning of the 15th of June arrived. The Cardinals, with slow steps; silent and preoccupied, wended their way toward the chapel. Soon the voice of Cardinal Micara was heard within it.

Although seriously ill, he was carried into the chapel by his own directions, and he there delivered an allocution to the Sacred College. A few days afterward, Mr. Scarlett wrote from Florence to Lord Aberdeen, as follows: "The sudden election of the Pope has been principally attributed to the determination of the younger Cardinals to commence voting before the arrival of the foreign Cardinals, aided by an energetic appeal made to the Conclave by Cardinal Micara, President-in-Chief of the Apostolic Chamber."

Extreme excitement followed Cardinal Micara's discourse. Then the votes were collected.

The questors, to whom appertained the duty of opening the ballots, were Cardinals Mastai, Vannicelli and Fieschi. The counting of the votes commenced. The name of Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti began to be heard. When it had been repeated the thirtieth time, Mastai silently sat down. He was afraid of being attacked with a fit of epilepsy. He besought Cardinal Fieschi to be still. But the Cardinal, on the contrary, continued, and raised his voice with more solemnity, with more emphasis. At the thirty-third vote Mastai-Ferretti fainted and fell senseless. It was the number necessary to elect a Pope. Nevertheless, the counting went on as far as thirty-six. It is impossible to describe the joy of the party which gained the victory. The Conclave had no longer the air of an august congress, but of a hall of schoolboys at play. They threw themselves on the still insensible Cardinal Mastai, and with frantic exclamations they carried him to the altar. Cardinal Mastai was invested with the pontifical robes. When, by the aid of Cardinal Oppozzani's snuff-box, he returned to life, he found himself Pope. Immediate proclamation and adoration was then demanded. The conduct of Cardinal Lambruschini was admirable for steadiness and dignity. Cardinal Mastai, fatigued, and white as the laces on his alb, was left alone, incapable of speaking a word.

From the tumultuous agitation in the chapel, it was quickly understood in the Quirinal that the Pope had been elected. In the evening, when it was perceived that the usual hour was passed at which the white little cloud of smoke rose above the pipe of the stove where the ballots are burned, the commotion throughout Rome was extraordinary. The next day, June 17th, the artillery of the castle of Saint Angelo announced to the city the election. At last the hammer was heard demolishing the curtain of masonry which concealed the gallery of the Quirinal. The plaster was still fresh, for since Gregory XIII. no Conclave had lasted for so short a time. Complete silence reigns. Thousands of eyes are turned toward a space of a few yards in extent. The partition falls, and finally the Pope is seen upon his portable throne (*sedia gestoria*), surrounded by his court of Cardinals, Bishops and Prelates, splendidly and picturesquely dressed—something of the oriental, dazzling, striking to the most hardened imagination. Then a Cardinal advances to the front of the gallery, and, with a strong and sonorous voice, proclaims Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti Pope, under the name of Pius IX. Very pale, and moved to tears as the cry arises, "We have a Pope! he loves us, he is our father!"—Pius raises his eyes to heaven and gives to the kneeling multitude his first Papal benediction. He was crowned in St. Peter's on the 21st of June, 1846.

After a little more than thirty-one eventful and memorable years, the question now is, Who shall be the successor of Pius IX.?

The Reformer's Reward.—He who writes against the abuses of the age in which he lives must depend on the generosity of the few for his bread, and the malice of the many for his fame.

A MODERN GLADIATOR.

In Tunis, not long since, a Sicilian athlete attached to Rinaldo's circus excited enthusiastic admiration on account both of his manly beauty and his feats of strength. Formed like Hercules, his head sat his superb shoulders like a god's, while his hand was small and white as that of a woman. Among many of his extraordinary and daring performances was that of overcoming a lion, which, however, was trained to yield to him. Hearing of this feat, the Bey of Tunis—with whom, however, life was held but at little cost—sent him a message with an offer of one thousand ducats if he would fight to the death a lion of which he was the possessor. This offer was accepted by the athlete almost with a joyful alacrity, and without the faintest hesitation.

A day was appointed for the combat, and the encounter publicly proclaimed opposite the mosques, by both gong and bell.

"Just as I had hoped," said the Sicilian. "Everything shapes itself to my wishes. I shall gain entrance to the Bey's palace under the pretext of visiting the pit in which the lion is kept, and once within the walls, I shall bribe my way to *her*," and a bright gleam of hope lighted up his magnificent features.

Arming himself with a revolver, which he concealed beneath the folds of his vest, and which he carefully loaded before leaving his quarters, he betook himself to the Palace of the Bey.

The streets of Tunis are narrow and dirty, the houses consisting of a single story without windows on the exterior. He passed through the main streets, and as he strode onward many a Moorish maiden cast admiring and pitying glances at the handsome Christian who on the morrow was to do battle with the lion.

Upon arriving at the outer gate his progress was arrested by a sentinel who slowly paced his lonely round.

It was nightfall, and the purple light of evening was dying on mosque and minaret.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend!"

"What is your business?"

"I want to see the keeper of the lions."

"What want you with the keeper of the lions?"

"That is my affair, lead me to him."

"You cannot pass;" and the soldier pointed his gun at the Sicilian.

"Fool!" cried the athlete, "I am Giacomo Giovanilli."

The sentinel lowered his musket and in a respectful tone requested him to enter, giving him the password.

"Ah!" muttered the Sicilian, "the thin end of the wedge well driven in."

Further on he encountered the officer of the guard.

This personage was a youth, almost a boy, to whom the company of the athlete was as dayshine. He was vociferous in his exclamations of pleasure at seeing him, invited him to his quarters and made much of him.

Thus it is with youths, from India to the Pole.

The Sicilian was in brave spirits, and completely won the affection of the young officer. He performed several feats of strength, bending pieces of iron, lifting tables, taking up seats with his teeth, and similar circus tricks.

This was an occasion in the youthful warrior's life; what tales he would have to tell over his pipe and sherbet, by-and-by! What a crow he would have over his companions!

Palm wine is ordered, and cup after cup drained by the Moor, while the Sicilian drank but sparingly, pleading the combat of the morrow as his excuse.

The officer became communicative, bragging of his feats against the Kabyles—of his non-allegiance to the Sultan, of his lion, panther, lynx, boar, and wolf hunting, and soon reached that stage of intoxication in which a man is ready to sacrifice anything, everything for his friends.

This was the moment which the Sicilian hoped for. It had come at last.

"You are that class of man who would do a courageous act."

"Try me," said the officer. "Put me against that lion tomorrow, and I'll—shoot him!"

"You would do a generous thing?"

"I would. If you want a camel you shall have one, or two, if you prefer it."

"I want very little; but little as that is, it is hedged round with difficulty, if not danger. I want some one of a daring courage to assist me. You are that man."

The palm wine had filled the officer's veins as with molten fire.

To be thus addressed, thus extolled by the great Giacomo Giovanilli, was indeed high honor.

"I pledge you, mighty athlete," he said, tossing off the contents of another bumper. "Tell me now how in aught I can assist you, and, from riding down a dozen Kabyles to storming Mahomet Abyn's harem, command me. I am at your word."

Giacomo hesitated a little.

"I scarcely like to ask you," he began.

"Half confidence is no confidence—it is written in the Koran," burst in the officer.

An Italian idiom is spoken by the traders and better classes in Barbary—Arabic being the dialect.

"Be it so. I now claim your earnest attention. I was born in the little village of Castellaman, in Sicily, five and twenty years ago. My father was a dealer in amber, which is found in large quantities in Catania. I had a sister whom I loved better than my own life, and when my mother died, my father, in a frantic grief, gave himself up to the demon, drink, neglecting his business and plunging us into absolute destitution. I went to work in a sulphur mine, and Bianca was sent to Palermo to learn needlework, with a kinswoman of my mother's. She was then fourteen years of age. She learned to write. I did not; and after a time letters came to us, full of love and affection and hope. My father fell into the shaft of a silver mine, and was taken up a shattered corpse. Bianca still wrote, and I could not reply to her save through one of my companions. At last came a day when her letters ceased altogether, and I became distracted. After some weeks, I saved a few scudi, and begged my way to Palermo on foot. There I learned that Bianca had left the city. Whither I knew not. I was homeless, penniless, despairing, when, by accident, I met with one of Rinaldo's circus in a low eating-house. There I obtained a meal for beating a desperado who insulted the wife of the proprietor. My strength was always very considerable, and my agility about on a par with my strength. I became engaged in the circus, and have followed its fortunes ever since."

"And your sister?" asked the young officer.

"I am coming to her. I have never given up a search for her—never thrown hope overboard. Every city, every village that I've performed in, I have pushed inquiries on all sides, but without success. At last I dropped upon a clew. A sailor from Palermo with whom I got into conversation, and to whom I spoke concerning Bianca, told me that he was on board a trading-vessel that carried Trapani and his family to Tunis—Trapani being the name of my mother's kinsman. Luckily the circus was coming here, and a few evenings ago I met Trapani in the street. I seized him by the throat and demanded my sister. He told me that she was no longer with him, and my very soul sickened when he hinted that Bianca might be in this palace."

"Here!" exclaimed the officer, in astonishment.

"Yes, here."

"In what capacity?"

Giacomo's reply was a groan of anguish.

The officer, guessing his apprehensions, hastened to assure him that the harem of the Bey had not been enlarged for some years; that with the Bey the idea of monogamy had taken a serious hold on account of an intense affection for one of his wives; and that it was quite possible—nay, probable—that Bianca was attached in the capacity of attendant or companion to one of the ladies of the harem, if in the harem at all.

"If she is here," exclaimed Giacomo, "I must have this letter carried to her to-night."

"Impossible!"

"I do not recognize the word."

"The harem is in custody of the harem guard. The gates are locked at sunset. 'Tis death to be seen within the shadow of its walls."

"It must be done through the guard."

The officer shook his head.

"Will money do it?"

"It might, but to-night—impossible."

"I must have my worst fears confirmed to-night, as I wish to make the release of my sister the price of my combat with the lion. I now call upon you to aid me. You have sworn by the beard of the prophet——"

"It is unnecessary to remind me of my oath," said the officer, haughtily. "Give me the letter!"

"If there is any danger, I'll share——"

"Give me the letter!"

Giacomo handed him the letter.

"Wait my return," said the officer, as he strode from the apartment.

An hour passed, during which the Sicilian suffered the keenest mental anguish, an hour that appeared a year, a century.

What if this chivalrous youth, in obedience to his pledge, had gone forth to his doom; what if the letter had fallen into other hands and had sealed the fate of his sister; for the harem guard did its duty silently, swiftly, and surely.

Soldiers had come in and gazed at him, slaves had peeped timidly through the blinds,

His right to be within the palace had been challenged, but provided with the password he remained unmolested.

At last a slave appeared, approaching him furtively, and making signals of secrecy and caution.

Dropping something beneath a hard mat that decorated the floor, the slave disappeared as he had come.

Lifting the mat Giacomo's heart gave one great bound—a letter!

He snatched it up eagerly, tearing it open

It was from Bianca.

The young officer had kept his oath.

It contained a few words of love and joy.

"Now to make my terms," said the Sicilian.

Vast was the concourse assembled at the lions' pit upon the following morning, Turks, Jews, Moors and Christians, all filled with a frantic desire to witness the deadly duel between the athlete and the lion.

A message came to the Bey that the athlete wished to have speech of him.

"Let him approach," said the Bey.

Giacomo Giovanilli, attired in rich circus costume, which showed his magnificent figure to the fullest advantage, came forward, and bowed low; a murmur of admiration ran through those who immediately assembled around the Bey.

"You desire speech of me?" The Sicilian bowed.

"What would you?"

"I would crave your Highness to alter the terms of my agreement."

"So you are afraid."

"Do I look like one that is afraid?" drawing himself up with a proud gesture.

A RABBIT'S CURIOUS HOME.—SEE PAGE 14.

"You want another thousand ducats—Be it so."

"I would not put all the money in Tunis, in the wide world, in the balance against the boon I now crave at the hands of your royal Highness. The forthcoming struggle is one in which either I or the lion must die. In the walls of this palace my only sister is a captive. Upon the issue of the conflict let her release depend."

"*Your* sister," exclaimed the Bey.

"My sister."

"A Sicilian?"

"A Sicilian, by name Bianca Giovanilli."

"I know her not," said the Bey, and a great wave of joy passed over the athlete's heart.

The Bey turned to one of his attendants, and asked some questions in a low and rapid tone.

"I have made inquiries," said the Bey, "and there is no such person in my harem."

"Your Royal Highness, there is. I received a letter from her last night——"

He could have bitten his tongue out as the words passed his lips.

The countenance of the Bey became overcast by a terrific scowl, while anger, like a black thunder-cloud, settled upon his brow.

"What means this?" he thundered. "Is my harem a bazar, an open street, through which any man can pass at will?"

The attendants looked terrified.

"I'll see to this myself; and, by the beard of my father, there is blood in the air. Meanwhile, let the contest proceed."

"And my sister, your Royal Highness?"

The Bey paused for a moment, as if in consideration.

"You can take her if you are the survivor."

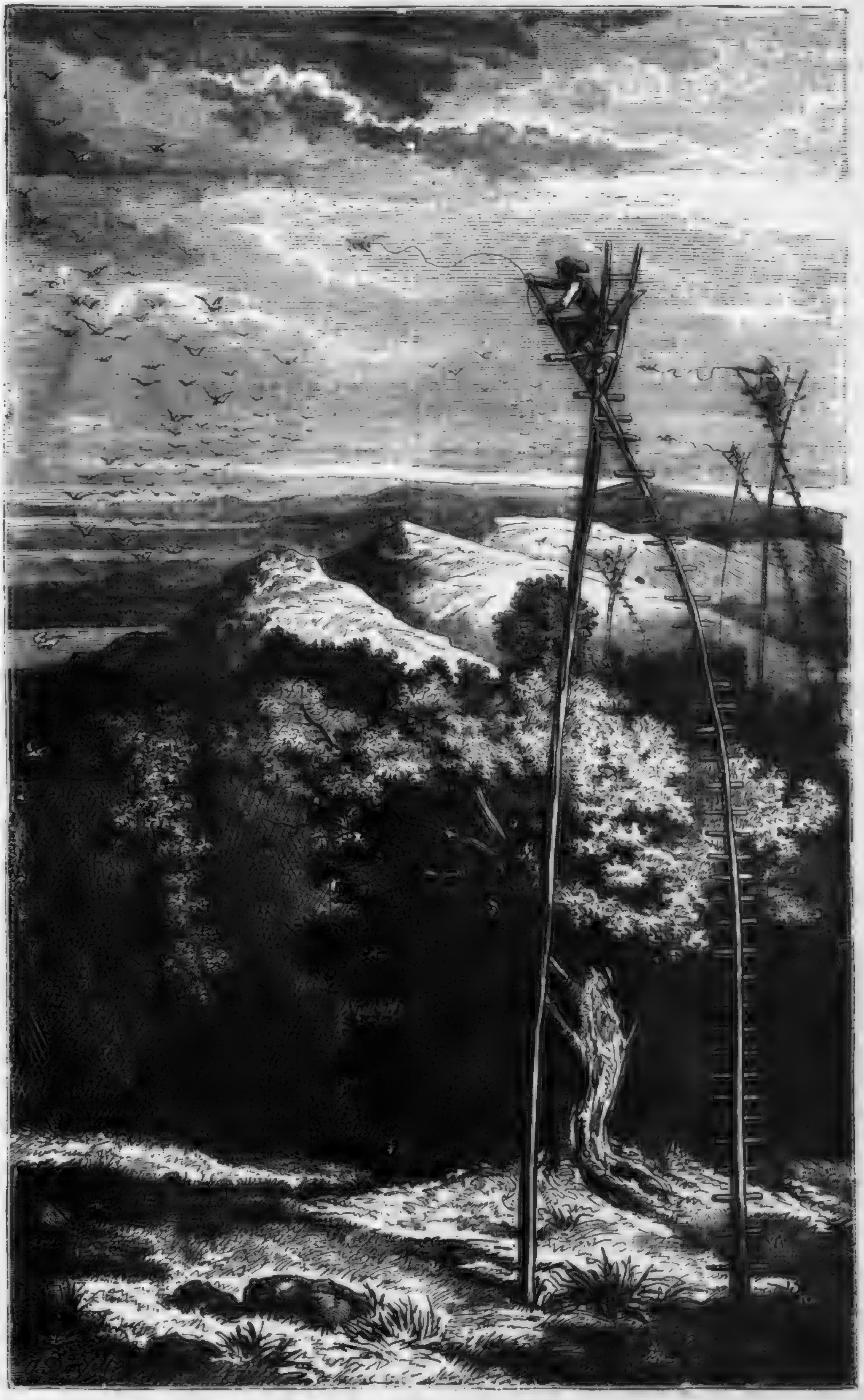
Giacomo Giovanilli's face betrayed the secret workings of his heart.

"One word, your Royal Highness. There is no one to blame but myself in reference to this letter, and——"

"Sound the trumpets!" cried the Bey, and the athlete's words were drowned in the brazen *fanfare*.

The ferocious animal was kept three days without food in order that the pangs of hunger would goad the fierceness of his nature to madness, and his roaring caused the more timid in the crowd to shrink almost instinctively. It was an awful moment when the door of the pit was thrown open, a moment of deadly hush, a moment when men's pulses ceased to beat, but instead of the superb form of the athlete, the fearfully fascinated assemblage beheld an abject, trembling dog, that immediately took refuge, cowering, in a corner.

The lion, who was at a distance, turned his bloodshot eyes in surprise at the humble intruder. His tail ceased to



FRENCH METHOD OF PIGEON-CATCHING IN USE IN THE PYRENEES.—SEE PAGE 14.

lash his sides, his roars suddenly dropped into a sort of whine, and he lay with head and mane erect and paws extended, contemplating his victim. This state of suspense lasted but a moment, for, propelling himself forward upon his stomach until close to the dog, he finally gathered his immense frame together and made a spring. The dog, who had watched him with a vigilant and terror-stricken gaze, the instant the lion bounded at him, sprang aside, flying in the opposite direction.

The lion, apparently astonished at missing his prey, rolled over twice or thrice, and, again propelling himself forward upon his stomach, sprang at the dog again, only to be baffled by a similar manœuvre. Again and yet again did the victim elude the terrible claws of his pursuer, turning with piteous and imploring looks to the lookers-on, who laughed, extending him no succor. At length, however, the Bey, in pity for the dog, ordered a cord to be lowered for him, and, while the lion was gyrating preparatory to a renewed effort, the dog intelligently seized the cord in his teeth and was instantly drawn up into safety. As he ascended the lion sprang high in the air, but was just too late.

At this moment the Sicilian appeared, calm and fearless, as though about to play with a lamb, instead of to wrestle for dear life with a ferocious beast who thirsted with a mad thirst for his blood. The athlete was in rich, circus costume, that developed his magnificent *physique* to its fullest extent, and he carried a heavy mace. He moved quietly into the same corner as that recently occupied by the dog, and then faced his terrible opponent. At first the lion did not perceive him, but, on turning and beholding this new object for his vengeance, his eye expressed a vague inquietude.

It was a thrilling sight to behold the lion gazing at the man, and the man gazing at the lion, each measuring the combative strength of the other. The lion slowly withdrew a few steps, watching his enemy with a furtive and sidelong glance, his tail lashing his sides. The Sicilian, on the contrary, looked straight into his eyes and watched every movement with concentrated earnestness. The lion evidently had misgivings, and would possibly have delayed the combat; but impelled by hunger, he sprang upon the athlete with a terrific roar. A low murmur of horror ran through the vast assemblage as the beast flashed at the man—a murmur that changed into a shout of admiration as, stepping lightly aside, the Sicilian dealt him a violent blow on the head with the mace, causing the animal to bite the dust. The mace was again lifted in that powerful hand, and the death-blow about to descend upon the almost insensible brute, when the Bey interposed, pleading for the life of the lion, and the luckless animal was permitted to live.

Giacomo, so soon as the combat was over, repaired, by order of the Bey, to a private apartment of the palace.

"Your sister awaits you," said the Dey; and at that moment Bianca rushed in, to be enfolded in her brother's arms.

A few short words told her story. A few short words that filled his soul as with melody.

She had *not* been sold to the Dey, as stated by Trapani, but as nurse to one of the ladies of the harem. But once within its walls, she was as much a prisoner as any of the sultanas.

She could not tell by whom the letter had been borne to her, but she had heard that the messenger had suffered death.

All efforts to obtain information relative to the fate of the faithful young officer proved fruitless, and the joy of Giacomo Giovanilli was tempered with sadness as he thought how nobly he had gone to his death.

A RABBIT'S CURIOUS HOME.

We have often heard of rabbits rearing their young in strange places, but the following fact seems to us to be most extraordinary: An official on the London and Northwestern Railway, in the Midland counties, had constantly noticed a rabbit passing to and fro on the permanent way. Curious to know where it came from, he examined the locality, and eventually discovered beneath a "railway sleeper" a nest of four young rabbits. Continuing his observations, he noticed that whenever the parent rabbit left her young she carefully closed the aperture with sand and small stones. Considering that during the day some dozens of trains, often heavily laden, passed over this identical sleeper, we think you will agree with us that in choosing such a place wherein to give birth to its young the mother displayed a reckless disregard of life.

FRENCH METHOD OF PIGEON-CATCHING IN USE IN THE PYRENEES.

Our illustration shows a mode of catching pigeons as practiced by the people on the southern boundary of France. The writer was once stopping at Bagnères, a famous watering-place in the province of Gascony, when, chancing to hear of the great numbers of wild pigeons taken in the *palombières*, or pigeonries, he determined to visit them and see how it was done. A long ride through one of the most beautiful of countries at last brought him to the scene of action.

The first thing that took the eye upon arriving on the ground was a number of uprights which towered above the trees and commanded the surrounding country. The uprights consisted of two long poles firmly driven in the ground, connected at the top and forming an elliptical figure. One of the poles was crotched at the top, through which the other, furnished with pegs for climbing, passed, thus forming a kind of crow-nest above the point of connection. Tempted by curiosity, we ascended one of the perches to view the scenery. The view was very fine. To the left extended the long range of mountains, with here and there a crater-like basin which was filled with the clearest water. Right behind, looking north, lay the valley of the Garonne, with the river winding like a silver thread far in the distance. The fertile valley far below, and the snow-capped peaks towering above the gap which we were in, formed a curious contrast. Becoming chilled by the wind, which was blowing strongly, we commenced our descent and arrived safely on *terra firma*.

We were told that the pigeons begin to come in from Spain about the first of November. As it was near the middle of that month when we visited the *palombière*, the game was plenty and the catchers were momentarily expecting a flock. Our informant was interrupted by a hail from a watcher in one of the crow-nests; the pigeons were coming, and in a few minutes all were ready for action. In the first place, a number of boys dressed in a close-fitting costume emerged from a hut, and each took his place at the ascending-pole. Then some of the men concealed themselves in the shrubbery below the uprights.

At a signal the men drew up a huge net—which had not been perceived before—which hung from the tree-tops to the ground. The foot of the net was fastened to the ground by means of wooden pegs, and the top was so arranged with pulleys and weights that it could be made to close like a bag. The boys then ran up the poles with the agility of monkeys and took their stations. Each of the boys held an instrument resembling a bird and having

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wings which revolved when it was swung or otherwise put in motion. This contrivance, which was called the *pigeonier*, was attached to a long cord, and was intended to frighten the pigeons into the net. A loud whistle from one of the boys warned the men below to be ready. Immediately afterward the flock came up, and then ensued a scene of excitement. The boys in the crow-nests whistled shrilly and threw out their *pigeoniers* with a dexterous cast among the flock.

The pigeons, frightened at the eccentric movements of the supposed enemy, wheeled and began to fly in circles. By skillful management the boys contrived to drive the fluttering mass to the far side of the net. When they exhibited a desire to fly up and get beyond reach, the *pigeonier* was thrown in front of them, and they were driven back. When the pigeons were got well within bounds the signal was given, the ropes were pulled and the flock entangled in the net. On taking the imprisoned birds from the net, their necks were broken by a twist of the finger, and they were thrown in a heap. In this way thousands of pigeons are annually captured and sent to the different markets. In this country, especially in the woods of Pennsylvania, the pigeons are taken at night. They have favorite places for roosting, and in some localities the roosts extend for acres. During the day the pigeons are off looking for food. At nightfall they return to their roosts by thousands, sometimes breaking down heavy branches with their weight. Then the hunters, provided with guns, clubs and every conceivable kind of weapon, take torches and go into the roosts. The pigeons, blinded by the glare, do not move, and so are killed in great numbers. We fancy this is not as exciting sport as that shown by our illustration.

THE SPONGE FISHERIES.

Returns of the sponge fisheries belonging to Greece show that there are at present 150 boats engaged in this trade, forty of which have English diving-bells. Twenty-four of these belong to the island of Ægina, and the remainder to the islands of Kalamnos and Simi. Each of the boats which are supplied with diving-bells has a crew of from eleven to fifteen ; the others are manned by only four sailors, so that the total number of men engaged in the sponge fisheries may be put at about 1,000. They took last year more than 240 tons of sponges of different qualities, the total value being $368,000. Sponges of the finest quality are sold upon the spot at from $3.12 to $3.40 a pound, and the second qualities for rather less than $1.44. The fishermen have to pay a tax of ten per cent. on the gross value of their takes. The cost of a diving aparatus is $1,067, or $42,680 for the forty now in use, and each vessel makes four voyages a year, taking about a ton of fine sponges.

The divers remain under water six hours a day when they are fishing, and it is said that many of them die of suffocation, and that a great number of them lose their hearing after a few years of this work. The island of Ægina, whose divers are very renowned, profits, annually, nearly $145,500 by its sponge fisheries.

Benedict formed the first regular catholic monastery under rules, on the site of a temple of Apollo, in 543, under the direction of two angels and three crows. Pope Gregory the Great and St. Pietro Damiano record his life and miracles, and tell that the devil often appeared to him as a blackbird, or with his hoofs and horns, and that he wrought miracles as a habit, raised the dead, and sang psalms before he was born.

A FIGHT WITH THREE GRIZZLIES.

We now had all the buffalo meat we needed, and at once set out for the mountains. After reaching them, we skirted along their base, looking for deer and elk, and succeeded in capturing a number of fine animals.

A pleasant temporary camp was located, where we rested for a day or two, and then set out for any adventure that might come in our way.

We had left the base of the mountain one morning, soon after daylight, and were moving across the plain, when we noticed three objects going in the direction of a cañon a mile in advance.

Whipping up our ponies, we were not long in coming up with three grizzly bears. In a moment all was excitement, and we dashed forward, endeavoring to head them off from the cañon, where we surmised they had a den.

We knew that to attack them on the open plain would greatly lessen the danger of the conflict, so we rode hard ; but despite our efforts they reached and entered the cañon ahead of us.

My horse had outstripped those of my companions ; and, seeing the bears about to escape, I spurred on until I passed the grizzlies, and then turning, fired a shot, hoping to turn them back or bring them to a halt.

They, however, came steadily on toward me, and I rode to the side of the cañon, and endeavored to climb its steep bank. I succeeded, and for a time lost sight of the animals. I waited several moments, expecting to hear the guns of my friends in the conflict below, when I would ride down and join them.

All remained quiet, however, and, becoming impatient, I dismounted, and, leaving my horse, walked to the edge of the cañon. I could see nothing of the bears or horsemen, and ventured down the bank.

I was straining my eyes in all directions, when I heard a noise above me, and, looking up, saw on the ridge, not more than fifty yards from me, the three bears. They had followed me up the bank, and skirted along the crest until they came near my horse. I heard the pony snorting and trying to break his lariat rope, and a moment afterward he was dashing along the ridge, dragging the rope behind him.

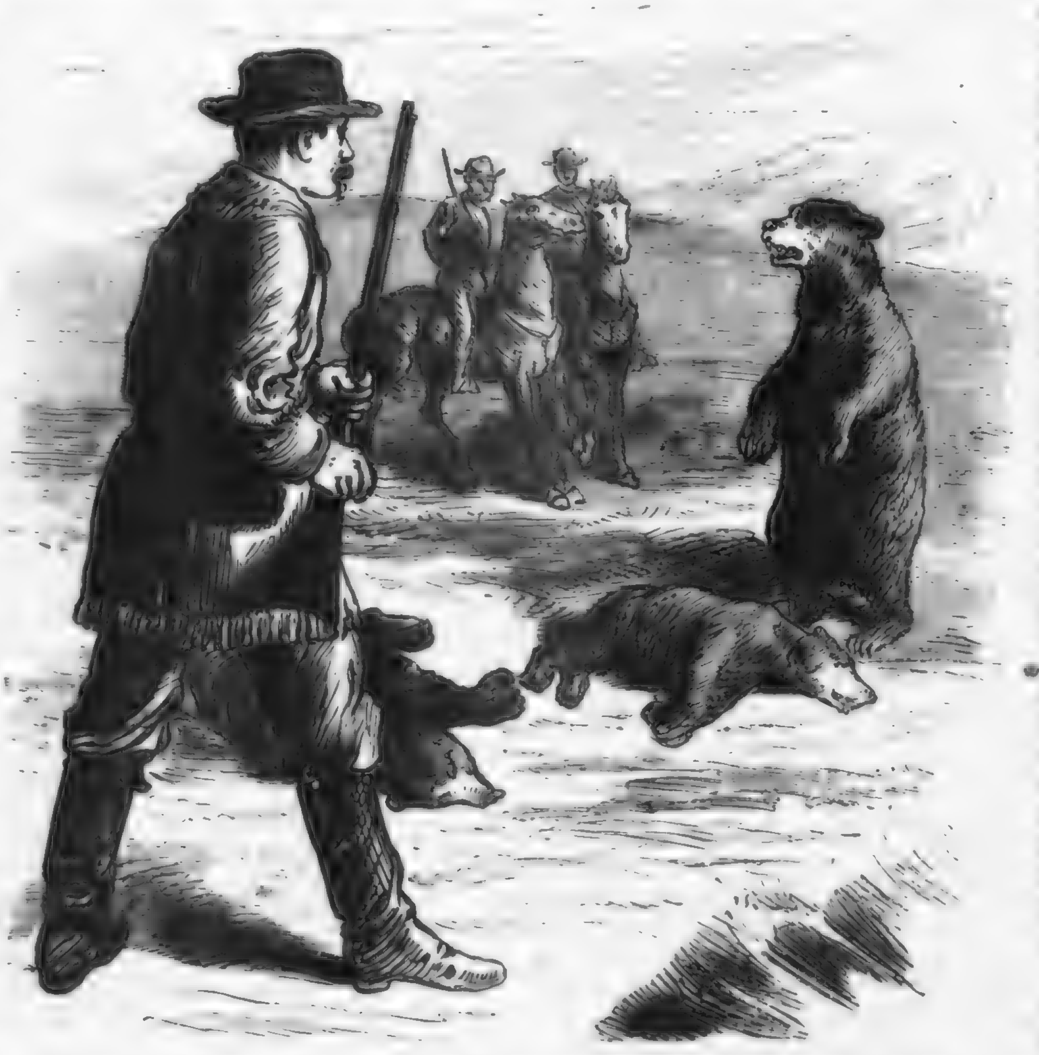
I had hoped that the bears would follow him, but instead of doing so, they sat down to watch me. The hillside was thickly strewn with shaggy little pines, blown down by the wind, and among these I took up my position. The bears, seeing me apparently moving off, followed, and one came within forty feet before he saw me. Hoping to frighten off the brute, as well as attract my friends, I fired my revolver in the air.

The bear gave one angry growl, and came still nearer. Glancing up the cañon, and seeing nothing of my friends, I concluded to fire ; and raising the hammer of my Henry rifle, I took a steady aim at the beast's heart, and pulled the trigger. With a roar that made the hill shake, she fell to the ground and rolled over.

In a moment more she got up, and shaking herself, fixed her blood-red eyes upon me. My heart sank in my breast, for I saw I had missed the vitals of the animal, and only enraged by wounding her. The other two bears, which I now saw were large cubs, lay crouching near their mother, and apparently watching the battle.

Seeing the old bear about to rush upon me, I hastily threw the exploded shell out of my Henry, and, raising the hammer, sent a ball at her, but, owing to her sudden change of position, missed her, and hit one of the cubs that was just behind her. The cub bellowed lustily, and the dam ran to him. This was most lucky for me, and I lost no time in putting three more shots into the old bear. Once more she came bounding toward me, and I plumped a shot into the cub, that made him yell with agony. The old beast was within a few feet of me when, unable to withstand the piteous cries of her cub, she turned and went to him. I now plumped the shot into her as fast as possible, but presently she came on again, when once more I hit her cub, and sent her back to lick his wounds. She had received thirteen balls, when she made off, followed by the cubs, one of which was so lame he could scarcely walk.

I was debating in my own mind whether I should pursue and finish the bears, or let well-enough alone, when I perceived my companions coming, riding down the cañon, and directly in front of the grizzlies. I hallooed to them to head off the bears and attack them in front, while I followed up my attack in the rear.



A FIGHT WITH THREE GRIZZLIES.—"SHE MADE NO ATTEMPTS TO COME AT ME, BUT SEEMED TO BE WAITING FOR HER DEATH."—SEE PAGE 15.

I ran as fast as I could, and coming up to the hindmost cub, laid him out at one shot. I next shot the other cub, and fired twice at the old bear, but she was getting too far ahead for my balls to be effective. La Frombe and the Santee headed her, when she came running back to her dead cub, sat down, and howled most piteously. Then she took her paw, and rolling him over and over, shook him as if to wake him. Smelling his nose, she seemed to understand he was dead, and cried as if her heart would break. Suddenly she saw me, and standing on her hind feet, looked at her persecutor. She made no attempt to come at me, but seemed to be waiting for her death.

Never did I see so magnificent a beast, as she stood there, with ears flattened against her head, her eyes blazing like coals of fire, her neck stretched out and her mouth wide open, disclosing four rows of immense white teeth. I did not long keep her in suspense, but fired at her heart, and she fell down and rolled over, catching her cub, and seemingly trying to embrace it as she died.

This bear would certainly have weighed over one thousand pounds, and after my severe contest with her, I had a desire to possess her skin. La Frombe helped me skin her, while the Santee went to hunt up my pony. We left on the claws and skin of the head.

Just as we had finished our job, the Santee came back with my pony, and, taking the entrails out of the smallest cub, we lifted him upon La Frombe's horse, and all set out to return to our camp.

We had gone but a mile or two, when we saw several men riding furiously across the plain, apparently with the intention of heading us off. It needed no second look to convince us they were hostile Crows, and, dropping the bear, we broke for the hills.

It was a sharp ride for life, as there were fully fifteen Indians in the other party, and we knew if we were caught they would burn us at the stake, for they were at war with the Sioux, and, what was worse for us, we were taking game in their hunting-grounds.

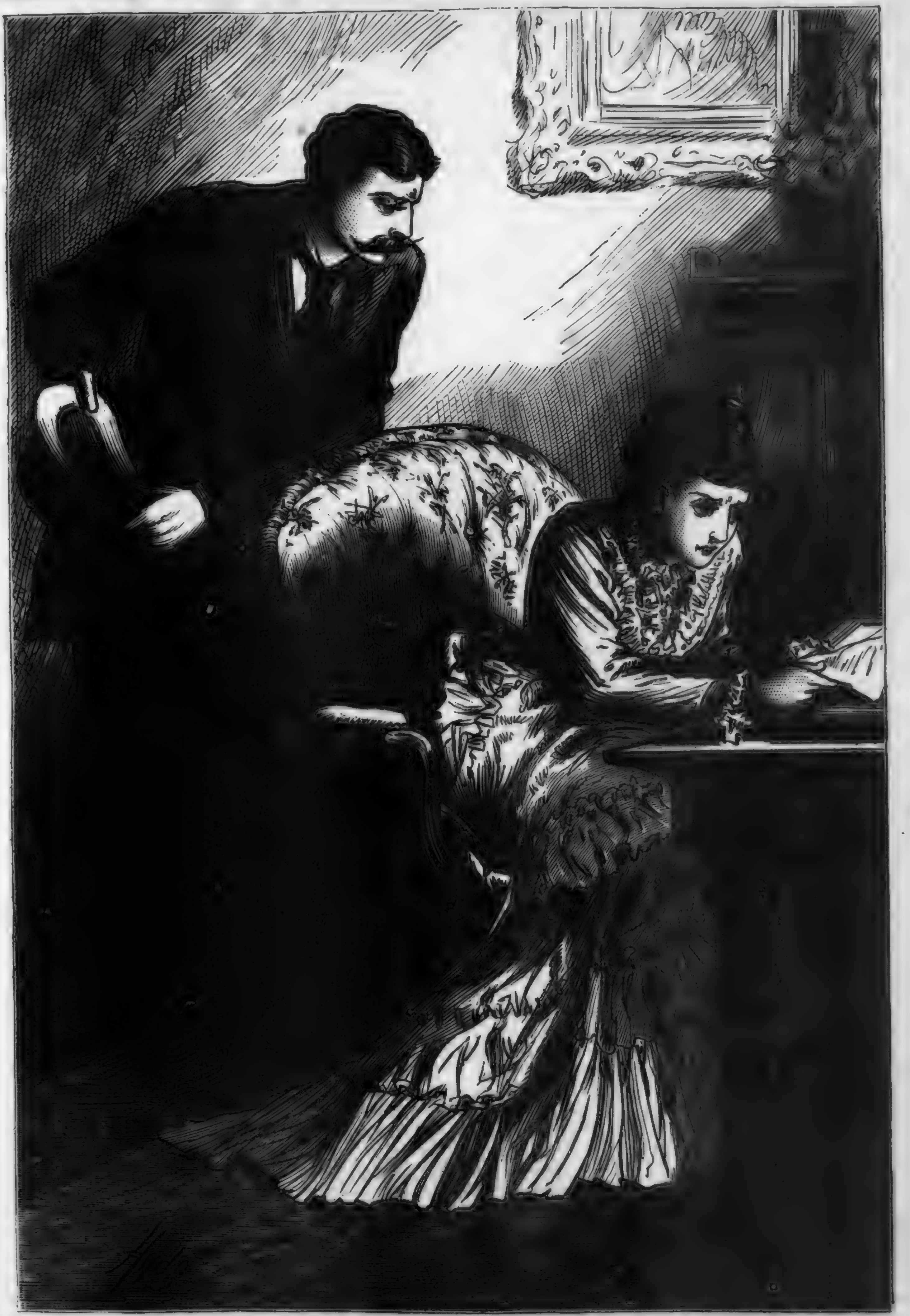
Suddenly the Crows halted, and, apparently without any cause, put back as fast as they had come. On ascending a little knoll, we saw the cause of their alarm, for there stood our camp, half hid among the trees. The Crows had seen the camp, and, thinking our party was strong, and that we were decoying them into an ambuscade, they began their hasty retreat.

In a few moments not a Crow was to be seen, and we rode quietly into camp, laughing heartily at the needless alarm of our enemies.

After a good supper we packed up, and, fearing the Crows would return and discover our weakness, when we should all be killed, we determined to move off at once. All night long we rode briskly forward, and when the sun rose, gilding the mountain-peaks with silver and gold, we were nearly fifty miles distant from where our camp had been.

We breakfasted on fresh antelope, and rested until noon, when we again set forward, and continued our journey for two days. Being now far in the mountains, we felt safe, and pitched our camp, intending to hunt for a season.

The Roman occupation of Britain is a historical blank. They held the country four hundred years, a period sufficient to change its character, but left few evidences of improvement. For twelve hundred years after their departure the country was in the lowest state.



ONLY A CARPENTER.—"FOR A FULL MINUTE HIS GAZE SEEMED RIVETED UPON THE PAPER CLARA HELD IN HER HAND."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

ONLY A CARPENTER.

By Eleanor Kirk.

NO place on earth was more charmingly situated than the country residence of the Honorable Robert Leonard. Everything that wealth, taste and art could suggest or furnish was brought to bear upon the perfecting of this establishment. The family consisted of the father and daughter, Clara Leonard, twenty-two years of age, and Margaret Tracy, about eighteen, daughter of the beloved wife of Robert Leonard by a previous union.

Both parties had contracted marriages early in life, Clara being the offspring of a youthful and exceedingly unfortunate attachment. Mrs. Leonard had died a year or two before, leaving Margaret in delicate health, and almost inconsolable. Mr. Leonard, who loved his wife's child quite as tenderly as his own, had put aside his great personal sorrow in the endeavor to win back to life and enjoyment this sweet and fragile girl. His efforts had been crowned with partial success.

At the time our story opens, the kind-hearted man sat at his desk, in the library, looking over some papers. Clara was embroidering by the table, while Margaret, on the other side, seemed entirely absorbed by the contents of a book.

"I wish you would talk to me!" exclaimed Clara, petulantly, after a long silence. "When papa goes to fumbling over those horrid old papers, and you get your nose poked into a book, it is too stupid here for anything! Heigho! I shall be glad when we get back to New York, and can have some society. What are you reading, any way?"

"De Stael," was the quiet answer of the young lady as she closed her book.

"'Corinne,' I suppose?"

"Yes, 'Corinne.'"

"How many times have you read it?"

"Once, before this."

"Well, how you can spend your time over such stuff I can't imagine——"

"Stuff?" interrupted Margaret, with heightened color. "You never would say that, if you were to read it in the original."

"Bah! Original! Do you suppose I'd poke my eyes out translating that love-sick nonsense? You'd feel a great deal better if you were to drop such writers, and go to doing something useful. There's your mother's charity school, for instance. They haven't had a teacher since she died. I never had any taste for ragamuffins, but, as long as *you* profess to have, it would take you out and do you good. Papa told me to speak to you about it last night. For pity's sake!" she continued, rising and pushing away her chair, as Margaret, at this unfeeling mention of her mother, buried her face in her hands, and leaned them on the table, "don't get up a scene now! for I am sick of them. It is impossible to say anything to you, for your own good, unless you turn it into an excuse for tears. Cry, cry, cry from morning till night."

"Margaret," said Mr. Leonard, who, a little deaf, had not heard a word of this conversation, "come here a moment. I have something to say to you."

Margaret arose, wiped her eyes hastily, and went over to the old gentleman, who received her with both hands, and drew her down on to his knee.

"Weeping again, dear?" he tenderly said. "I thought you promised me you would try and be strong. We can't any of us get along in this world, Margaret, unless we hold on with all our might. Some of us need a curb-bit, too, and if we don't put it on ourselves, somebody else will do it for us. I never knew it to fail. Now, I am going to ask you to do a very hard thing, for love of me! You love me, don't you, Maggie?"

"How can you ask me such a question, papa? Who else have I to love?" and the girl struggled heroically with the emotion which she knew so distressed her adopted parent. "What is it you would like me to do?" she continued, calmly.

"I want you to go up-stairs," the old man answered, "and look up your dear mother's charity account-book, and bring it to me, in my sitting-room. I want to go over it carefully, and see if there isn't something that needs doing. Do you think you feel strong enough?"

"I ought to be strong enough to find it, and bring it to you, if you are strong enough to look through it," she answered, smiling through a mist of tears, and kissing him fondly, left the room.

"Poor child!" said Mr. Leonard, as she closed the door. "Her trouble is, indeed, greater than she can bear. She is a little brighter, though, don't you think so, Clara?" turning to his daughter, who had been all this time excessively annoyed by the tender conversation of her companions.

"She would get on well enough if she'd let novels alone, and all such trash," was the unsympathetic answer. "I have heard of folks nursing their anger to keep it warm. I think she takes the same course with her grief."

"Novels *are* pernicious, without doubt," replied the old gentleman. "I don't think, though, that you can safely set up any standard of behavior for Margaret to copy. You are very practical; she is exactly the reverse, but as good and loving a child as any father need to have."

Clara made no answer, and Mr. Leonard continued:

"I wanted an opportunity to speak to you alone this evening."

The changed tone arrested the young lady's attention. It was sad and husky, and had withal a strange formality about it which Clara could not understand. She looked up inquiringly, and he went on:

"I have thought a good many times, Clara, that I ought to say something to you in regard to my business affairs. I am well along in years, and of late have been frequently reminded that my stay on earth is likely to be a short one."

"Don't talk that way, father," said Clara, with considerable feeling.

"I will say what I think necessary now," he answered, "and then there will be no need of reverting to the subject again. I made my will a long time ago, and have twice had occasion to alter it and add to it. The first alteration was caused by my second marriage, and the next by the death of my wife. It is a very simple affair, indeed, and won't take much time to read or understand. I have made you and Margaret equal sharers in my property, with the exception of this house, which I have bequeathed to you. I desire that you shall ask Margaret to live with you until her marriage, and, above all things, I desire that you shall love and cherish each other. Promise me, Clara, that my wishes shall be sacredly regarded."

Thus exhorted, the young lady lifted a very pale and woebegone face to her father. The marks of an inward struggle were exceedingly plain, and her efforts at self-control did not escape the kind eyes of her companion, who construed all as meaning grief for the loss he had so clearly led her to anticipate.

"Don't distress yourself so, child," he said, soothingly, as she made no answer. "I may be spared years yet. It is always best to consider such contingencies. If anything should happen, Clara, you will find what I speak about right in here," tapping the drawer of the library-table. "In the back, you know, just behind the little sliding partition. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes, father, I know," replied Clara, with a shudder; "and now, if you love me, please don't add another word. Kiss me, and change the subject."

Saying this, she rose and presented her cheek for the salute she intended should close the interview.

"But, dear, you haven't——" said the old gentleman, kissing her fondly.

"Say no more to-night, please," interrupted Clara. "Truly, I cannot bear it. I feel very faint, father," she continued, as the old man did not leave her at liberty to go.

"Faint, do you say? Bless my heart! I ought to be ashamed of myself. Faint! why, that's something new for you, isn't it?" And he led the excited woman to a chair, opened a window to admit fresh air, and then waited anxiously for her to recover.

"I am all right now, father," she said at last, rising and walking toward the window. "Margaret will be expecting you in the sitting-room," she continued; "and I had very much rather be alone now for a few minutes."

"All right, then," said Mr. Leonard. "If you think you won't be faint any more, I will go and take off my boots, and prepare for my work with Margaret. You will look in before you go to bed. I shall be worried if I don't see you again."

When the door had closed upon her father, Clara Leonard gave free vent to her excitement and passion. Up and down the room she walked, talking and gesticulating wildly.

"Divide with *her!*" she muttered. "What business has my father to beggar his child? Not a drop of my blood runs in that creature's veins, the whining, pusillanimous fool! In there, is it?" she went on, tapping, as her father had done before, the little drawer—"in there? I wonder how it looks! I never saw a will. I should like to know just what he *has* done. Clara Leonard and Margaret Tracy joint heirs—that sounds well, doesn't it?"

With these words Clara Leonard opened the little drawer, drew out the simple slide, grasped the document, opened it carefully, and, the very embodiment of fury, seated herself to examine it.

So busy was she with her thoughts and emotions, that she did not hear the door open, nor notice the presence of a visitor.

A young gentleman of wonderfully prepossessing appearance, tall, well-formed, and with an air of grace about him singularly fascinating, entered the library without announcement, as if he were entirely at home.

He looked about him for a moment, discovered that the object of his search was seated at the table, back toward him, in her father's easy-chair, and then tiptoed across the room, and, with a most loverlike expression on his handsome face, looked slyly over her shoulder.

For a full minute his gaze seemed riveted upon the paper Clara held in her hand; then, recovering himself with an effort, he walked softly back to the door, opened and closed it again with unnecessary noise.

"Good-evening, Miss Leonard," he said, with difficulty hiding his embarrassment.

The young lady started as if detected in some disgraceful act, then folded the paper, and, as she replaced it in the drawer, said, carelessly:

"Good-evening, Mr. Stanford. How is it you are down to-night?"

"I thought I told you I might be here this evening?" he answered, going forward and offering his hand.

"Perhaps you did," replied Miss Leonard, with indifference. "I find that my memory is getting very treacherous of late."

"A treacherous memory must be an unpleasant mental trouble to deal with," he answered, with considerable deliberation; "but, then, if conscientiousness and one or two other kindred qualities are all right, why, then, you know, there is no great harm done."

During the delivery of this singular speech, Mr. Stanford had been very busily engaged drawing off the glove from his left hand; and now he looked up and caught the eyes of his companion fixed full upon his face.

"Basil, your sermons are always excellent," the young lady remarked, having fully recovered her equilibrium. "It's a pity you haven't studied for the ministry! I never listen to your moral dissertations without deploring the fact that you had a fortune left you."

"It won't be necessary for you to deplore that fact any longer!" was the immediate and quiet retort. "But what in the world is the matter with us?" he went on, with a light laugh. "How strangely we act to each other. I wonder if I seem as odd to you as you do to me?" and Basil Stanford led his companion to a chair, and seated himself beside her.

"You are more eccentric than ever, Basil," she answered. "What am I to infer from that last singular remark of yours?"

"About the fortune?"

This question was asked carelessly, and another light laugh concluded the sentence.

"Yes, of course, about that."

"I have lost it."

The *sang-froid* of the young gentleman's manner as he made this announcement was inimitable.

"Lost it! Basil Stanford, I don't believe you!"

"Whether you do or not, Clara, I assure you it is true. An unlucky real estate investment, together with a fraudulent action on the part of the man I most relied upon, has wiped me out entirely. I haven't a thousand dollars to-day that I can call my own! But I never felt so jolly in all my life!"

Clara Leonard's face darkened. Not a word of sympathy or encouragement for the brave man by her side dropped from her lips. She was cold as ice, and impassive as marble.

"I shall soon have a bank account again," Stanford continued, keeping his eyes fixed upon the frowning countenance before him. "I can get plenty to do, and I am quite sure that brains will tell in the long run."

"Plenty to do!" sneered Clara. "Brains!"

"It will give me a chance, at any rate, to see what I am made of; an opportunity I have long desired. How is your sister, Clara?"

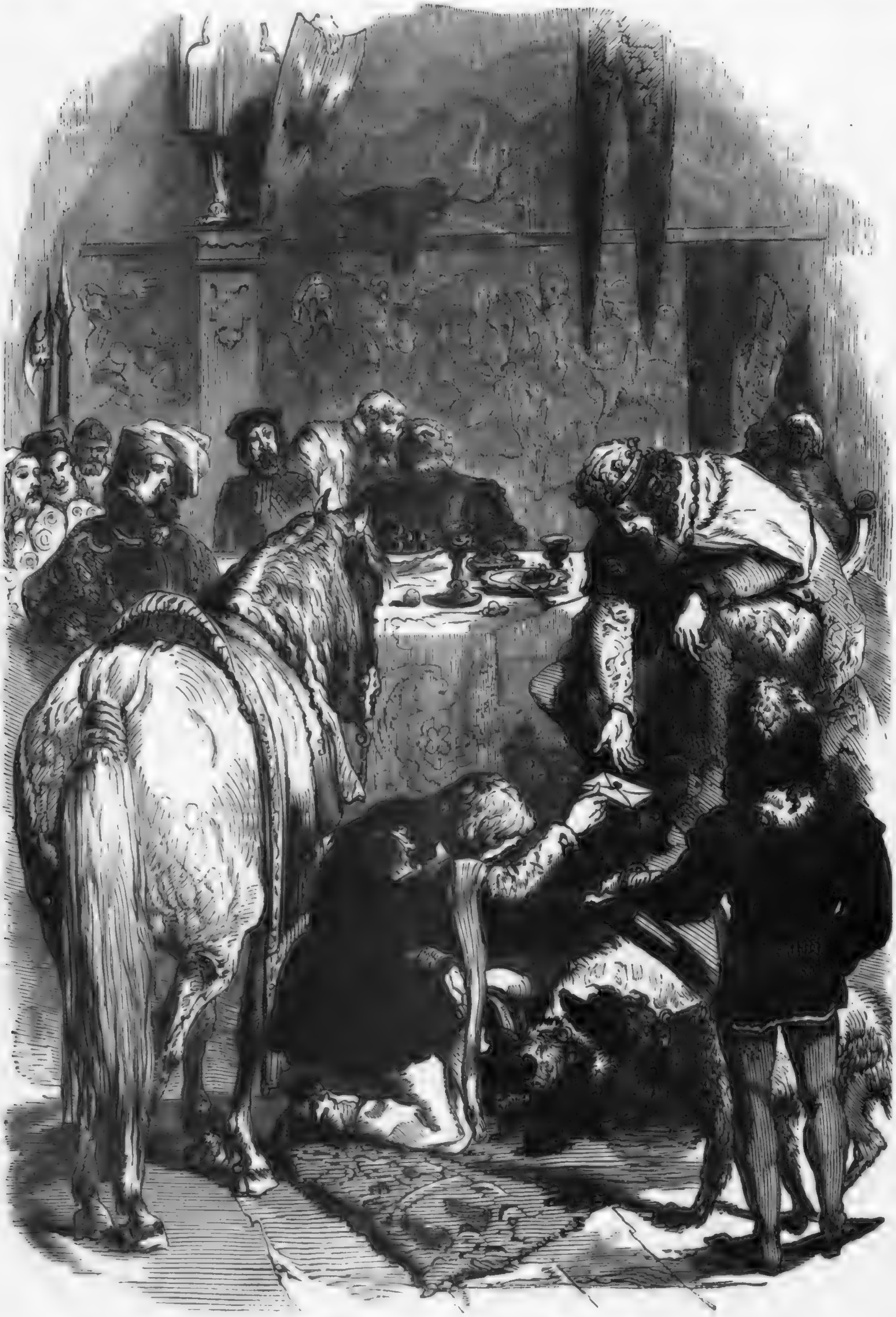
"Miss Tracy is in her usual low health, I believe. I have no sister, as I have informed you several times before."

"It is a little strange that I have never seen that young lady," persisted the gentleman, in the same unruffled and nonchalant manner.

"I don't know why it is strange," replied Miss Leonard. "She was in Europe when you first commenced to visit me, and since she returned has never been willing to see any one that called."

"But one would suppose a fellow would stumble upon her once in a while. Is she pretty?"

"Some persons think so. But don't let's waste time talking about her. I am anxious to know what you intend doing about this loss of yours?"



EDWARD II. AND THE MINSTREL.—SEE PAGE 23.

The hard, altered manner, the effort to restrain the exhibition of passion, the work of privacy she had been found engaged in, had a marked effect upon this high-minded, and generally unsuspicious young man. For some time past he had been wavering in his allegiance. Certain traits of character had hurt and annoyed him on many occasions; but the fascination she had thrown about him at all times had generally succeeded in removing all trace of his distrust. This she had not been able to do at the first of their interview, and had evidently thought not worth while after his frank avowal of his financial difficulties.

"Do about my losses?" he answered, with a start. "Do about it? Why, I shall go to work like a man, I hope, and do the best I can. I have about made up my mind"—and the young man's face lighted up with real pleasure—"to go to work at the trade I learned when a boy—that of a carpenter, you know."

"This is all a joke, of course," said Clara, haughtily, "and a very stupid one at that."

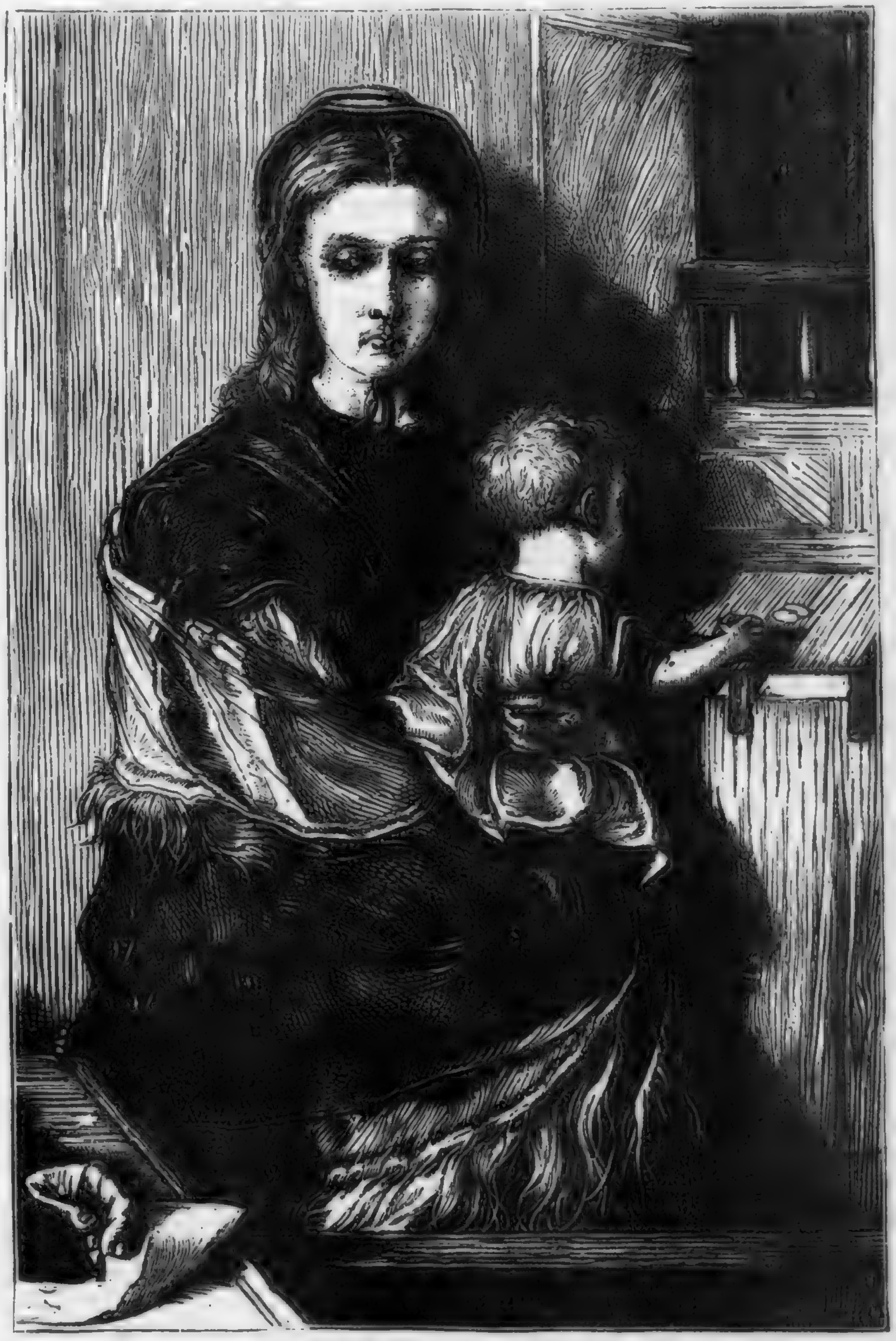
"But I assure you I am not joking. I shall need a little practical experience, and then I have no doubt that I can take my place as a first-class architect. I have always known that my resources in that direction were something more than ordinary."

"No doubt, Mr. Stanford; but if this is your real decision, then I beg to inform you that our engagement is at an end. I have no sympathy with trades——"

"Or tradespeople!" interrupted Basil.

"Exactly, sir. You have expressed my idea with your usual wonderful lucidity."

The visitor rose, and without another word, save to bid his companion a polite good-evening, withdrew.



TESTING HER INNOCENCE.—SEE PAGE 23.

That very night the Leonard household was summoned to the deathbed of its noble and kind-hearted master. The messenger came so suddenly that there was no time for arrangements or leave-taking. With indescribable anguish, Margaret Tracy saw her last earthly friend pass away into the unknown; and when all was over, she was borne to her bed insensible, and for many weeks was deaf, dumb and blind to all her surroundings. When she did recover, it was to find that the man she so fondly loved had made no provision for her future; had not even mentioned her in his will. This she believed to have been the result of carelessness. That he meant to care for her she knew, and nothing could influence her to think otherwise. Clara's coldness and unkindness were so marked, that the poor girl found it necessary to seek another home, and with two or three hundred dollars raised from the sale of her jewels, she quietly crept out of the house where she had experienced so much happiness and so much misery. Miss Leonard had a very plausible story to tell her friends. "Sometimes she thought Margaret must be insane. She had refused to accept the very liberal sum offered her, and no amount of coaxing could induce her to remain with her. Clara was very sorry; she had no idea what would become of the girl; but, then, her instincts were always low; she would probably gravitate to her own level," etc., etc., etc.; and so it came to pass that the haughty plotter was heir to the immense property of the late Robert Leonard, Esq.

Chapter II.

Misfortune seems sure to follow misfortune. Basil Stanford had taken the loss of his fortune gayly. He was strong in body and mind, and while strength lasted what could befall him? It did not take long to discover.

Sickness attacked his best friend, and at last took him off. Friends he had counted upon as advisers, and from whose kindness he expected much, deserted him entirely. But he did not give up. Tedious litigation delayed the recovery of any of his money, and lack of means successfully to prosecute, finally appeared to put an end to all hope of ever recovering a part, even, of the once large estate.

But he went to work like a man, with his hands, as day-laborer. Evenings he read up the best works on architecture, and studied and planned and made beautiful pictures. Not once did his courage or faith desert him. He was still the elegant, nonchalant gentleman, and no amount of shavings or sawdust could disguise his real character.

Six months passed in solitude and hard work. One evening, while engaged in looking over and assorting some papers, he came across the package of letters returned to him, the week after the incidents recorded in the last chapter, by Miss Leonard.

"Why have I not burned these wretched things?" he asked himself. "Apparently anxious to preserve the account of my folly for the amusement of future generations."

The package was just as it left the young lady's hands. He removed the fastenings, and took them one by one from their dainty envelopes, and, with a smile of derision on his handsome face, scanned them carefully. Here was something put in by mistake. What could it be? It was small, and looked like a bill."

"A trifling record of Miss Leonard's expensive tastes," he muttered, as he unfolded the document. A red seal! The names of witnesses! He looked at the beginning.

"And now," it commenced, "I give and bequeath to my dear adopted daughter, Margaret Tracy—" mentioning several valuable pieces of property, real estate, personal and so on—"making half of my entire fortune, with the exception of the house and grounds at Aris Park, which are given to my dear daughter, Clara Leonard."

Basil Stanford saw at once how this mischief had been accomplished. This was the very same paper he had seen in Clara's hands the last time he visited her. It was perfectly familiar to him. A thousand times he had recalled this singular episode to mind. Why had not the wicked girl destroyed the paper? Probably, he argued, the opportunity had not presented itself at the moment of committing the crime, and in her haste to hide it from prying eyes, she had forgotten where she put it.

This was, of course, the only explanation, and proved to be the right one. What should he do? He had not heard of the strange treatment Miss Tracy had received, but a few inquiries served to bring out the situation in bold relief. Miss Leonard was traveling in Europe with a party of friends. Miss Tracy had slipped out of everybody's knowledge, and he could not gain the slightest clue to her whereabouts.

Weeks lengthened into months, and no change. Nothing could, of course, be done until the missing heiress was found.

The young man had so far conquered difficulties by this time as to have gained the notice of scientific men and those on the lookout for genius, and was building himself an excellent reputation, and the foundation of another fortune.

One evening he was summoned to the residence of a well-known, wealthy architect, to consult with him in regard to the safety of some buildings just bargained for by the latter.

He was ushered into the family sitting-room, and judge of his surprise when brought face to face with the woman who had played so cruel a part in his and another's life. The gentleman met him cordially, introduced him to his daughter and his friend, Miss Leonard, and proceeded immediately to business. After all the points had been cleared satisfactorily, Mr. Stanford arose to leave. Casting a searching glance upon Clara, who was apparently busy reading, he said:

"Miss Leonard, will you be kind enough to give me some information about Miss Tracy? I have some good news for her, and am exceedingly anxious to find her."

"Sir!" replied Clara, rising with great *hauteur*, "I know nothing of Miss Tracy. Since she refused to share my home and fortune with me, I have lost sight of her entirely."

"Then I shall be obliged to seek information elsewhere," he answered; "but be assured, Miss Leonard, I shall never rest a moment until I have found this young lady, and helped to reinstate her in the position so fraudulently taken from her."

"I am quite at a loss, sir, to understand what you mean," replied Miss Leonard, with all her old-time fascination; "but I do hope, if you are in possession of any information which will prove to her advantage, your efforts will be speedily crowned with success. She may be more willing to receive assistance from your hands than mine."

This was delivered with studied sweetness, and had the effect of deceiving all present except the visitor.

He made no answer, and politely left the room, more than ever anxious to solve the miserable problem.

The very next day, accompanied by the gentleman of the previous evening, he made an examination of the houses spoken of. They were pronounced unsafe, and the tenants ordered to move immediately.

In a hall bedroom, on the third floor of one of these wretched places, lay a girl, sick and apparently unable to rise. In the course of their inspection it became necessary to enter here.

"We will not annoy you a moment," Basil said to the inmate, disliking to intrude. It was hard to pass the poor sufferer without a word; but, fearing to worry her, he determined to leave silently. A Bible on the bureau attracted his attention. He bent down to examine the gilt name on the cover, and, with sensations indescribable, read the simple name of "MARGARET TRACY!"

"Are you Margaret Tracy?" he asked, turning suddenly to the invalid.

A pair of soft brown eyes looked pleadingly into his face, and a little hand reached out, as if sure that a friend had come at last.

"I am Margaret Tracy," she answered, calmly; "but I don't know you, sir."

"Nor I you, except as the daughter of the late Robert Leonard's wife;" and then, in the gentlest manner, he proceeded to relate his strange story.

"I knew he did not willfully neglect me," she answered, with joyful tears. "It won't be quite so hard to die now."

"Die!" said Basil; "nonsense. You will live to be very happy and very useful yet; but you must allow me to move you from this place immediately, and to see that you are well taken care of until you come into possession of your property. Try and think that I am your brother just returned from India or California, whom you are overjoyed to see, and believe in as you do your own soul; for, so help me God! you shall never have reason to regret your confidence!"

"At last! at last!" she sobbed, smiling through her tears; and this was all the answer she made.

That night a strange scene occurred at a private parlor of one of our hotels. The lawyer who had drawn up the will, the witnesses who had signed it, were all invited to be present to prove their signatures.

Margaret, reclining on a sofa, had been prepared for the arrival of Miss Leonard, who was quite unaware of the part she was expected to play in the little drama. The old family lawyer was the first to address her, as she entered, all unsuspicious, elegantly attired, and handsome as Juno after a fresh conquest.

"Miss Leonard," said he, in his blandest manner, "Mr.

Basil Stanford has been so fortunate as to find a portion of your father's will in some papers sent by you to him a few weeks after your father's decease. How that paper, detached from the original document, came there, is quite beyond us all to imagine, and we shall consider it entirely outside of our business to inquire. Here is the paper, giving to Miss Tracy half of the property now held by you, with the exception of the family country-seat at Aris Park. The witnesses are now ready to make affidavits to their signatures."

"I congratulate you, Miss Tracy," replied Clara, with exquisite irony. "I have no doubt the document is entirely legal, for it has always seemed strange to me that my father did not remember the young lady who was so demonstratively fond of him. I bid you good-evening, gentlemen."

Basil Stanford escorted the royal beauty to her carriage.

"I know *all*, Miss Leonard—I wish you to remember that; but because you were once dear to your noble father—because you bear his name, I refrain from blackening yours."

"As you please," was all the answer she made, and the carriage whirled away.

Of course Basil Stanford married Margaret Tracy. Why not?

EDWARD II. AND THE MINSTREL.

THE history of Edward II. of England is remarkable in many respects. In the first place it was during his reign that the powerful Order of the Knights Templars was abolished, and then, though the son of Edward I., the man of iron will and determination, Edward II. appears to have been so completely under the domination of his favorites, that the influence of this unrecognized power in the state which distinguishes the governments of the East from those of Europe, seemed to be almost realized in England. It was during his father's life that Edward II. had formed an attachment to a handsome youth of Gascony, named Piers Gaveston, who soon led the youthful prince into a series of dissipations, which so annoyed his father, that by an Act of Parliament he had Gaveston banished from the kingdom as a corrupting acquaintance for the heir to the throne. After his father's death, and though his last injunction to his son had been not to recall his favorite, Edward II. soon longed to see his friend again. As yet, however, he scarcely dared to act so openly in opposition to the declared will of his father, and of the people through their representatives. While, however, Edward was in this unsettled state of mind, Gaveston, who was in exile, and who had heard of the death of Edward I., and the accession to the throne of his early friend, was not idle. The occasion he had waited for so long and so anxiously had come. Suffering as he did, under a sentence of exile, and fearing lest Edward had been influenced by his enemies, so that his former love had turned to hate, he did not dare to trust himself in person on English soil, until he had received assurance from the king himself that his early feeling of friendship remained unchanged, and that his power would be used to protect him. While trying vainly, therefore, to find some messenger in whom he could confide, the plan occurred to him of disguising himself as a minstrel, and in this guise penetrating to the presence of the king, whose love of, and familiarity with, this class of persons, he well knew. No sooner was the plan conceived, than he set about its execution. Disguising himself, therefore, as a minstrel, he set out for England, and took his way to the court. In those days access to the king was an easy matter. The custom of that time was for all the wealthy to keep open houses, and with a king like Edward, whose tastes were so decidedly in favor of minstrels and others of like profession, access at dinner-time was perfectly easy. Dinner was spread in the open hall, and tables were prepared for all comers. Having reached the court at London, Gaveston entered the hall at dinner-time, and after the repast was over, and the singing and games, which formed the entertainments of the great at this period, commenced, he gave such proofs of his abilities in his assumed profession, as attracted Edward's attention, and he summoned him to his side. Approaching, Gaveston bent upon his knee, in order to hide his face, and handed to the king a letter written by himself, asking his protection to enable him to return to England. Opening and reading the letter, Edward's face flushed with joy, and he exclaimed: "Where is my dear friend Gaveston? Hasten to him and tell him that we love him, and desire his immediate presence at our court." Rising and throwing off his minstrel garb, "Here he is, your majesty!" cried Gaveston, while the courtiers about stood silent with astonishment. Rising and embracing Gaveston, the king then led him to his private apartment, and commenced to shower on him the favors which finally excited the indignation of the barons to such an extent as to lead to their insurrection. How Gaveston lost his life in the subsequent rebellion is an affair of history, as is the course of headstrong indulgence of his private feelings, regardless of the interests of the State, which Edward here commenced openly, and which finally led to his own deposition from the throne and murder by his discontented opponents. Our illustration represents the appearance before Edward of Gaveston in the dress of a minstrel, kneeling and presenting the letter. The scene is most suggestive of the manners of the time and of the event, which, from its results, was the most important action of Edward II.'s reign.

TESTING HER INNOCENCE

THE following touching scene recently occurred in a court of justice in Paris:

A poor, pale seamstress was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day, and stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I was going to carry them back to you."

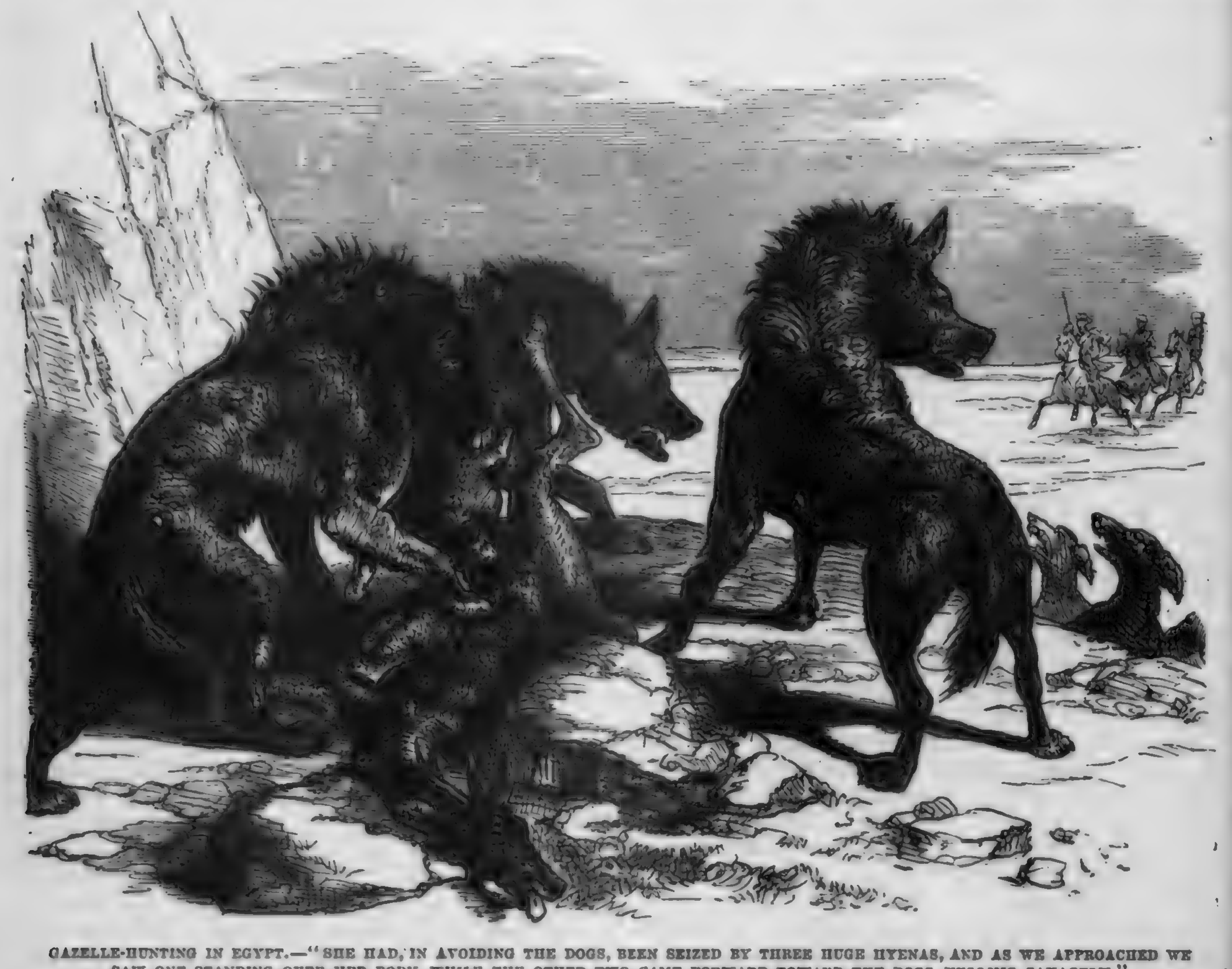
Nevertheless, she was carried to the commissioner of police, and he ordered her to be sent before the police court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she answered:

"The day I went to my employer's, I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy."

The court could not believe the story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. They besought her for her own sake to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect, but oblige the court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently steeped so deep in poverty.

These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court was at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

HE is rich who saves a penny a year; and he is poor who runs behind a penny a year.



GAZELLE-HUNTING IN EGYPT.—"SHE HAD, IN AVOIDING THE DOGS, BEEN SEIZED BY THREE HUGE HYENAS, AND AS WE APPROACHED WE SAW ONE STANDING OVER HER BODY, WHILE THE OTHER TWO CAME FORWARD TOWARD THE DOGS, YELLING SAVAGELY."

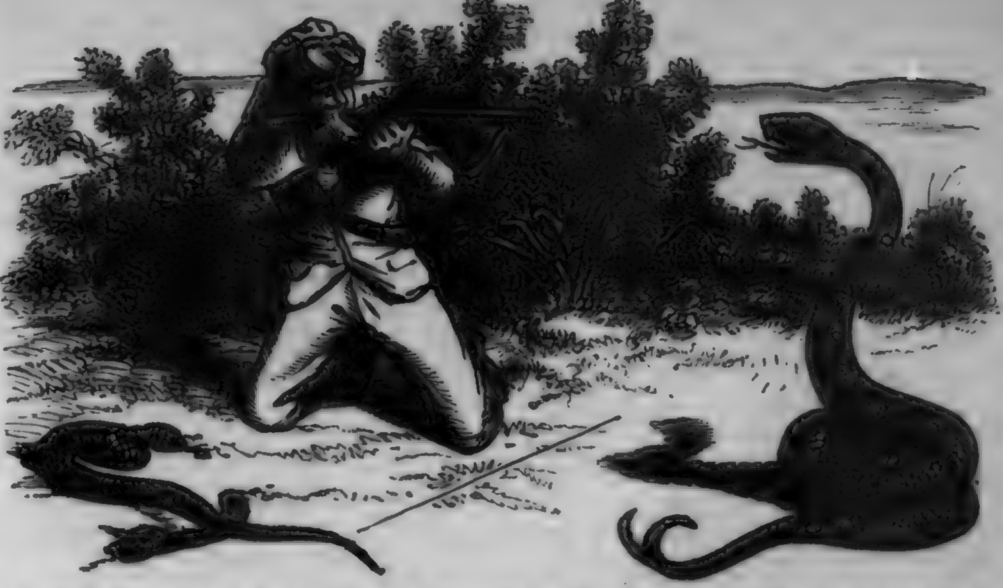
GAZELLE-HUNTING IN EGYPT.

WHILE encamped on the Desert near the old pilgrim route between Cairo and Suez, and about midway between those towns, we were one morning surprised to see two horsemen advancing at a rapid pace over the heights northward, and evidently making direct for our tents. On nearer approach, we recognized one as an old Memlook, or white freed slave, in the service of Halim Pasha, and the other a negro slave, about twenty years of age, owning the same master; and we knew them both as the principal hunters of the pasha's staff, so we had no difficulty in guessing their errand—either to hunt gazelles, or make arrangements for their master to do so, as he was a great lover of all sports, especially gazelle-hunting.

After supplying the newcomers with refreshments—of which they were in great need, as they had ridden more than thirty miles with nothing but some biscuits and one gourd of water—we were informed that the pasha, hearing we were out in that part of the Desert where gazelles could generally be hunted, had sent these two men to inquire if we would show them any tracks in our neighborhood, and afford one night's accommodation to the pasha himself if he came out to hunt. We at once willingly agreed to do whatever we could for him, as he had shown us several kindnesses, and was much respected and liked by the English community in Egypt, from his enlightened views, and generally pleasant and urbane treatment of Europeans in the country. Besides, his being a keen sportsman was by no means the least recommendation to us, who had not joined in a good chase for some months. We mounted our dromedaries, and, accompanied by the two hunters, soon found enough fresh tracks of the beautiful animals to justify them in at once returning to Cairo; and, after taking a small supply of food for their journey, they started, without their horses having had more than half an hour's rest since they had left their stables at Shubra early that morning.

During their absence, we made all preparations we could from our limited stores to receive our guests—for we had no idea how many the pasha might bring with him—fitted up a new spare tent, and built a kitchen in an old tent capable of cooking for a dozen people.

On the third day the pasha arrived, bringing with him only the Memlook, the negro and a French cook, who did



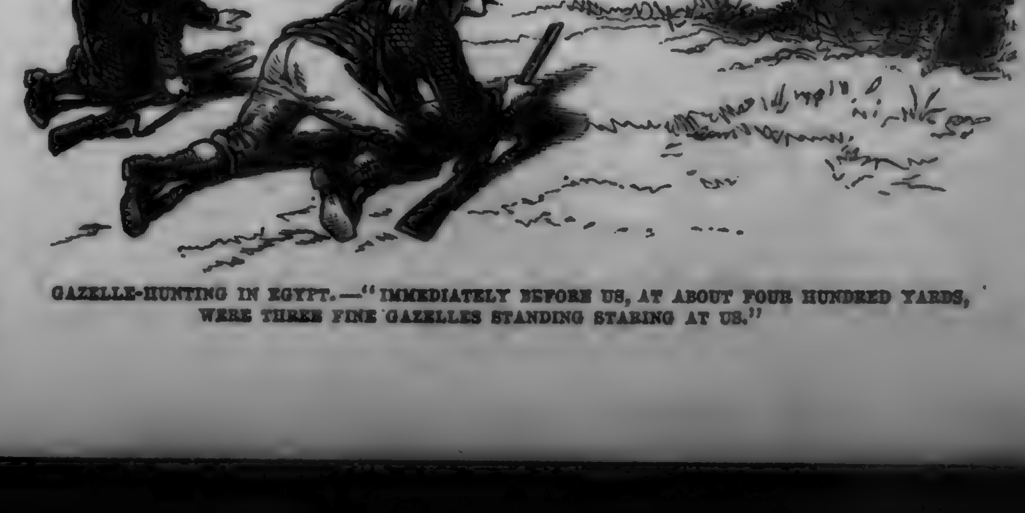
GAZELLE HUNTING IN EGYPT.—"AS HE PREPARED TO MAKE ANOTHER SPRING I GAVE HIM THE CONTENTS OF MY SMOOTH BARREL."

not seem at all comfortable after his long ride on a swift dromedary, laden with the pasha's *cuisine;* indeed, as soon as he dismounted he threw himself on the ground, vowing every bone in his body was broken with the shaking he had received.

The pasha had also brought two capital Arab horses for our use, as he knew our dromedaries were not suited for this kind of chase. And the negro led, attached to his saddle, four fine gazelle hounds. These animals were not unlike English coursing hounds in height, and their long, fine heads and powerful jaws; but their backs, flapping ears and long tails were covered with thick, rough hair similar to that of a colly dog; each was protected from the sun during their journey by a piece of sheepskin covering the head and body—a precaution taken by all Arabs owning these valuable dogs.

After some little rest, the pasha asked us if we would join him in the sport, as he could only spare one day, and must return to Cairo next morning. We were all soon mounted, the dogs uncovered and let loose, and, after frisking about and rolling in the sand, they all started off for the nearest high ground, from which they could get a view over the desert below—for these hounds hunt only by sight. We all spread out in line and moved quickly after them. For some time the dogs ran from mound to mound, and, on reaching the summits, looked eagerly in every direction; but more than an hour passed before one at length, giving a short bark, dashed down the opposite slope of a bluff, and was immediately followed by all the others at full speed.

On our again getting sight of them, they were far ahead of us, racing over a wide expanse of almost level desert; and, with some difficulty, we discovered in the distance five specks, which, although we had had much experience, we could scarcely distinguish as gazelles from the surrounding sand and stones where they reclined. They had not yet discovered their rapidly advancing enemies, but as we horsemen rattled down the steep, rotten slope of the bluff, bringing down a shower of stones and raising a cloud of sand, the quick eyes of the gazelles were instantly upon us, and off they went with the long, tremendous bounds peculiar to them, springing ten to fifteen feet each bound, their heads raised high, and occasionally glancing backward.



GAZELLE-HUNTING IN EGYPT.—"IMMEDIATELY BEFORE US, AT ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED YARDS, WERE THREE FINE GAZELLES STANDING STARING AT US."

These beautiful and graceful creatures seemed as if they would outstrip both dogs and men; and so they certainly would had they kept straight ahead, but, instead of doing so, they turned constantly right and left, slacking their pace, consequently allowing the dogs and ourselves to gain rapidly upon them.

We soon discovered the reason of their erratic movements in the presence of three young fawns, about two months old; and they, not being able to keep up with their elders, kept turning aside and stopping, when the others closed round them, as if to hide them from their pursuers.

The dogs were soon upon them, and as the gazelles bounded off, leaving the young ones to their fate, the leader, a fine buck, halted and turned so suddenly that he caught the foremost dog directly in the chest with his sharp, curved horns, and both were hurled over and over with the impetus of the powerful hound; but before they could disengage themselves the gazelle was seized and instantly killed by the other dogs.

We all passed on, leaving the disabled hound and the dead gazelle, and continued the chase; but the negro dismounted, and after much trouble succeeded in catching two of the young ones, by throwing over them his large white burnoose, and entangling them in its folds.

The four does now led us along at a tremendous pace, but we could see they were getting fatigued; and as one of the hounds ranged up alongside the rearmost, she turned short off to the right so quickly that her pursuers shot straight ahead, and being unable to follow her manœuvre in time, she was allowed to escape, especially as she was a small, lean animal.

Two others were soon caught and killed, but the foremost, largest and most powerful gazelle kept up at unabated pace straight for the broken ground and ravines at the foot of the Attaka Mountains; on reaching which she bounded from rock to rock, and over the rough stones in the dry water-courses, with the greatest ease, followed by the dogs; but we were all obliged to dismount, as we were several times nearly thrown by our horses stumbling among the stones and bushes.

Halim Pacha, taking a short double rifle which had been carried by his Memlook, now led the way up the ravine, being determined to get this last gazelle, even if he had to shoot her, for the long chase she had given us; and we followed only to see the end of our pursuit, as we had no firearms with us, and the Memlook remained with the horses. But what was our surprise to find, on going some distance up the ravine, all the dogs halted, and barking fiercely, but refusing to advance.

We saw the ravine terminated in a high, perpendicular precipice affording no outlet; the gazelle had rushed up to the extreme end, but among the fallen rocks at the foot of the precipice she had, in avoiding the dogs, been seized by three huge hyenas, and as we approached we saw one standing over her body, while the other two came forward toward the dogs, yelling savagely, and evidently intending to add them to their meal, for very few dogs are a match for those great, powerful brutes; they, however, halted, and then turned back at our appearance, and the next moment both fell, pierced by the bullets from the pasha's rifle; but the third hyena, to make his escape, rushed down toward the entrance, and snapped so savagely at the pasha in passing, that had he not thrust the butt of the weapon forward he would have been seriously bitten. The animal, however, continued to hold the stock in his strong jaws, and gave us time to drive our long hunting-knives into his body, when he fell dead, still retaining his hold of the rifle, which, when disengaged, showed the deep marks of his tremendous teeth.

We should have recovered the body of the gazelle, but as it had been killed by these impure animals, the flesh was considered as unfit for food by our Mohammedan companions, and we did not require it ourselves; so, remounting, we, after a long ride, rejoined the negro, who had secured the two young ones and the two does which had been killed; then made for our camp, which we reached late in the evening; but all managed to enjoy a delicious supper, prepared by the French cook, and afterward a night's rest, most welcome after our fatiguing chase.

A few months after this chase, I and my companion had another for gazelles, but of a very different description. We were encamped in a spot not many miles from the previous one, but the season was in the very hottest part of Summer, when the air seems like a flame, and the desert glitters in white heat; no cloud is seen in the glowing sky, and not a breath of wind is felt to cool the burning surface of sand and stone.

We had been many weeks without fresh meat, owing to the cattle-murrain, when it was difficult to get meat even in the towns; our stores of preserved food had failed entirely, and, finally, we had an invalid friend staying in our tents, to whom even a little soup would have been a great luxury; so we determined to try and get a gazelle, as we knew they frequented a wide open space of desert to the southward of the old road, and the wadys or dry courses formed by the Winter torrents from the mountains.

We started soon after daylight, that we might march during the coolest time of the day, as the places frequented by the gazelles were some four hours' walk from our camp—no joke in that season of the year.

Our costume was of the lightest flannel, but our heads were protected by thick shawl turbans. We carried nothing but our hunting-flasks of water, ammunition, hunting-knives and double guns—one barrel smooth, the other rifled, the most useful of all pieces for desert work. Our two servants had gone to Cairo for provisions, but would return during the day, so we left instructions for them to follow us on their arrival.

As we neared the old road we became painfully aware of what the last caravan of pilgrims, which had passed two months previously, must have suffered; for not only were the skeletons and half-picked bodies of camels to be seen at very short distances from each other, but a few paces beyond the road our attention was drawn by some rags flapping in the light morning wind, and then we distinguished the half-buried remains of some poor pilgrim who had succumbed to the fatigue, want or disease which makes such havoc in every pilgrim caravan. The fleshless skull was still partly encircled by the well-known green turban, and entangled among the remains were the broad leather double belt used by most orientals to carry their weapons around their waist.

We passed quickly by, only to find at a few more paces the remains of another poor victim in a similar condition; near this one lay a rusty, discharged pistol, and, as we journeyed on, we speculated whether this poor fellow might not, perhaps, have defended himself, when almost helpless, against the wild animals and birds of prey which always follow the routes of the caravans

When we arrived at the wady, where we expected to find the game, the sun was high and blazing fiercely upon us, the light wind utterly gone; and, seeing no trace of gazelles, we almost decided to return to our camp, so thoroughly lonely and hopeless did it seem—no living object to be seen but our two selves in those miles and miles of glowing desert around us, and no shelter nearer than our tents. We had both had long experience of the desert, but we agreed that this day it looked particularly dismal.

However, as we came across tracks of the animals of which we were in search, although some days old, we determined to persevere until we could find something more tangible than footprints. Two hours passed, and still we wandered about on this fearful plain, which extended almost as far as the eye could reach without apparently a rise of ground as high as our shoulders.

At length we suddenly discovered, in the glittering mirage before us, the indistinct form of a standing gazelle, magnified seemingly to the height of a camel. We dropped upon all-fours immediately, and began crawling in the direction of the animal, which we could not now see, or judge at what distance it could be, as in the phenomena of the mirage objects a mile distant sometimes seem but a few hundred yards off. On we crept, occasionally rising to relieve our hands and knees from the burning sand and gravel, and then we again discovered the gazelle apparently in the same position.

At length, after a very long crawl, the heat was so unbearable that we started up, unable any longer to support it; and immediately before us, at about four hundred yards, were three fine gazelles standing staring at us. Down we went again, but next instant they bounded off, and did not stop till they had placed another four hundred yards between us.

We now agreed to separate, and each do our best to stalk to the right and left of them. Again we crept forward, only to see the provoking animals trot gently off another two or three hundred yards; then two of them began nibbling some shrubs, while the third, with his head raised high, evidently snuffing the air, looked straight toward us.

I was now separated from my companion about four hundred yards, and both were rather more than five hundred from the gazelles; but, knowing our rifles would not carry with certainty that distance, we still crept on, but with the greatest difficulty, for the sun struck on my back, and was refracted from the sand to my face—now only a few inches from the ground—so that I felt I should faint if I did not rise up. I drank my last drop of water, and again struggled on, the heat being so great that I could only hold my gun by wrapping my shooting-jacket round it.

Just as I had lessened the distance by another hundred yards, the gazelles still in the same position, and I was wriggling between some bushes about eight inches high, I saw, not more than two feet immediately before me, a large horned snake (*Cerastes*), the most venomous of all desert snakes, and so fatal is the bite, that I have known several instances of death happening to persons in less than two hours after being struck by this reptile. It would never do to fire at him and so lose the gazelles; and as I gently drew my heavy loading-rod to give him a tap, I saw another snake of the same kind on my right, and about the same distance, but raising himself to striking position, with his vicious, ruby-colored eyes fixed on mine. Not a moment was to be lost; I drew the rod wildly out, struck at the serpent on my right, and luckily swept him down with the first blow; but before I could recover myself to strike at the one in front, he darted at me, and as I involuntarily rolled on one side, passed over me. I sprang to my feet, and, as he prepared to make another spring, gave him the contents of my smooth barrel, making him spring high into the air; next moment I heard my friend's rifle crack, and saw a gazelle fall; but though I fired my rifled barrel after the other as they bounded off, my bullet went far wide, so unnerved was I by my long crawl, the danger I had been in from the two reptiles, and the heavy recoil of my heated gun.

When I had somewhat recovered I joined my companion, who laughed at my bad shots, as he thought I had fired both at the animals; but on seeing the dead snakes he owned he should probably have made a worse, as he had a most intense dislike to serpents of all kinds.

We both now made the discovery that we were so exhausted we could scarcely stand; we had no water, were miles away from the camp, and our eyes, tongues and faces so inflamed with the intense heat, that we could scarcely speak without pain. However, we sat down, and cutting slices of the warm flesh from the gazelle, applied them to the inflamed parts, and continued doing so until we were both considerably relieved. Then we laid the animal across our guns, and carrying them litter-fashion, started on our weary homeward trudge.

DOCTOR DORN'S REVENGE.

They stood together by the sea, and it was evident the old, old story was being told, for the man's face was full of pale excitement, the girl's half averted from the ardent eyes that strove to read the fateful answer in her own.

"It may be folly to speak when I have so little to offer," he said, with an accent of strong and tender emotion in his voice that went straight to the girl's heart. "It may be folly, and yet if you love as I love we can wait or work together, happy in the affection which wealth cannot buy nor poverty destroy. Tell me truly, Evelyn, may I hope?"

She longed to say "Yes," for in her heart she knew she loved this man, so rich in youth, comeliness, talent and ardor, but, alas! so poor in fortune and friends, power and place. He possessed all that wins a woman's eye and heart, nothing that gratifies worldly ambition or the vanity that is satisfied with luxury regardless of love. She was young, proud and poor, her beauty was her only gift, and she saw in it her only means of attaining the place she coveted. She had no hope but in a wealthy marriage; for this end she lived and wrought, and had almost won it, when Max Dorn appeared, and for the first time her heart rebelled. Something in the manful courage, the patient endurance with which he met and bore, and would in time conquer misfortune, woke her admiration and respect. He was different from those about her, and carried with him the unconscious but sovereign charm of integrity. The love she saw in his eloquent eyes seemed a different passion from the shallow, selfish sentimentality of other men. It seemed to ennoble by its sincerity, to bless by its tenderness, and she found it hard to put it by.

As she listened to his brief appeal, made impressive by the intensity of repressed feeling that trembled in it, she wavered, hesitated, and tried to silence conscience by a false plea of duty. Half turning with the shy glance, the soft flush of maiden love and shame, she said, slowly:

"If I answered "Yes" I should wrong both of us, for while you work and I wait that this may be made possible, our youth and strength will be passing away, and when the end is won we shall be old and tired, and even love itself worn out."

"If it be true love it never can wear out," he cried, impetuously; but she shook her delicate head, and a shadow passed across her charming face, paling its bloom and saddening its beauty.

"I know that poets say so, but I have no faith in the belief. Hearts grow gray as well as heads, and love cannot defy time any more than youth can. I've seen it tried, and it always fails."

"So young, yet so worldly-wise, so lovely, yet so doubtful of love's dominion," murmured Max, on whom her words fell with a foreboding chill.

"I have felt the bitterness of poverty, and it has made me old before my time," she answered, with the shadow deepening on her face. "I could love you, but—I will not." And the red lips closed resolutely as the hard words left them.

"Because I am poor?"

"Because *we* are poor."

For an instant something like contempt shone in his eyes, then pity softened their dark brilliance, and a passionate pain thrilled his voice as he said, with a despairing glance:

"Then I may not hope!"

She could not utter the cruel word "No" that rose to her lips; a sudden impulse ruled her; the better nature she had tried to kill prompted a truer answer, and love, half against her will, replied:

"You may hope—a little longer."

"How long?" he questioned, almost sternly, for even with the joy of hope came a vague disquiet and distrust.

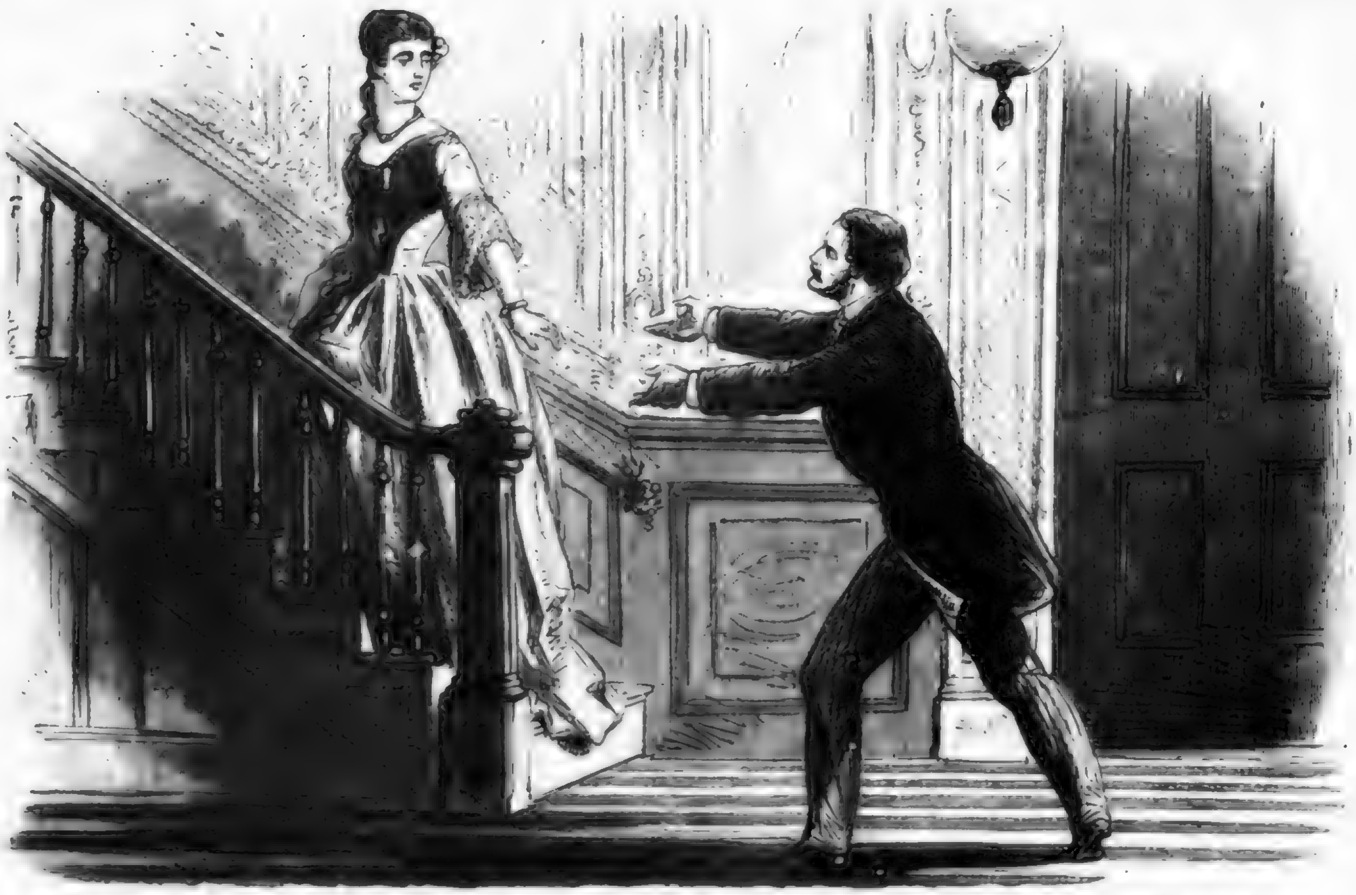
"Till to-morrow."

The tell-tale color flushed into her cheeks as the words escaped her, and she could not meet the keen yet tender eyes that searched her downcast face.

"To-morrow!" he echoed; "that is a short probation, but none the less hard for its brevity if I read your face aright. John Meredith has spoken, and you find money more tempting than love."

Her head dropped on her hands, and for an instant she struggled with an almost irresistible impulse to put her hand

XUM



DOCTOR DORN'S REVENGE.—"NO ONE WAS NEAR, AND PAUSING, SHE TURNED TO LOOK DOWN ON HIM."—SEE PAGE 27.

in his and show him she was nobler than he believed. But she had been taught to control natural impulses, to bend her will, to yield her freedom to the one aim of her life, and calling it necessity, to become its slave.

Something in his look and tone stung her pride and gave her strength to fight against her heart. In one thing he was mistaken; John Meredith had not spoken, but she knew a glance from her would unlock his tongue, for the prize was almost won, and nothing but this sudden secret love had withheld her from seizing the fruit of her long labor and desire. She meant to assure herself of this beyond all doubt, and then, when both fates were possible, to weigh and decide as calmly as she might. To this purpose she clung, and lifting her head with a proud gesture, she said, in the cold, hard tone that jarred upon his ear and made discord in the music of her voice:

"You need not wait until to-morrow. Will you receive your answer now?"

"No; I will be patient, for I know something of temptations like this, and I have faith in the nobility of a woman's heart. Love or leave me as you will, but, Evelyn, if you value your own peace, if you care for the reverence of one who loves you utterly, do not sell yourself, for wealth so bought is worse than the sharpest poverty. A word will put me out of pain; think of this to-day; wear these to remind you of me, as that jewel recalls Meredith; and to-night return my dead roses or give me yourself."

He put the ruddy cluster in the hand that wore his rival's gift, looked into her face with a world of love and longing in his proud eyes, and left her there alone.

If he had seen her crush the roses on her lips and drench them in passionate tears, if he had heard her breathe his name in tones of tenderest grief and call him back to save her from temptation, he would have turned and spared himself a lifelong loss, and saved her from a sacrifice that doomed her to remorse.

She crept into a shadowy nook among the rocks, and searched herself as she had never done before. The desire to be found worthy of him swayed her strongly, and almost conquered the beliefs and purposes of her whole life. An hour passed, and with an expression more beautiful than any ever seen upon her face till now, Evelyn rose to seek and tell her lover that she could not give his flowers back.

As she stood a moment smiling down upon the emblems of love, a voice marred the happiest instant of her life, a single sentence undid the work of that thoughtful hour

"Meredith will never marry pretty Evelyn."

"And why not?" returned another voice, as careless as that sarcastic one that spoke first.

"He is too wise, and she lacks skill. My faith! with half her beauty I would have conquered a dozen such as he."

"You have a more potent charm than beauty, for wealth will buy any man."

"Not all." And the girl's keen ear detected an undertone of bitterness in the light laugh that followed the words. A woman spoke, and as she listened, Dorn's words, "I know something of such temptations," returned to her with a sudden significance which the next words confirmed.

"Ah, Max will not thaw under your smiles or be dazzled by the golden baits you offer. Well, my dear, you can find your revenge in watching Evelyn's folly and its dreary consequences, for she will marry him and ruin herself for ever."

"No doubt of that; she hasn't wit enough to see what a splendid career is open to her if she marries Meredith, and she will let a girlish romance rob her of success. That knowledge is an immense comfort to me."

The speakers passed on, leaving Evelyn pale with anger, her eyes keen and hard, her lips smiling scornfully, and her heart full of bitterness. The roses lay at her feet, and the hand that wore the ring was clinched as she watched mother and daughter stroll away, little dreaming that their worldly gossip had roused the girl's worst passions and given her temptation double force.

"She loves Max and pities me—good! I'll let her know that I refused him, and teach her to fear as well as envy me. 'A splendid career'—and she thinks I'll lose it. Wait a day and see if I have not wit enough to know it, and skill enough to secure it. 'Girlish romance' shall not ruin my future; I see its folly, and I thank that woman for showing me how to avoid it. Take comfort while you may, false friend; to-morrow your punishment will begin."

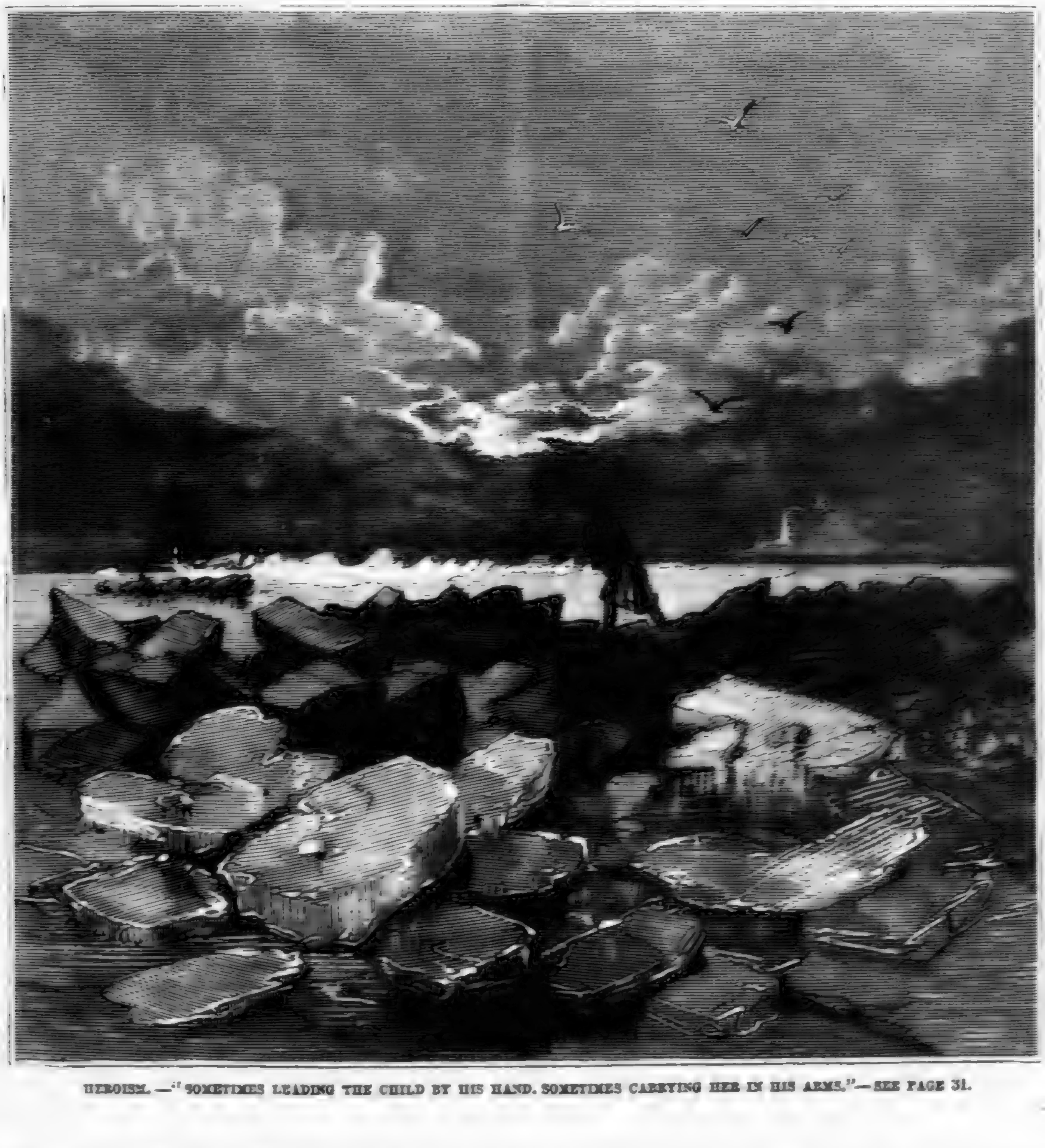
Snatching up the roses, Evelyn returned to the hotel, congratulating herself that she had not spoken hastily and pledged her word to Dorn. Everything seemed to foster the purpose that had wavered for an hour, and even trifles lent their weight to turn the scale in favor of the mercenary choice.

As if conscious of the struggle going on within her, Meredith forgot the temporary jealousy of Dorn, that had held him aloof for a time, and was more devoted than before. She drove with him, and leaning in his luxurious barouche, passed Dorn walking through the dust. A momentary pang smote her as his face kindled when he saw her, but she conquered it by whispering to herself, "That woman would rejoice to see me walking there beside him; now I can eclipse her even in so small a thing as this."

As the thought came, her haughty little head rose erect, her eyes wandered, well pleased, from splendid horses, liveried servants and emblazoned carriage, to the man who could make them hers, and she smiled on him with a glance that touched the cold heart which she alone had ever warmed.

Later, as she sat among a group of Summer friends, listening to their gossip, she covertly watched her two lovers while she stored up the hints, opinions, and criticisms of those about her. Max Dorn had youth, manly beauty and native dignity, but lacked that indescribable something which marks the polished man of fashion, and by dress, manner, speech and attitude betrayed that he was outside the charmed circle as plainly as if a visible barrier rose between him and his rival.

John Meredith, a cold, grave man of forty, bore the mark of patrician birth and breeding in every feature, tone and act. Not handsome, graceful or gifted, but simply an aristocrat in pride and position as in purse. Men envied, imitated and feared him; women courted, flattered and sighed for him; and whomsoever he married would be, in spite of herself, a queen of society.



HEROISM.—"SOMETIMES LEADING THE CHILD BY HIS HAND. SOMETIMES CARRYING HER IN HIS ARMS."—SEE PAGE 31.

XUM

As she watched him, the girl's purpose strengthened, for on no one did his eye linger as on herself; every mark of his preference raised her in the estimation of her mates, and already was she beginning to feel the intoxicating power which would be wholly hers if she accepted him.

"I will!" she said, within herself. "To-night he will speak, and to-morrow my brilliant future shall begin."

As she dressed for the ball that night an exquisite bouquet of exotics was brought her. She knew who sent them. and a glance of gratified vanity went from the flowers to the lovely head they would adorn. In a glass on her toilet bloomed the wild roses, fresh and fragrant as ever. A regretful sigh escaped her as she took them up, saying softly, "I must return them, but he'll soon forget—and so shall I."

A thorn pierced her hand as she spoke, and as if daunted by the omen, she paused an instant while tears of mental, not physical, pain filled her eyes with tears. She wiped the tiny drops of blood from her white palm, and as she did so the flush of the diamond caught her eye. A quick change passed over her, and, dashing away the tears, she hid the wound and followed her chaperon, looking blithe and beautiful as ever.

John Meredith did speak that night, and Max Dorn knew it, for his eye never left the little figure with the wild roses half hidden in the lace that stirred with the beating of the girlish heart he coveted. He saw them pass into the moonlit garden, and stood like a sentinel at the gate till a glimmer of white foretold their return. Evelyn's face he could not see, for she averted it, and turned from the crowd as if to seek her room unseen. Meredith's pale features were slightly flushed, and his cold eye shone with unwonted fire, but whether anger or joy wrought the change Dorn could not tell.

Hurrying after Evelyn, he saw her half way up the wide staircase, and softly called her name. No one was near, and pausing, she turned to look down on him. Never had she seemed more lovely, yet never had he found it hard to watch that beloved face before. Without a word he looked up, and stretched his hands to her, as if unconscious of the distance between them. Her rich color faded, her lips trembled, but her eyes did not fall before his own, and her hand went steadily to her breast as in silence, more bitterly significant than words, she dropped the dead roses at his feet.

* * * * * *

"Is Doctor Dorn at home?"

The servant glanced from the pale, eager speaker to the elegant carriage he had left, and, though past the hour, admitted him.

A room perfect in the taste and fitness of its furnishing, and betraying many evidences, not only of the wealth, but the cultivation, of its owner, received the new comer, who glanced hastily about him as he advanced toward its occupant, who bent over a desk, writing rapidly.

"Doctor Dorn, can you spare me a few moments on a case of life and death?" said the gentleman, in an imploring tone, for the sight of a line of carriages outside and a crowded ante-room inside, had impressed him with the skill and success of the doctor more than all the tales he had heard of his marvelous powers.

Doctor Dorn glanced at his watch.

"I can give you exactly five minutes."

"Thanks. Then let me as briefly as possible tell you the case. My wife is dying with a tumor in the side. I have tried everything, every physician, and all in vain. I should have applied to you long ago, had not Evelyn positively forbid it."

As the words left his lips both men looked at one another, with the memory of that summer night ten years ago rising freshly before them. John Meredith's cold face flushed with emotion in speaking of his suffering wife to the man who had been his rival. But Max Dorn's pale, impassive countenance never changed a muscle, though a close observer might have seen a momentary gleam of something like satisfaction in his dark eye as he answered in a perfectly business-like tone:

"I have heard of Mrs. Meredith's case from Doctor Savant, and know the particulars. Will you name your wish?"

He knew it already, but he would not spare this man the pang of asking his wife's life at his hands. Meredith moistened his dry lips, and answered slowly.

"They tell me an operation may save her, and she consents. Doctor Savant dares not undertake it, and says no one but you can do it. Can you? Will you?"

"But Mrs. Meredith forbids it."

"She is to be deceived; your name is not to be mentioned; and she is to think Doctor Savant is the man."

A bitter smile touched Dorn's lips as he replied with significant emphasis:

"I decline to undertake the case at this late stage. Savant will do his best faithfully, and I hope will succeed. Good-morning, sir."

Meredith turned proudly away, and Dorn bent over his writing. But at the door the husband paused, for the thought of his lovely young wife dying for want of this man's skill rent his heart and bowed his spirit. With an impulsive gesture he retraced his steps, saying, brokenly:

"Doctor Dorn, I beseech you to revoke that answer. Forgive the past, save my Evelyn, and make me your debtor for life. All the honor shall be yours; she will bless you, and I—I will thank you, serve you, love you to my dying day."

Hard and cold as stone was Dorn's face as the other spoke, and for a moment no answer came. Meredith's imploring eyes saw no relenting sign, his outstretched hands fell at his side, and grief, resentment and despair trembled in his voice as he said, solemnly:

"For her sake I humbled myself to plead with you, believing you a nobler man than you have proved yourself. She took your heart, you take her life, for no hand but yours can save her. You might have won our gratitude forever, but you refused."

"I consent." And with a look that went straight to the other's heart, Dorn held out his hand.

Meredith wrung it silently, and the first tears that had wet his eyes for years fell on the generous hand that gave him back his idol's life.

The affair was rapidly arranged, and as no time was to be lost, the following day was fixed. Evelyn was to be kept in ignorance of Dorn's part in the matter, and Doctor Savant was to prepare everything as if he were to be the operator. Dorn was not to appear till she was unconscious, and she was not to be told to whom she owed her life till she was out of danger.

The hour came, and Dorn was shown into the chamber, where on a narrow table Evelyn lay, white and unconscious, as if dead. Savant and two other physicians, anxious to see the great surgeon at work, stood near; and Meredith hung over the beautiful woman as if it was impossible to yield her up to them. As he entered the room Dorn snatched one hungry glance at the beloved face, and tore his eyes away, saying to the nurse who came to him:

"Cover her face."

The woman began to question him, but Meredith understood, and with his own hands laid a delicate handkerchief over the pallid face. Then he withdrew to an alcove, and behind the curtain prayed with heart and soul for the salvation of the one creature whom he loved.

The examination and consultation over, Dorn turned to take up his knife. As he did so one of the physicians whispered to the other, with a sneer,

"See his hand tremble; mine is steadier than that."

"He is as pale as a sheet; is's my opinion that his success is owing to lucky accidents more than to skill or science," returned the other.

In the dead silence of the room, the least whisper was audible. Dorn flushed to the forehead, he set his teeth, nerved his arm, and with a clear, calm eye, and unfaltering hand made the first incision in the white flesh, dearer to him than his own.

It was a strange, nay, an almost awful sight, that luxurious room, and in the full glow of the noonday light that beautiful white figure, with four pale men bending over it, watching with breathless interest the movements of one skillful pair of hands moving the glittering instruments or delicately tying arteries, severing nerves, and gliding heedfully among vital organs, where a hair's-breadth slip might be death. And looking from behind the curtains, a haggard countenance, full of anguish, hope and suspense.

With speechless wonder and admiration the three followed Dorn through the intricacies of this complicated operation; envying the steadiness of his hand, firm as iron, yet delicate as a breath; watching the precision of his strokes, the success of his treatment, and most of all, admiring his entire absorption in the work; his utter forgetfulness of the subject, whose youth and beauty might well unnerve the most skillful hand. No sign of what he suffered during that brief time escaped him; but when all was safely over, and Evelyn lay again in her bed, great drops stood upon his forehead, and as Meredith grasped his hand he found it cold as stone. To the praises of his rivals in science, and the fervent thanks of his rival in love, he returned scarce any answer, and with careful directions to the nurse went away to fall faint and exhausted on his bed, crying with the tearless love and longing of a man, "Oh, my darling, I have saved you only to lose you again!—only to give you up to a fate harder for me to bear than death."

* * * * *

Evelyn lived, and when she learned to whom she owed her life, she covered her face, saying to her hungry heart, "If he had known how utterly weary I was, how empty my life, how remorseful my conscience, he would have let me die."

She had learned long ago the folly of her choice, and pined in her splendid home for Max, and love and poverty again. He had prospered wonderfully, for the energy that was as native to him as his fidelity, led him to labor for ambition's sake when love was denied him. Devoted to his profession, he lived for that alone, and in ten years won a brilliant success. Honor, wealth, position were his now, and any woman might have been proud to share his lot. But none were wooed; and in his distant home he watched over Evelyn unseen, unknown—and loved her still.

She had tasted the full bitterness of her fate, had repented and striven to atone by devoting herself to Meredith, who was unalterable in his passion for her. But his love and her devotion could not bring happiness, and when he died his parting words were, "Now you are free."

She reproached herself for the thrill of joy that came as she listened, and whispered penitently, "Forgive me, I was not worthy of such love."

For a year she mourned for him sincerely; but she was young, she loved with a woman's fervor now, and hope would paint a happy future with Max.

He never wrote nor came, and wearying at last, she sent a letter to a friend in that distant city, asking news of Doctor Dorn. The answer brought small comfort, for it told her that an epidemic had broken out, and that the first to volunteer for the most dangerous post was Max Dorn.

In a moment her decision was taken. "I must be near him; I must save him—if it is not too late. He must not sacrifice himself; he would not be so reckless if he knew that any one cared for him."

Telling no one her purpose, she left her solitary home and went to find her lover, regardless of danger. The city was deserted by all but the wretched poor and the busy middle class, who live by daily labor. She heard from many lips praises, blessings and prayers when she uttered Doctor Dorn's name, but it was not so easy to find him. He was never at home, but lived in hospitals and the haunts of suffering day and night. She wrote and sent to him. No answer came. She visited his house to find it empty. She grew desperate, and went to seek for him where few dared venture, and here she learned that he had been missing for three days. Her heart stood still, for many dropped, died, and were buried hastily, leaving no name behind them. Regardless of everything but the desire to find him, dead or living, she plunged into the most infected quarter of the town, and after hours of sights and sounds that haunted her for years, she found him.

In a poor woman's room, nursed as tenderly by her and the child he had saved as if he had been her son, lay Max, dying. He was past help now, unconscious, and out of pain, and as she sat beside him, heart-stricken and despairing, Evelyn received her punishment for the act which wrecked her own life and led his to an end like that.

As if her presence dimly impressed his failing senses, a smile broke over his pallid lips, his hand feebly groped for hers, and those magnificent eyes of his shone unclouded for a moment, as she whispered remorsefully:

"I loved you best: forgive me, Max, and tell me you remember Evelyn."

"You said I might hope a little longer; I'll be patient, dear, and wait."

And with the words he was gone, leaving her twice widowed.

HEROISM.

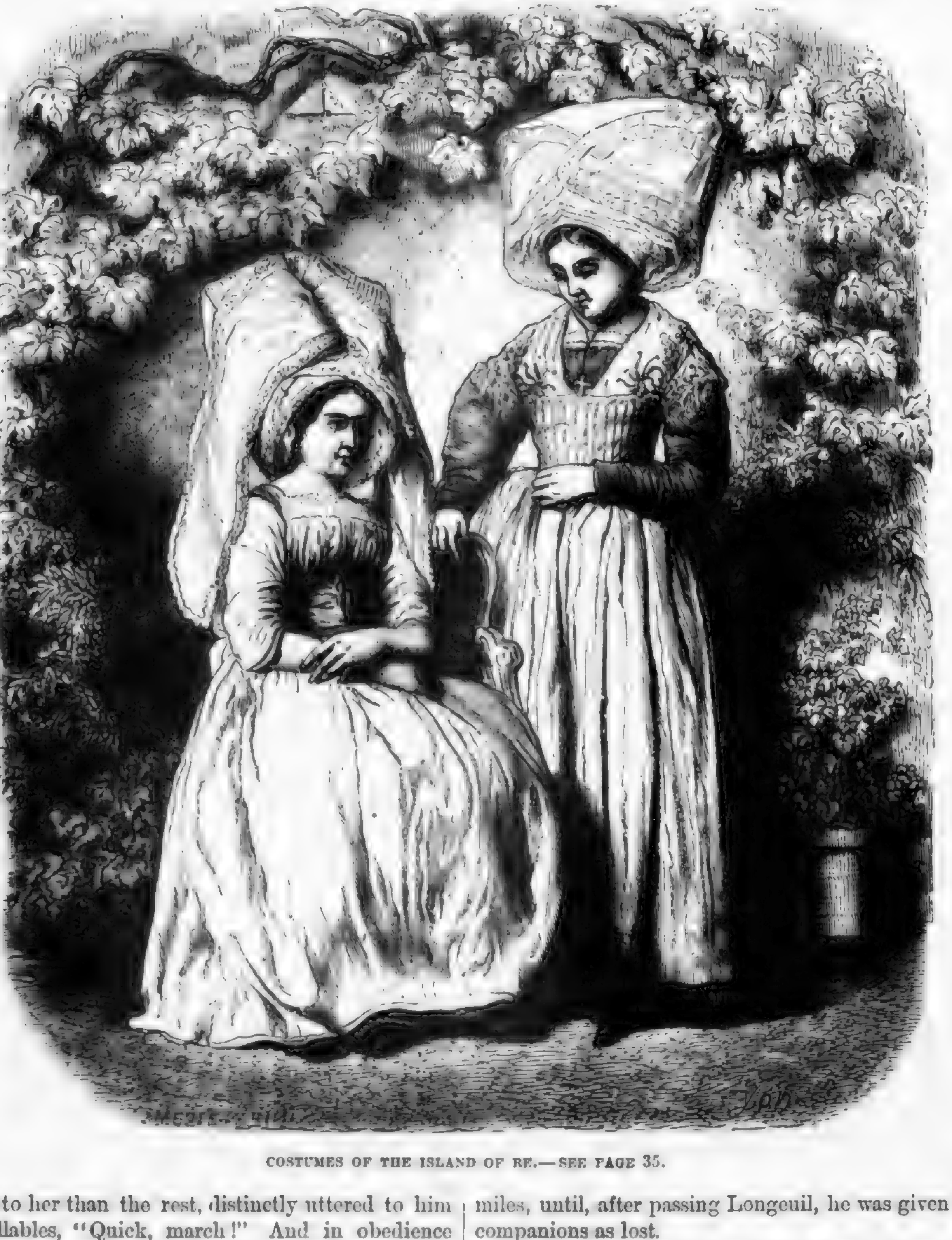
The Winter of 1869 (says a Canadian lady in her journal) was unusually severe, and the ice on the St. Lawrence particularly thick; however, while the river beneath was rushing toward the sea, the ice was waiting in abeyance in the middle of the stream until the narrow fastness between Montreal and St. Helen's should burst and allow the whole mass to break into pieces, and then in stupendous confusion to hurry down toward Quebec.

On St. Helen's there was quartered a small detachment of troops; and while the breaking up of the ice was momentarily expected, many of the soldiers, muffled in their great-coats, with thick, storm-gloves on their hands, and with a piece of fur attached to their caps to protect their ears from being frozen, were on the ice, employed in attending to the road across it to Montreal.

After a short suspense, which increased rather than allayed their excitement, a deep, thundering noise announced to them that the process I have described had commenced. The ice before them writhed, heaved up, burst, broke into fragments, and the whole mass, excepting a small portion, which, remaining riveted to the shore of St. Helen's, formed an artificial pier with deep water beneath it, gradually moved downward.

XUM

Just at this moment of intense interest, a little girl, the daughter of an artilleryman on the island, was seen on the ice in the middle of the river, in an attitude of agony and alarm. Imprudently and unobserved, she attempted to cross over to Montreal, and was scarcely half way when the ice, both above, below her, and in all directions, gave way. The child's fate seemed inevitable, and it was exciting various sensations in the minds, and various exclamations from the mouths, of the soldiers, when something within the breast of a young sergeant of the regiment, who happened to be nearer to her than the rest, distinctly uttered to him the monosyllables, "Quick, march!" And in obedience thereto, fixing his eyes on the child as on a parade-banderole, he steadily proceeded toward her. Sometimes before him, sometimes just behind him, and sometimes on either side, an immense piece of ice would pause, rear up on end, and roll over, so as occasionally to hide him altogether from view. Sometimes he was seen jumping from a piece that was beginning to rise, and then, like a white bear, carefully clambering down a piece that was beginning to sink. However, onward he proceeded, until reaching the little island of ice on which the poor child stood, with the feelings of calm triumph with which he would have surmounted a breach, he firmly grasped her by the hand.

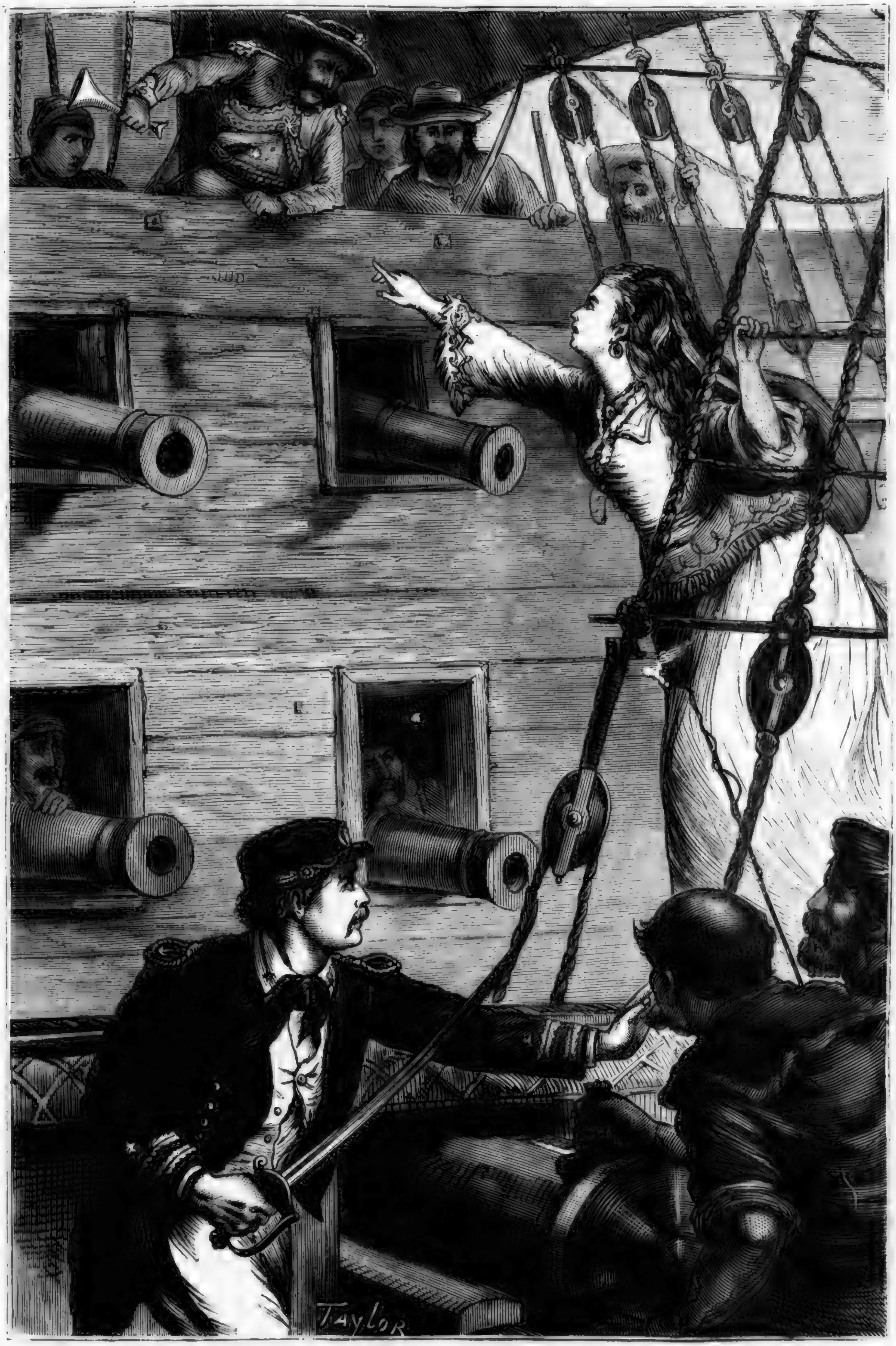


COSTUMES OF THE ISLAND OF RE.—SEE PAGE 35.

By this time he had been floated down the river, nearly out of sight of his comrades. However, some of them having run to their barracks for spy-glasses, distinctly beheld him about two miles below them, sometimes leading the child by the hand, sometimes carrying her in his arms, sometimes "halting," sometimes running "double-quick"; and in this dangerous predicament he continued for six miles, until, after passing Longeuil, he was given up by his companions as lost.

He remained with the little girl floating down the middle of the river for a considerable time; at last, toward evening, they were discovered by some French Canadians, who, at no small risk, humanely pushed off in a canoe to their assistance, and thus rescued both from their perilous situation. The Canadians took them to their home. At last, in due time, they returned to St. Helen's. The child was happily restored to her parents, and the brave sergeant quietly returned to his barracks.

XUM



THE GIRL RESCUER.—"WITH HER DISENGAGED ARM UPRAISED, SHE EXCLAIMED, IN A CLEAR, RINGING VOICE: 'NOW, CAPTAIN CARBANO, FIRE IF YOU DARE!'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

THE GIRL RESCUER.

A TERRIFIC gale, which for three days had raged off the Bahamas, had so disabled the schooner *Wingfield*, cruising, in 18—, against the pirates of the Antilles, that her captain, William Howard—a handsome, dashing young naval officer, of twenty-five — was obliged to run for repairs into one of the narrow inlets on the west coast of the Island of San Salvador.

It was a dangerous haven, as he might at any moment be discovered, and pounced upon by the lawless hordes who had learned to dread and hate his schooner, which had made sad havoc among their vessels.

The captain dropped anchor close inshore, where the rocks were covered with trailing vines and the banks shaded with shrubbery, blooming with the flowers of the beautiful farnese and other species of acacia. Beyond, silvery cascades were seen, flashing in misty distance, and gigantic trees, entwined with branches, from which hung long, pendent twigs, full of red, blue and white blossoms, emitting a delicious fragrance.

Howard lost no time in getting to work at his schooner, and in a few days she was sufficiently repaired for the crew, who had been forced to a temporary stay on shore, to return aboard.

Next morning the captain was surprised to see a beautiful apparition beckoning to him from one of the rocks of the coast—a young girl, arrayed in white, with a blue sash, and wearing a broad straw hat, from under which her long tresses fell to her waist.

He had his gig down in a moment, and the distance between the schooner and land being only sixty feet, he was soon ashore.

As he approached the young woman he lifted his naval cap and bowed, his eyes beaming admiration upon the loveliest face he had ever seen.

The complexion was of a mixed olive and delicate rose tint; the eyes were large, dark and soft, shaded by long, curling lashes; the hair had a blue-black shade; the features were faultless. But it was the expression—so full of innocence—that charmed the young man; that piquant, childish look, combined with the smooth, rounded cheeks, eloquent with womanly warmth, and the supple, well-developed form, which, as the full bust rose and fell, seemed to emit an irresistible magnetism.

The voice, when she spoke—in harmony with her appearance—had two intonations: of the organ and the lute, of the woman and the child.

"Sir," said she, "I have come to tell you to leave as soon as you can. There are pirates, thrice your number, scarce a league from here. They will soon discover you, by chance, as I have done this morning."

"And who, gentle friend, are you who thus warns me?"

"I am Viola, the adopted daughter of José Carbano—the fiercest and most powerful of all the outlaws. His craft is a full-sized two-decker, almost as large as a sloop-of-war; and he would gladly die for the satisfaction of blowing you to pieces. He has been in search of you—I expect him back every day. Tarry not, I beseech you."

"But why do you, his daughter, take the trouble to warn me?"

"Because I do not approve of his doings. I have striven hard, but in vain, to induce him to give up his unlawful life. I have warned many a merchant-ship away from this vicinity, and now I beg you will go, too."

"I cannot go for a week, as I have my masts to repair and new sails to get up."

She sighed, and bowing, disappeared in the deep woods beyond. But she came again, the next day and the next, and so on, anxious to see how soon he could sail away.

He would engage her in conversation, and speak to her in a tender, earnest manner she could not misinterpret.

Ten days had passed—he would be ready to sail the next morning—when he again met Viola, who now informed him that her father's vessel was in sight.

"You have no time to lose," she said, in a tremulous voice.

"But, Viola, I cannot leave *you* here. I love you!"

He folded her in his arms, and as her head drooped on his breast, he showered kisses on her warm lips and her bright eyes.

"Beautiful girl!" said he, "I will make you my wife! Will you go away with me?"

"Would you always love me if I did?"

"For ever as I do now—yes!"

"I will go with you, then. I will be here to-morrow morning, when you will be ready to sail. And, now, good-by, lest I am missed, and in searching for me the pirates find you, too."

An embrace, a lingering kiss, and they parted.

Next morning, Howard, ready to sail, watched in vain for Viola. His lieutenant pointed toward the woods, which were alive with armed men, hurrying toward the schooner.

Howard understood at once. Some spy had followed Viola on the previous day, and, lying concealed, had seen the schooner, and, perhaps, heard the girl's interview with him. Perhaps, her father's craft having doubtless arrived on the previous day, she was kept a prisoner aboard the vessel. If so, the captain must give up all thought of now obtaining his fair prize; but at some future time he would come with a larger war-vessel, and carry off the sweet girl whom he was determined should yet be his wife.

The armed men drew every moment nearer. Howard brought one of his guns to bear upon them as his anchor was lifted, and fired a shot. Then away went the little schooner, shooting, with a fair wind, toward the mouth of the inlet. Another gun, loaded with shrapnel, was discharged, and yells and curses broke from the pirates as several of their number fell.

As the schooner emerged from the inlet, an unexpected sight greeted her crew—a large two-decker, which the rocks had hitherto concealed, lying in wait for them! There was the pirate flag at her mizzen, and through her port-holes glimpses of dark-faced men could be seen already at their guns. Huge and black, she loomed up, ready to sink, at one broadside, the schooner, which, to escape the rocks astern, must now pass close alongside.

"It is Carbano!" cried Lieutenant Hawthorne, shrugging his shoulders.

"Ay, ay!" answered Howard, as a tall, dark man, springing, trumpet in hand, on the quarter-deck, hailed him in a voice of thunder:

"Ho, Americano! You and your crew shall go down like dogs! No chance for quarter—no time for prayers!"

Howard looked quickly round him, but saw no way of escape.

Already the end of the schooner's flying jibboom touched the pirate's quarter; in another minute, brushing alongside, she would be completely at her mercy, right under her double tier of guns!

"We'll give her a parting shot, at any rate, before we go down!" said the young man, coolly, springing to the two guns on his port side. At that moment a young girl was seen pleading with Carbano. It was Viola!

But he thrust her away from him; then, as the schooner passed alongside the huge pirate, in the shadow of her frowning guns, so near that her rigging scraped her enemy's quarter-rail, Carbano was seen to raise his trumpet to his mouth, probably to give the command to fire.

And now a silence like death reigned aboard the smaller vessel; her men forward, in a group, stood with white lips, dumb and appalled, awaiting the dreaded moment when those guns, belching destruction upon them, should rend their craft into a thousand pieces, and send them all in blood and ruin to the dark depths of the sea.

But at that critical instant Viola, who had sprung on the rail, seizing hold of the schooner's main topmast backstay, which was within easy reach, descended swiftly to the top of her bulwarks.

Howard, who had just been about discharging his two port-guns, paused, signaling his gunners to desist, while with admiration and awe all eyes now were turned toward the beautiful apparition.

Holding to the stay with her left hand, and balancing herself on one foot, she stood upright, her lithe form inclining toward the very muzzles of her father's guns, while, with her disengaged arm upraised, she exclaimed, in a clear, ringing voice:

"Now, Captain Carbano, fire if you dare!"

And Carbano, who could not now give the fatal order without blowing into eternity his noble daughter, as well as his enemies, called like a madman on some of his crew to board the schooner and bring the girl back.

But ere he could be obeyed, the little craft had darted past the pirate, and was winging her way onward like a bird out to sea, the cheers of her men rolling to the skies.

As soon as he could veer his craft round, Carbano started to give chase; but his heavy vessel, while awaiting his enemy near the inlet, had drifted too near the rocks, upon one of which she now struck, and lay wedged almost on her beam-ends.

Howard ran down to Havana, where he was united to the beautiful girl who had so nobly saved his schooner and the lives of his crew.

COSTUMES OF THE ISLE OF RE.

The Isle of Ré furnished French history with one of its most interesting episodes. In 1627 the Duke of Buckingham laid siege to it with 120 vessels and 8,000 men, under pretext of succoring the Huguenots of Rochelle, from which place Ré is separated only by a canal. The Marquis of Toiras, who was in charge of the island, not having sufficient forces at his command, was compelled to retire to the fortress of St. Martin. Buckingham then surrounded him, and prevented all communication with the outer world, determining to reduce the garrison by famine.

To hasten this crisis, all the women in the island were assembled, and were then driven by force of arms to the citadel, and, being repulsed by the garrison, who had but scanty provisions for themselves, the English admiral ordered his soldiers to fire upon the defenseless creatures, to prevent their retracing their steps. The garrison was, of course, obliged to open the gates of the fortress to those who escaped the murderous fire. One unfortunate, who bore an infant in her arms, was reached by a bullet in her flight, and fell to the ground. Maternal tenderness triumphed over the agonies of death, however, and to still the cries of her babe she placed it to her breast. The soldiers of the fort, touched by the piteous sight, hastened to her relief; but, when they reached her, the infant, smiling and happy, was drawing nourishment from a bosom from which the life had fled!

No provisions reached the devoted garrison. Buckingham's blockade by sea was effectual, and it now became a question of immediate surrender or of death by starvation. In this emergency, three bold spirits resolved to swim over to the continent. One dark night the attempt was made, and they plunged into the sea. One was drowned; a second found his strength unequal to the task, and he returned; the third persevered, and succeeded in evading the pursuit and bullets of the English, and in disembarrassing himself of the fish which impeded his progress, and, in a state of utter exhaustion, reached the coast, and dragged himself on his hands and knees to the quarters of the Duke of Angouleme. Suspended around his neck was a leaden box containing a letter from Toiras, informing the duke that unless help came within five days he should be compelled to surrender. Before the expiration of that time, however, a dozen vessels, laden with provisions and munitions of war, were enabled to make their way to the foot of the citadel, as the English vessels had suffered greatly by a storm.

Fortune had now turned in favor of the besieged, and within a week the fort was relieved of all its necessities, and the Duke of Buckingham abandoned the hope of reducing it by famine. His efforts to take it by assault proving equally futile, the English troops retired, and were pursued, and their ranks so utterly decimated by Schomberg that the survivors speedily returned to England.

Our illustration, from a drawing taken from the life, represents the curious costume of the women of this island, which had such a bitter experience of the horrors of war.

TOMB OF AN ANCIENT SCANDINAVIAN MEDICINE MAN, AND ITS CURIOUS CONTENTS.

Men in Europe are just waking up to the fact that they have found around them, almost at their hands, in caves and mounds and shell-heaps, material, and abundant material, for the social history of the earliest inhabitants of that quarter of the globe.

The living red man of America, whose state marks about as many degrees in the metre of progress, helps us to explain and identify many of these articles.

One of the most curious finds was in a mound in Lyngby parish, northwest of Copenhagen, in the island of Zealand. A peasant, in 1845, needing earth to fill up, began removing this mound, and at last struck on large stones in the centre. Fortunately he notified the authorities, who invited archæologists to explore it. Mr. Thomsen, of the Museum of Antiquities at Copenhagen, with two assistants and an anatomist, sketched and then opened it.

The tomb was rectangular, lying northwest by southeast. The sides were of flat stones, leaving a place about six feet nine inches in length, by one foot six inches in width. At the bottom was a flooring of flint pebbles, on which was spread a rude woolen blanket; beside it, a bronze sword in its sheath; under it, a kind of leather bag, a small bronze clasp, sword-belt and bones. Below the blanket was a skin, the hairy side up.

The leather bag was at once varnished well, then opened, by drawing out a bronze pin run through rings or eyelets. From a piece of leather adhering to it, this bag was evidently like the sword, suspended by the belt. It contained a piece of amber, a red stone, a shell (*Comes Mediterraneus*), some dried roots, a bit of bark, a snake's tail, a hawk's claw, a bit of bronze, a bronze knife with convex blade, a razor of the same metal, and part of a flint spearhead; while in a little

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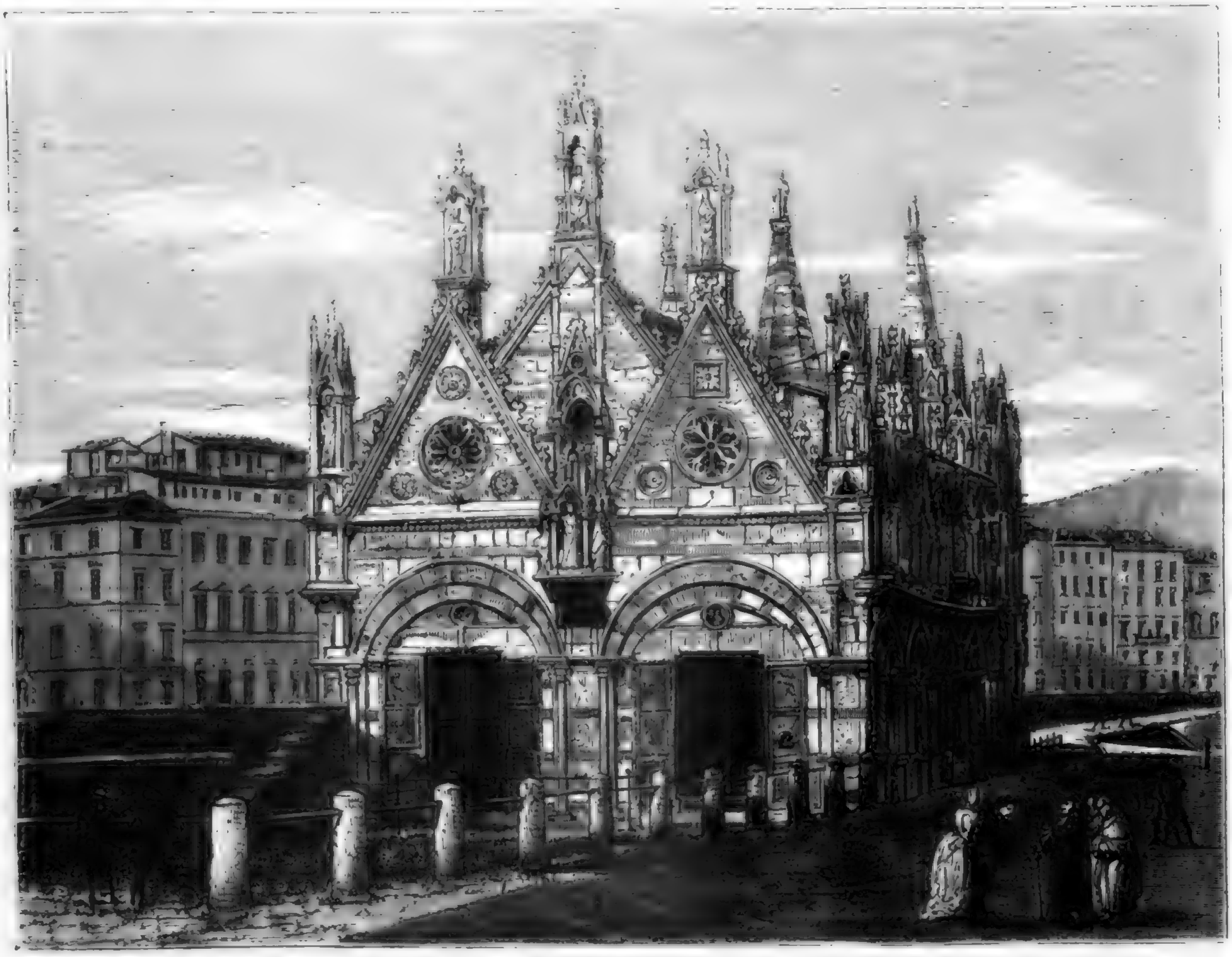
outside pocket were some pebbles and a squirrel's jawbone.

It was precisely such a gathering of charms as fills the bag of a medicine-man in an Indian tribe; and the antiquarians had no difficulty in deciding the tomb of Hvidegaard to be that of a *chaman* or medicine warrior of the Bronze era. The sword was well preserved except the hilt, the blade and guard being in fine condition. The scabbard is a bark case, with thongs of rawhide, all covered with leather. The knife and razor also had leather sheaths.

This curious and well-preserved set of ornaments gives us, in all probability, the entire outfit and equipment of one who in an early day moved with a perfect atmosphere of awe around him, as though in the contents of his bag were the fate of thousands.



THE CHURCH OF THE SANTA SPINA, AT PISA.

THE CHURCH OF THE SANTA SPINA, AT PISA.

Besides its vast and magnificent cathedral, Pisa possesses several remarkable churches, among which that of Santa Maria della Spina merits the attention of every traveler with feeling to appreciate what is really beautiful.

The façade of white marble, glowing in the warm rays of an Italian sun, is mirrored in the blue waters of the Arno, on whose banks it stands.

Its name alludes to a relic which it prizes, and which it was built to enshrine: a thorn, believed to be from the thorny crown placed on the Saviour's head. This relic was brought to Pisa, in the thirteenth century, from Palestine, by a rich merchant of the city.

Some of the statues that grace its exterior are due to the chisel of John of Pisa, and the interior of the church is adorned with other sculptures by the same hand, and by Nino of Pisa. It also contains a fine painting attributed to Sodoma.

THE BEGGING TRADE IN RUSSIA.

Among the many trades plied by the peasant population of the Government of Moscow, we find that of begging, with an organization and character so original, that certain facts concerning it, collected on the spot, may not be devoid of interest to the general reader.

The word "beggar" usually brings before the mind's eye the image of some unfortunate human being, deprived in one way or other of all means of earning his or her daily bread.

To the strong man, able to apply his strength to work of any kind, begging seems ignoble; and yet, in the Government of Moscow, in the centre of industrial Russian life, there are places where begging formed from of old, and now forms, a distinct trade, practiced by the young and old of both sexes, independently of any degree of worldly wealth they may possess. Such places are the bailiwick of Zaponorsky, in the district of Bogorodsky; and the bailiwick of Weyshegorodsky and part of Simboochoffsky, in the district of Vereisk. This latter radius bears the general name of Schouvaloffshin, and its inhabitants are usually known as Schouvalikoffs, because they were for more than a century the serfs of the Counts Schouvaloff, the ancestors of the present Russian Ambassador at the English Court.

Schouvaloffshin consists of fifty-two villages, lying close together, and according to the last census, each with a

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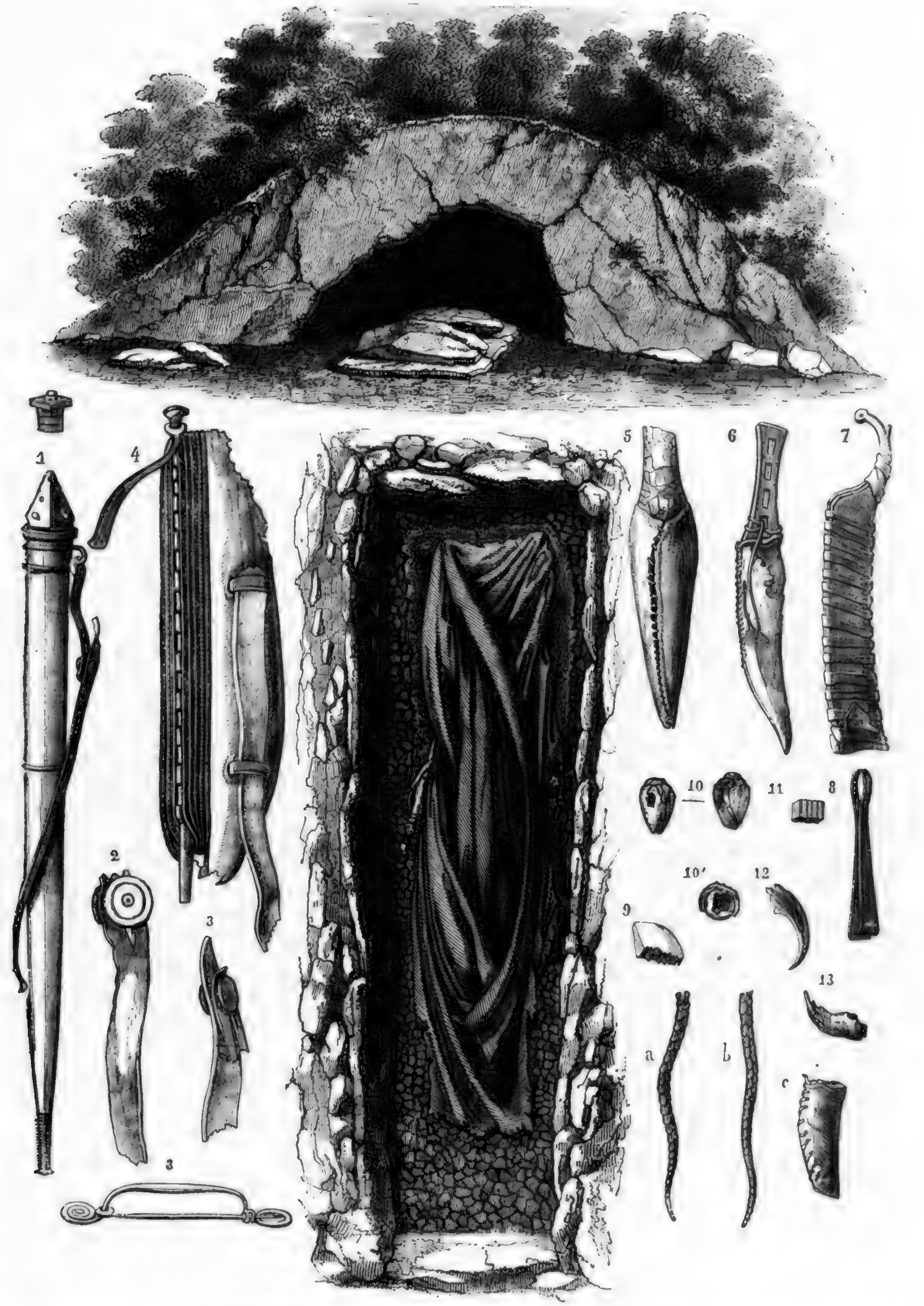

1. Sword with part of hilt. 2 and 3 Fragments of copper-studded belt. 4. Leather bag. 5. Flint-headed javelin. 6 and 7. Knife and razor in leather case. 8. Pincers. 9. Amber. 10. Shells. 11. Wooden dice. 12. Bird's claw. 13. Squirrel's jaw. *a* and *b*. Snakes' tails. *c*. Outside pocket.

TOMB OF AN ANCIENT SCANDINAVIAN MAGICIAN AT HVIDEGAARD.—SEE PAGE 35.

population of 4,348 souls. Agriculture is now, as it was formerly, the chief occupation of the inhabitants; not only the culture of different kinds of grain, but extensive onion crops, forming important items in their revenues. The onion fields demand copious manuring, and enforce the necessity of raising cattle. As a general rule, the material condition of the Schouvalikoffs in no way differs from that of the other peasant population of the district. In many ways, indeed, they possess advantages which their neighbors do not: low fertile prairies along the river Protva, vacant seigneurial lands where their cattle may graze at leisure, abundant woods, and the vicinity of three large towns—Borovsk, Mojaïsk, and Vereï. And yet begging, as a trade, only appears among the peasantry who were formerly the serfs of the Schouvalikoff family; in adjacent villages, belonging to other landed proprietors, there is no trace of it. How is this to be accounted for?

Direct indications as to the primitive conditions of peasant trades in general can rarely be come at, particularly if the trade has been carried on "from of old." "We had to feed ourselves somehow," say the peasants when you ask them why such-and-such a trade, and no other, sprang up in such-and-such a place. "The land alone, without a trade of some kind, is never enough." In conversing, however, with the old and aged among the Schouvalikoffs, we have gleaned facts which partly explain the matter. A hundred years ago or more, runs the tradition, the peasantry of the localities in question, besides being tillers of the ground, were also carpenters, and went "on their rounds" into the Western Border, where the begging trade was spread to a considerable extent. It was a new business to them, but they had every opportunity of becoming familiar with it: and after the war of 1812, when their dwellings were burnt down and their fields laid waste, they turned to it themselves, unwillingly at first, until they found "what a profitable trade it was." They were encouraged also by the fact that theirs was no regular feudal service: they never saw their absent masters, who generally held high posts in St. Petersburg, and after 1812 the peasantry had invariably no one to look to but the German land-steward. He did not care what their occupations were, provided they fulfilled the heavy obligations laid upon them; and these obligations might always be got over for certain sums of money. The burden of the statute labor was little felt; but the absence of any local earnings, the necessity of paying the poll-tax with ready money, the withdrawal of all regular solicitude on the part of the proprietor, and the winking of the German land-steward—these were the circumstances which led to the introduction and development of begging in this part of Russia. Such deep root did it take in Schouvaloffshin that the repressive measures afterward resorted to by the local administration neither abolished it nor weakened it. Such measures were: prohibition of all passports for residence in large towns, confinement in bridewells for vagrancy, dispatch to respective homes under military escort, and so forth. But they did not check the spread of begging, and only brought about the by-word—"There is never a prison where you won't find a Borovsky thief and a Vereïsky beggar."

This is comprehensible when we remember that the Russian peasant, once grown accustomed to a trade, sticks to it most tenaciously until a more profitable one turns up. Bad crops and long years of scarcity forced the villagers of Monakoff, for instance, to have recourse to begging, and soon they looked on it as their legitimate trade. But fifteen years ago wagon-making somehow made its way to them, proved more profitable than begging, and soon supplanted its ancient rival. Indeed, even in Schouvaloffshin begging has been decreasing for some time past, and its substitute is forest-wood sawing and the hauling of the timber to the nearest railway station.

Some of the richer peasants have even gone to St. Petersburg and started as draymen and droschky-drivers. What has been most prejudicial to begging is the fact that "the trade has spread. Before the French war it was unknown, and now every corner of Russia has beggars enough of its own. In old times a good beggar would bring home of a Winter from 100 to 200 roubles; for the last few years the same beggar will only fetch from fifty to seventy-five; and as for this year, some of them could hardly get their horses dragged home by carnival time." From this we see that the falling-off in the profits has been serious; and yet, at the present moment, not less than one-half of the fifty-two Schouvaloffshin villages still carry on the trade.

Let us now say a few words about its organization and technology. In Autumn the peasants start for Moscow, Borovsk, Mojaïsk, Vereï, or any other adjacent town, to sell their onions. On the road they manage to find out from the corn-traders in which Governments the harvest has been most abundant, and after selling their onions and collecting all necessary information, they form themselves into gangs of from ten to twenty persons. Each gang musters from five to ten wagons, and must contain individuals of all ages—men and women, boys and girls. This latter regulation is strictly adhered to, in order that there should be a just distribution of labor and profits throughout the whole trade. They get half-yearly passports at the office of the district bailiff, and set out for different Governments, each gang going, of course, in a different direction, in order not to awaken the distrust of charitable donors by crowding into one locality. The aged among them attribute their necessitous position to old age and infirmity; the women to having small, helpless children on their hands; the children are all orphans, and the grown men tell a tale of "the fire," in which izba, cattle and everything perished. They generally go to Little Russia, to the Baltic Provinces (especially Finland), and to Poland. As the Finns do not understand Russian, the Schouvalikoffs generally provide themselves with begging letters written in the German tongue, in which the great misfortune that forced them to have recourse to begging is described. Should their course lie through Governments annually resorted to by crowds of holy pilgrims (Government of Voronège, for instance), they prepare false documents supposed to come from ecclesiastical dignitaries, authorizing them to collect for the building of a church, or for holy oil to burn before the embossed pictures of miracle-working saints. About the end of October their preparations are over, and they start by "the first Winter-road." On arriving at the spot where they intend to commence operations, they branch off in different directions, in groups of twos and threes, first coming to an understanding about meeting again in a week or two at the nearest town, to sell whatever they may have had time to collect. On driving up to a village their horses are left on the highway and the beggars trudge from door to door, asking for charity in Christ's name "for the poor burnt-down." Corn, barley, coarse homespun linen, money and old clothes are given to them. There are experts who maim themselves, or dress up in half-burnt fur jackets or smock-frocks, without even a shirt beneath them, and ascribe all this to the effects of "the fire." Many of them, just before entering a village, give the children they have with them a whip-lashing, in order that real tears and sobs may more effectually soften the hearts of the charitable public. Traveling along the highway, the Schouvalikoffs see from afar a long train of sleighs—a little business may likely be done. So the octogenarian of the party is stretched in a little sledge, a piece of matting thrown over him, and when the sleighs come alongside the drivers and occupants are implored, with tears and moans, to give a little help toward burying "the poor old father" (or grandfather), "who has died on the way." I knew a peasant, Alexis Egoroff by name, who led about his wife on a chain and told the sad story of how she had gone mad. He always had a crowd of listeners, and the woman did her best to corroborate her husband's statements. She beat her head against the walls, tried to crawl into the stoves, stooped on all-fours to drink out of cattle-troughs, and always finished up with a rush at her husband to strangle him! This line of conduct resulted in such bountiful donations that in a year or two the aforesaid peasant built himself a fine izba, cultivated a large field of onions, and lived comfortably with his wife, "whom he knew to be a clever woman," he said, "when he married her." The Russian beggar trade demands a spirit of combination, a dexterity and quick-wittedness worthier a better cause. There are Schouvalikoffs, it is said, who buy children from nurses in foundling hospitals, mutilate them, and go about with them collecting alms for "the poor, foolish natural."

The gangs all return home before Easter, by the "last" Winter-road, and remain at home until the end of Autumn. Only very old men and women, quite unfit for field labor, or families who have for some reason or other quite abandoned husbandry, follow the begging trade all the year round. Of such there are very few, for, in spite of begging and all itinerant trades, "the bit of land at home" is always the main-stay. Besides the Gang Association there exists a Capitalist Organization, consisting of manager and hired laborers. The peasant Anton Cemenoff, for instance, hires six boys (apprentices!) every Winter, and sends them "trading" to different places, assigning to each his task. The task is to gather from five to ten old shirts per diem, according to the age and capacity of the boy, and should the task not be fulfilled the apprentice undergoes heavy punishment. The exclusive business of the manager is to sell these gathered rags in Moscow. Parents willingly give out their children to such apprenticeship; for not only under an experienced master do they receive good wages—from ten to twenty roubles a Winter—but they learn the art of the trade, and may themselves afterward become "experienced beggars." That is the main point; for they say, "No girl of decent family will marry a beggar who does not know his trade."

I have said that during the last five or six years the earnings of the Schouvalikoffs have been greatly on the decrease; still, even now, on an average, every grown beggar can make forty roubles a Winter, besides keeping himself and his horse. The fodder for the horse is, in their opinion, of the greatest importance. The horse fed on charity feeds long and well, fattens speedily, and on coming home would sell for double what he would have done had he not been taken out. The horses of the peasant householders who do not follow the beggar trade cannot get through half as much work in the Summer as the beggars' horses do. This circumstance is of great importance to them, for agriculture is the chief business of the Summer, and their onion fields demand a great deal of very careful tillage. In this manner the beggar trade lends a helping hand to peasant agriculture, and, as a general rule, the beggar *ménage* looks prosperous. Their domiciles and out-houses are in good repair; they have more cattle than their neighbors, and no arrears on their land. The worst feature of the trade, in the opinion of the peasantry themselves, is that it leads to drunkenness, thanks to which the most skillful beggar can never rise even to moderate well-being. "The more he gathers the more he spends in drink." Neither is respect for the property of others much developed among them. Indeed, many of the Schouvalikoffs look on petty thefts as misdemeanors in no way derogatory to their dignity; but this is by no means the case with all.

An oppressive feeling weighs down the honest man's heart when he contemplates begging organized into a regular trade. How great must be the moral fall of those who calmly turn to parasitism as a means of existence, and look upon begging, whining and lying, not with contempt, but with respect! It is clear that this is one of the sickly phenomena of social life in Russia—one which they are striving to eradicate, and against which their most effective weapons are schools. Within the last two years the Vereïsky Local Board has provided funds for the building of four school-houses—the first ever seen in the land of the Schouvalikoffs; and if the children attend them the whole Winter through, that alone will keep them from going a-begging. But four schools are not enough for sixty villages; and if, besides reading and writing, some useful trade were taught in these country schools, it would enable them to give up begging all the more speedily. As to repressive measures, in the existing state of things they simply lead to nothing. "Were we forbidden to beg," say the peasants, "we might starve."

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV.

Henry IV. was a kind father. Once, when caught on all-fours carrying one of his children, by the Spanish envoy, he looked up and said:

"Is your excellency married?"

"I am, and have a family," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the monarch, "I am satisfied, and shall take another turn around the room;" and off he galloped, with his little son, flogging and spurring, on his back. "I have sometimes thought of breaking myself of what are termed boyish habits; but reflection has satisfied me that it would be very foolish, and that I should esteem it a blessing that I can find amusement in everything, from tossing a cricket-ball to negotiating a treaty with the Emperor of China."

Men who will give themselves entirely to business, and despise (which is their term) trifles, are very able in the general conception of the great outlines of a plan, but they feel a want of that knowledge which is only to be gained by mixing with all classes in the world, when they come to those lesser points upon which its successful execution may depend. Of this I am certain. Besides, all habits that give a man light, elastic spirits are good.

THE MARRIAGE OF RUSSIAN PRIESTS.

Makar, the priest, very kindly offered me a bed in the bath-house, which is frequently used as guest-chamber in Russian country homes. My host took me around the confines of his little kingdom, and from his conversation I gleaned much information concerning the rural clergy in these regions, and a short sketch of his own happy career. He told me that he had two daughters belonging to his wife by a former marriage, who were at school in St. Petersburg, and that "only" the seven on the island were his own. A Russian clergyman must be married before his ordination as parish priest, and Makar had married the widow of his predecessor. He told me that these matters are arranged by the bishop of the diocese, as by far the easiest mode of providing for the widows and orphans. In this instance the union had certainly turned out very happily, and I was told that the same was true in most cases. It is only natural that it should be so, as there is no divorce, and the clergyman can only marry once, making it the interest of both parties to make the best of each other.

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THE LAST SCENE.

By William Winter.

Here she lieth, white and chill;
  Put your hand upon her brow;
Still her heart is—very still,
  And she does not know you now.

Ah! the grave's a quiet bed,
  She shall sleep a pleasant sleep;
And the tears that you may shed
  Will not wake her—therefore weep!

Weep! for you have wrought her woe;
  Mourn—she mourned and died for you;
Ah! too late we come to know
  What is false, and what is true.

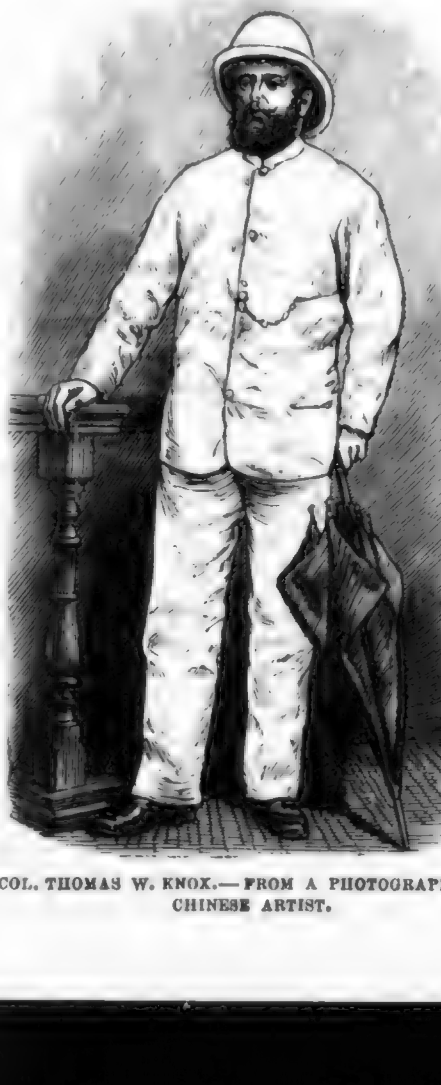
PICTURES OF NEW JAPAN.

By Thomas W. Knox.

The Japan of to-day is a great change from that of twenty or even ten years ago. The natural features of the country remain the same, and one sees carefully cultivated fields and hills terraced to their summits just as he might have seen them before the advent of Commodore Perry and his treaty-persuading cannon. There is no part of the world more picturesque than Japan, and the stranger finds that the pictures on fans and screens and boxes, so apparently full of exaggerations, are repeated over and over a thousand times in the country of the Mikado. Land in Yokohama and take an afternoon ride to Mississippi Bay, and you will see a dozen, yes, fifty, originals of Japanese fan pictures, with all the additions of reality and color. You will see sharply crested hills, with terrace above terrace, and at times pass the thatched roofs and open fronts of houses shaded by trees and surrounded by vines and bushes and bamboo fences, just as we find them depicted on paper or lacquer ware.

Between the rows of hills the ground is carefully laid out into rice fields, and it needs but a glance to tell you how exact and pains-taking is Japanese agriculture. Not an inch of ground is neglected and not a drop of water is allowed to run to waste. If the land slopes gently the fields are laid out in little levels, one a few inches above another, so that the water may pass from plot to plot without the aid of pump or bucket. Scattered among the rice-plants are some enormous mushrooms, and you think how gigantic and Brobdignagian must be the beefsteak to which these mushrooms can form an appropriate sauce. A second and more careful glance shows you that these apparent mushrooms are the straw hats of men who are squatted among the rice-plants and engaged in removing the weeds from the fields. The hat of the Japanese peasants, or rather one of their several styles of hats, is of plaited straw or bamboo, and of the shape and size of an umbrella. It is held in place by cords which pass under the chin and are securely tied; the stranger cannot help thinking that the comfort secured by the sun-repelling hat must be offset, in part at least, by the disagreeable fastenings.

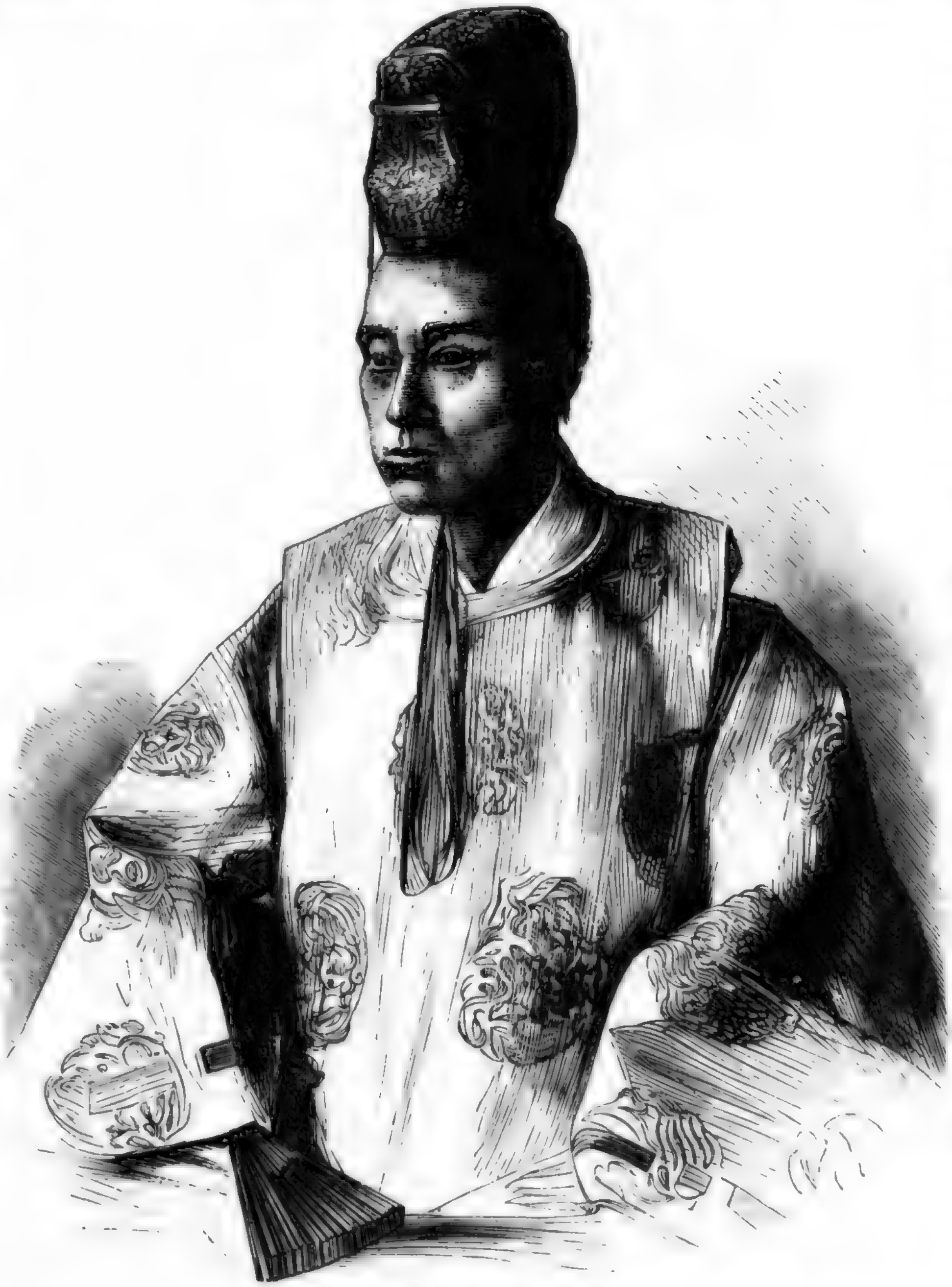
Down to a few years ago the stranger in Japan would have frequent views of the samurai, or two-sworded gentry, and he ran the risk of an encounter with them and a practical knowledge of the keen edges of their weapons. But the samurai are no more, at least in name, and likewise two-sworded equipments; the government abolished them as a class, and forbade the wearing of swords, except to officers of the army and navy. The samurai were the literary and military class, and were attached to the daimios or feudal princes, the same as were the retainers of the feudal princes of Europe. They were very numerous, and as they did no work their sustenance was a heavy burden upon the country. It is said that under the old system nine-tenths of the product of the soil went for taxes in one way and another, the heaviest drain being for the support of the samurai. When this class was abolished the government gave each of them a sum of money to set him up in life, and then left him to shift for himself. Many of them soon wasted their substance in riotous living and were reduced to poverty; others engaged in business, but being quite unused to it, they soon lost their money, and found themselves face to face with starvation. Many sought service in the army or navy, many others became clerks or salesmen to native or foreign merchants, and others were forced into manual labor to support



COL. THOMAS W. KNOX.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CHINESE ARTIST.

themselves and their families. I found many of them in the employ of merchants of my acquaintance, and the testimony to their honesty and fidelity was universally in their favor.

The "banto" or clerk of a friend of mine at Yokohama was formerly the second officer in rank with one of the ex-daimios, and I found at Hiogo a man once of very high position keeping the books and accounts of a foreign merchant who had large dealings with the Japanese. One day a laborer on a building in Yeddo was pointed out to me by a resident American, with the information that the laborer was formerly a samurai, holding high position with the Prince of Tosa. When I saw him he was handling stone and brick like a common coolie for eighteen cents a day!



STATS BASHI, THE LAST TYCOON OF JAPAN.

The recent revolution in Japan was mainly due to the destruction of the samurai class. In the south of the empire they suffered more than in the north, for the simple reason that they were more numerous. They had everything to gain, and nothing to lose except their heads, by an insurrection. All they needed was a leader, and when one arose, they readily joined his standard. They are likely to be found in every revolution in Japan for the next half a century, and perhaps longer. Their feeling against the foreigners is very bitter, as they consider them the cause of all their troubles. Since they were disarmed there have been very few attacks upon foreigners, not because the samurai feels differently than before, but because of the lack of weapons. Most of the old encounters were mainly the result of accident. Two or three samurais would become half intoxicated with saki, and then start out for a stroll. They meet a foreigner, one makes an insulting remark, another repeats it, lays his hand upon his sword, and in a minute the stranger who offended by his presence was cut down and killed. Dozens of murders occurred in this way; sometimes these two-sworded swash-bucklers would dine and drink together, and then start out under an agreement to kill the first foreigner they met. The German consul at Hakodadi was murdered in this way, and so was Mr. Heuskan, the interpreter of the American legation at Yeddo, in 1861.

There are many who think the government is moving too rapidly on the road to reform, and that the process of Europeanizing the country should be carried on more slowly. Certainly a great portion of the people are disaffected, the public debt is increasing frightfully, and the expenses of living are enormously in excess of what they used to be. A dollar will purchase to-day not more than a fifth of what it would purchase twenty years ago. Formerly a coolie could support his family comfortably, according to Japanese notions, for ten cents a day, or even less; now he has a hard time of it at twenty or twenty-five cents. The condition of the tillers of the soil has been improved by the changes since 1858, but that of nearly every other class has been made worse. I found a very general belief among foreigners living in Japan that the present government will not be of long continuance, and that within five or ten years at furthest the Tokugawa family, that of the late Tycoon, will be again on the throne. The Tokugawas appear to be abiding their time. After the overturn in 1868, the Mikado offered the Tycoon an important position, but the latter refused it, and retired to the country. He has since remained quiet, but is supposed to be watching the turn of affairs, and waiting a proper chance to strike a blow. It is a noticeable fact, that, while the Government took away the revenues, or the principal part of them, of the other daimios, it left those of the Tokugawas undisturbed. The Mikado has repeatedly tried to induce the Tycoon to take part in the present Government, but always without success.

A stranger arriving in Japan is forcibly impressed with the sights that greet his eyes. Land with me at Yokohama. As the steamer halts after her long run of twenty days across the Pacific, we find her surrounded by native boats or "sampans," to the number of several dozen. These sampans are a curiosity. They are, or were formerly, built entirely of wood, dovetailed and morticed together, and without a particle of iron. Even at the present time we see only a very few bolts and nails, and these almost invariably of copper. They are neat and comfortable, almost invariably clean, and they have a flooring of loose boards very convenient to sit upon, especially when equipped with a mat of native make. The propulsive power is furnished by one or two men, generally the former; and only one oar is used by a boatman. He never rows after our manner, but he manages to get a very handsome rate of speed out of the boat by the simple process of sculling. The handle of the scull is held at a certain height by a cord, which regulates the position of the oar and reduces the labor of the man to a back and forward motion of the handle. I have seen sculling in various parts of the world, and freely credit the Japanese with the best system that has yet come under my observation.

The boatmen are rather deficient in the matter of wardrobe, though they are better clad than was their custom before the Government edict compelling the people to dress decently. Most of the boatmen wear a loose, cotton robe, with wide sleeves, and generally this is their only garment, with the exception of a strip of white cloth encircling their loins. In warm days they throw off the cotton robe while out in the harbor, but are careful to don it on approaching shore. They are a hardy race, capable of great endurance, and it is rare that a patron finds them uncivil.

Seated in the boat, we are rapidly propelled to the shore. The Custom House formalities are brief, as the duties on foreign imports are only five per cent., and it does not pay for the authorities to overhaul the baggage of travelers, unless in too great quantities.

Outside the Custom House inclosure, we find a group of jinrikishas, and as the weather is warm and the fares low, we engage one. You naturally ask, "What is a jinrikisha?"

It is a carriage like an overgrown baby-cart, and is drawn by a man; hence its name, *jin*, man; *riki*, power; *sha*, carriage. Two small persons may ride in one of these vehicles, but they are intended for only one individual. The man between the shafts will draw you four or five miles an hour for long distances, and six miles an hour for short ones. And he is capable of remarkable feats, of which he seems to think nothing.

With three men to my carriage, I have traveled fifty-four miles in twelve hours, with three halts of about fifteen minutes each. I have traveled sixty miles in two days, over bad roads, with two men to the carriage, and I was so lame at the time as to be unable to walk up the hills. The brace of fellows took me along cheerfully, laughing gayly all the time, though there was a pouring rain the second day that wet them to the skin, and, what was more, rendered the road difficult in many places.

The jinrikisha was invented only a few years ago (in 1871, I believe), but it is now found in all parts of the Empire, and I can readily believe what was told me by a Japanese, that there are more than 100,000 of these vehicles in use. They are mounted upon steel springs, and are not at all uncomfortable, though somewhat inclined to give you the backache after a long ride. But what vehicle, short of a railway carriage, will fail to do this?

Riding may be said to be quite as cheap as walking in Japan. You can hire a *jinrikisha* for ten cents an hour or fifty cents a day, provided you have but one man. For long or rough journeys two men are desirable and even necessary, and when you wish to go fast over country roads, and happen to be heavy of body, three men are not too many. This little vehicle is a sign of progress in Japan, and its introduction marked a new era in the affairs of the nation. It came near the time of the abolition of the samurai and their two-sworded privileges and gave great facilities for locomotion, while it furnished employment to thousands of coolies. Wherever you go at present you find these carriages, except in the most hilly regions. There the *cango*, a basket slung from a pole and carried by two men, is still in use. I tried the cango several times but cannot say that I like it. A small man may use it, but I am not small, and therefore didn't like it. You have to sit doubled up almost in a knot, and it is very difficult to change your position. If I could have unscrewed my legs, and had a boy to carry them, I might have got along, but such an arrangement was not practicable, and therefore cango and I are not friends. But down to a few years ago, the saddle, the cango, and the *norimon*, were the only means of inland travel other than pedestrianism. The norimon is a superior kind of cango, a box of lattice work in which you sit doubled up, and can see without being seen. The bearers walk at a slow trot, and every eight or ten minutes they stop to change from one shoulder to the other. Norimons are still used by some of the natives of the old school, principally nobles and high dignitaries, and I have frequently met them on the country roads. Sometimes it is followed by a crowd of the retainers of the great person within, but such processions are yearly becoming more and more rare. The largest I saw was in Kioto, where a hundred or more men of the noble class were following a norimon, which was carried by four coolies. The retainers did not eye me very amiably, and had it been ten or twenty years earlier I should have run a great risk of attack. But to-day they carry no weapons, and not having the means of fighting they do not engage in conflict.

The Japanese have adopted the railway, and two lines have been opened — one from Yokohama to Tokio, seventeen miles; and the other from Kobe to Kioto, fifty-three miles. The railways were built and are run on the English system, and many of the employes are English. But the natives are rapidly learning the railway business, and in a few years will dispense entirely with foreign help. They have a steamship company with a heavy capital, partly subscribed by individuals and partly by the Government. Their ships for this company are all of foreign construction with the exception of a few launches and other small craft. The company runs its ships to the principal native ports, and has a weekly line each way between Yokohama and Shanghai, touching at Kobe and Nagasaki. Most of the native passengers travel in the steerage, so that the foreigners usually have the first class to themselves. The captains and most of the officers are foreign, but the crew is invariably Japanese and Chinese.

Previous to the treaty between Japan and the United States, Yokohama was a small village inhabited by a few fishermen and their families. The treaty named Kanagawa as the place of trade, but Yokohama was preferred by the merchants and also by the Japanese. The former found it a better site for a town, and the latter favored its settlement on account of its greater distance from Yeddo, and the consequent diminution of the foreign tendency to crowd toward the great city. The foreign ministers protested, but to no avail, and Yokohama became the settlement. The business part of the town is on a low plain known as "The Settlement," the resident portion is on a high bluff just back of the settlement, and contains many fine houses. The country around the bluff has been beautified by the construction of roads, and as every well-to-do resident boasts his carriage

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(not to mention some that are not by any means doing well), the drives on the bluff in the afternoon are a sight by no means unpleasant. The horses are mostly Japanese ponies, quite small, when compared with imported stock from California, but capable of good speed. Yokohama boasts a race-track where the residents meet at stated periods to try the speed of their animals, and they also have boating and rowing clubs and other institutions peculiar to a community that is mainly English in its nationality. Some of the houses are luxuriously furnished, and altogether, the inhabitants of Yokohama succeed in making their lives comfortable.

But it is the native rather than the foreigner that is under our consideration at present; and to study him we will proceed to Jap-town, as the native part of Yokohama is called. The change from the foreign to the native quarter is quite sudden; one minute we are among the stone buildings of the English or American merchants, and the next we are in Hancho Daro Street, where we find none but Japanese. Here the shop fronts are exposed, and you do not have to open the door, for the reason that there is scarcely a door to open. The floor is about two feet above the ground, and the same distance from the street, and the goods for sale are spread upon this floor, or piled upon shelves just back of it. If we want to purchase, we sit upon the edge of this floor, and the squatting or kneeling shopman brings us the articles we want.

The Japanese are unlike the Occidentals in this respect: they generally have their poorest articles exposed to view, and if you want to see their best merchandise you must say so, and induce the merchant to take you to the apartment in the rear. There he will open drawers and closets, and you will often be surprised at the amount of valuable material that will be brought to view. Very often the front of the store will be a very poor criterion by which to judge of the rear. The Japs do not always put their best foot foremost.

Pictures have made us familiar with the Japanese dress. The principal feature is a long robe, like a dressing-gown or wrapper, held at the waist by a belt or *obi*. Properly made and donned, this garment is the only one visible, and the shapes for men and women are pretty much the same. Oftentimes one has to look at the head-dress to distinguish the sexes, as the Japanese men are generally of small stature, and very rarely wear beards. The women wear, usually, a wider belt than the men, and it has a broad fold or knot directly across the back, while the men do not sport this decoration.

Shoes, as we understand them, are not worn except by the modernized Japanese; the common people wear clogs or sandals, the former for wet weather and the latter for dry, though they do not make very close distinctions. The clog is on two pieces of wood, like the corks of a horseshoe, only much larger, and they make a clattering noise as the wearer moves along. The sandal is of straw, and just covers the bottom of the foot. Clogs and sandals are kept in place by a thong, which starts from a point in the forward end, and is carried backward on both sides of the foot to near the heel. Stockings are made so that the great toe has a place for itself, like the thumb of a mitten, and when a Japanese puts on his shoes, he simply places his foot so that the thong comes between the first and second toes. Clogs and sandals are always left outside, and the native walks on the clean, matted floor, either barefoot or in his stockings.

Japanese houses are among the cleanest in the world, and the people dislike to have us step upon their floors with our boots. Generally, but by no means always, they will consent that we shall do so, if the weather is dry and our boots are carefully dusted. But if we wish to be polite, we will offer to leave our foot-gear behind us under all circumstances, and only refrain from doing so when the people answer us that we need not take the trouble.

The goods we find for sale here are greatly varied in character. Lacquered ware is abundant, and generally of a variety to suit all tastes and purses. Everybody who comes to Japan thinks himself in duty bound to carry away some of its lacquer; the Japanese have become aware of this, and consequently it is the first thing they offer you. It is of all kinds and qualities, and the novice is surprised at the variety of prices among things which are pretty much alike to his eye.

A great deal of cheap lacquer has been made in late years for the foreign market, and it is not an easy matter to find a really good article. What is known as "old" lacquer, is becoming every year more and more scarce, for the reason that much labor and time are required for its preparation. The advanced price of labor and the interest on capital, with the desire to put things on the market as soon as possible, have led to a new state of things.

The Japanese have been "modernized" quite as much in the lacquer trade as in anything else. Old lacquer is in such demand among those who know it, that the country has been searched from one end to the other in the effort to procure it, and some very high prices have been paid.

Ivory and wood carvings are also abundant, but, like lacquer, the good specimens of this work are steadily growing scarcer. Most of these carvings are small, and some of them are of great beauty and finish. They illustrate very forcibly the skill and patience of the Japanese workmen, and the taste for the ludicrous is also well displayed. Many of the subjects are comical, while others are made to represent historical incidents, and would be very interesting if we could understand them. Sometimes they represent battle scenes, and show wonderful ability in the display of passion on the faces of the participants. I have seen a pair of carvings, perhaps six inches high and half as much in diameter, one representing a land and the other a sea fight. In the former, several horsemen and dismounted warriors were contending in the front, while an army on a range of hills filled the background. In the other, two war-junks were in collision and their crews in active combat, and, in spite of the limited space, the artist succeeded in giving the details with great fidelity. Bear in mind that he was not working upon canvas, but upon a bit of ivory which you could put into your pocket and carry away, provided, of course, you had the owner's consent.

Silks, plain and embroidered, will be offered to us at prices which are very high for Japan, though they seem exceedingly low to our American ideas. Most of the embroidery comes from the western part of the empire, though a great deal is made in Tokio, and quite an industry in this line has recently grown up at Yokohama. For fancy patterns the Japanese silks are excellent, but I am told by those thoroughly familiar with the business that the plain goods do not equal those of French manufacture. But even if we do not want to buy, we shall find a Japanese silk-shop very interesting, especially when we compare it with a similar establishment at home. The salesmen sit on the floor and unfold the parcels, which are brought by small boys trained to the service. Very few goods are in sight, but nearly all are folded and rolled in drawers and boxes piled at the rear of the store. There may be a million dollars' worth in the establishment, while we cannot see the value of a hundred-dollar bill. The Japanese are not much given to display, and the most they have in this way has been the result of foreign intercourse. People dress very plainly, and blue is the prevailing color for garments. The greatest elaboration is in the dress of the women, for whom most of the figured silks not intended for export are made. The

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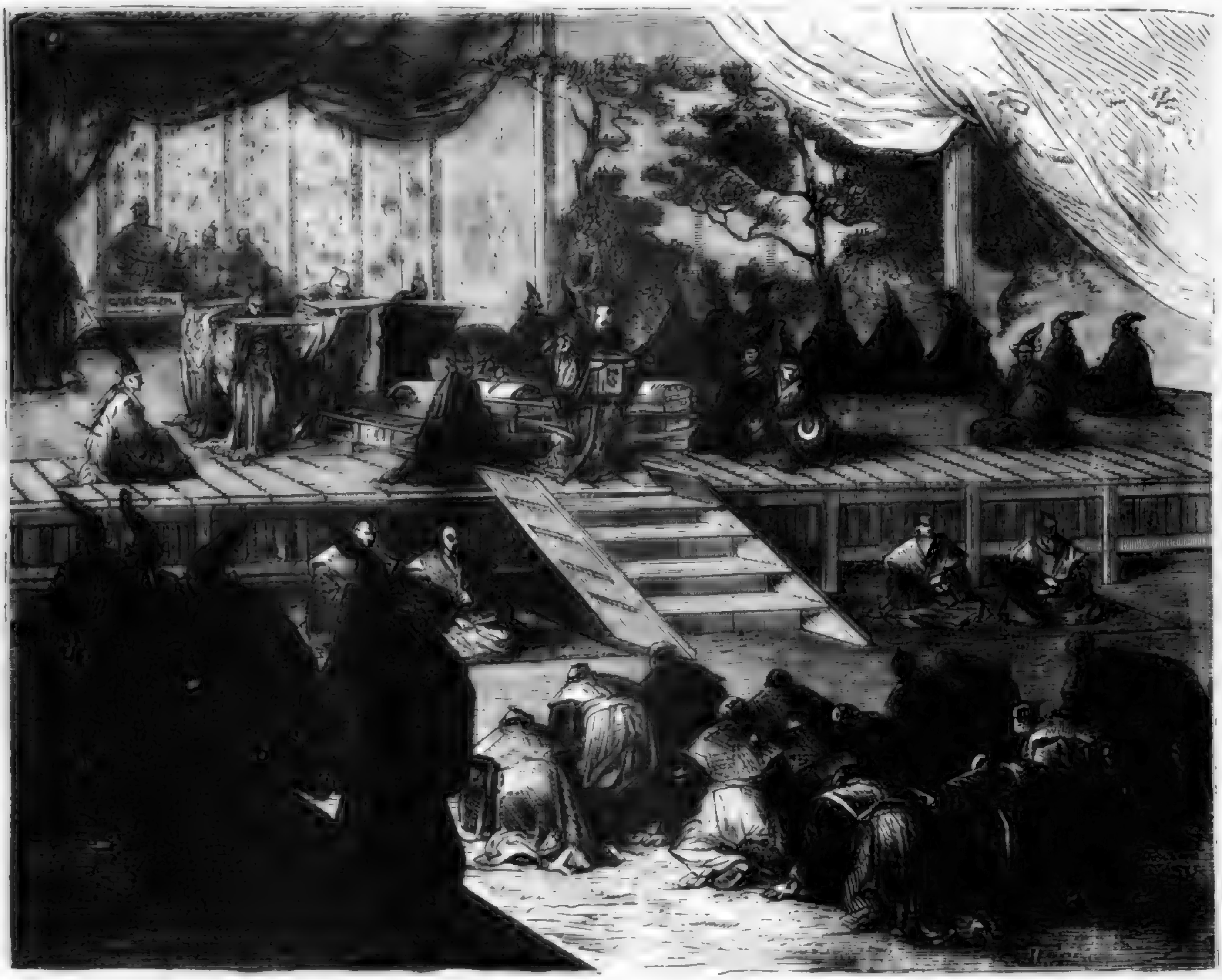
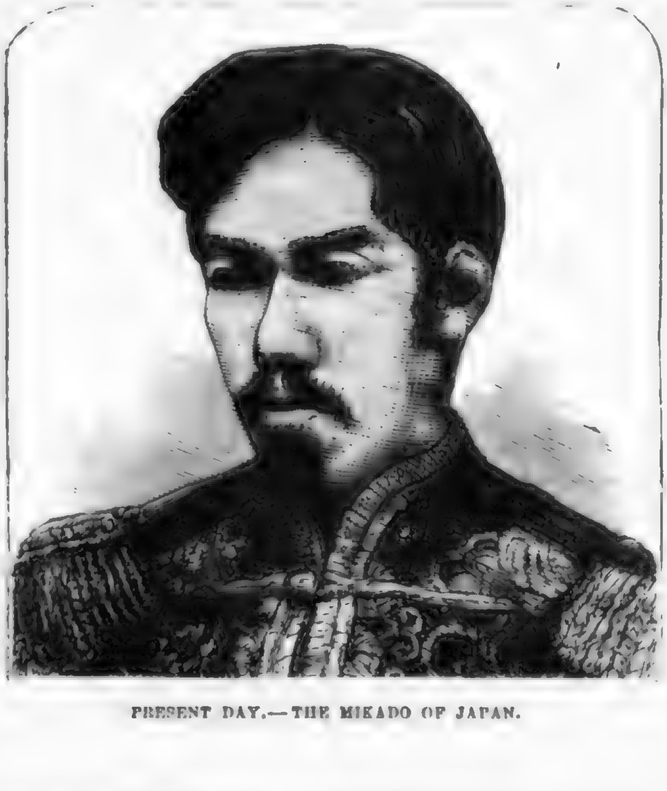


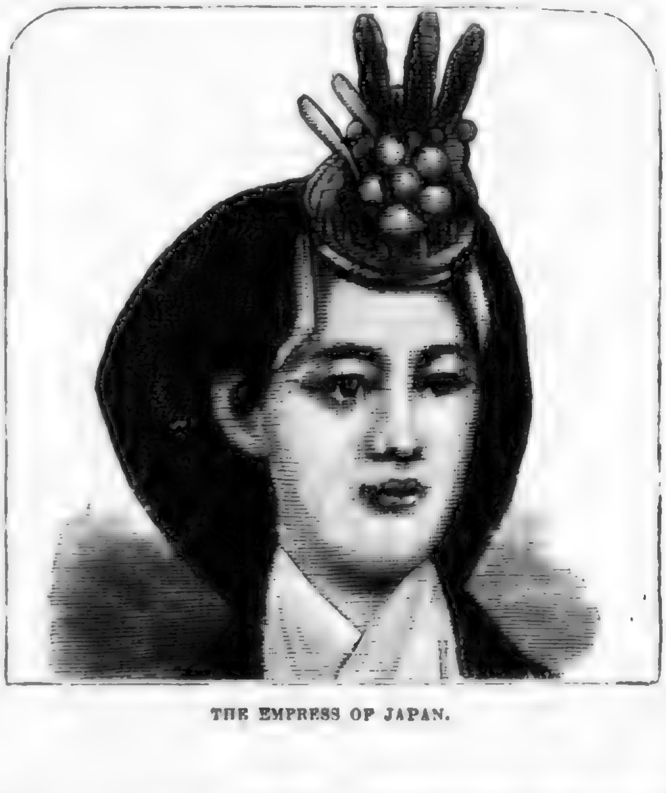
FORMER DAYS.—THE TYCOON'S COURT—DISTRIBUTION OF MONEY.

dancing and singing girls in the restaurants and tea-houses are the most gorgeously dressed of all, and some of their wardrobes are very expensive.

In the streets outside the shops we see parties carrying heavy burdens slung from the ends of a pole, whose middle rests on the man's shoulder. Boxes and bales are slung between two men, or piled upon carts which are pulled and pushed by several men, who sing or chant so that they may exert their strength in unison. A perambulating restaurant goes by ; it consists of a couple of bamboo boxes or cases

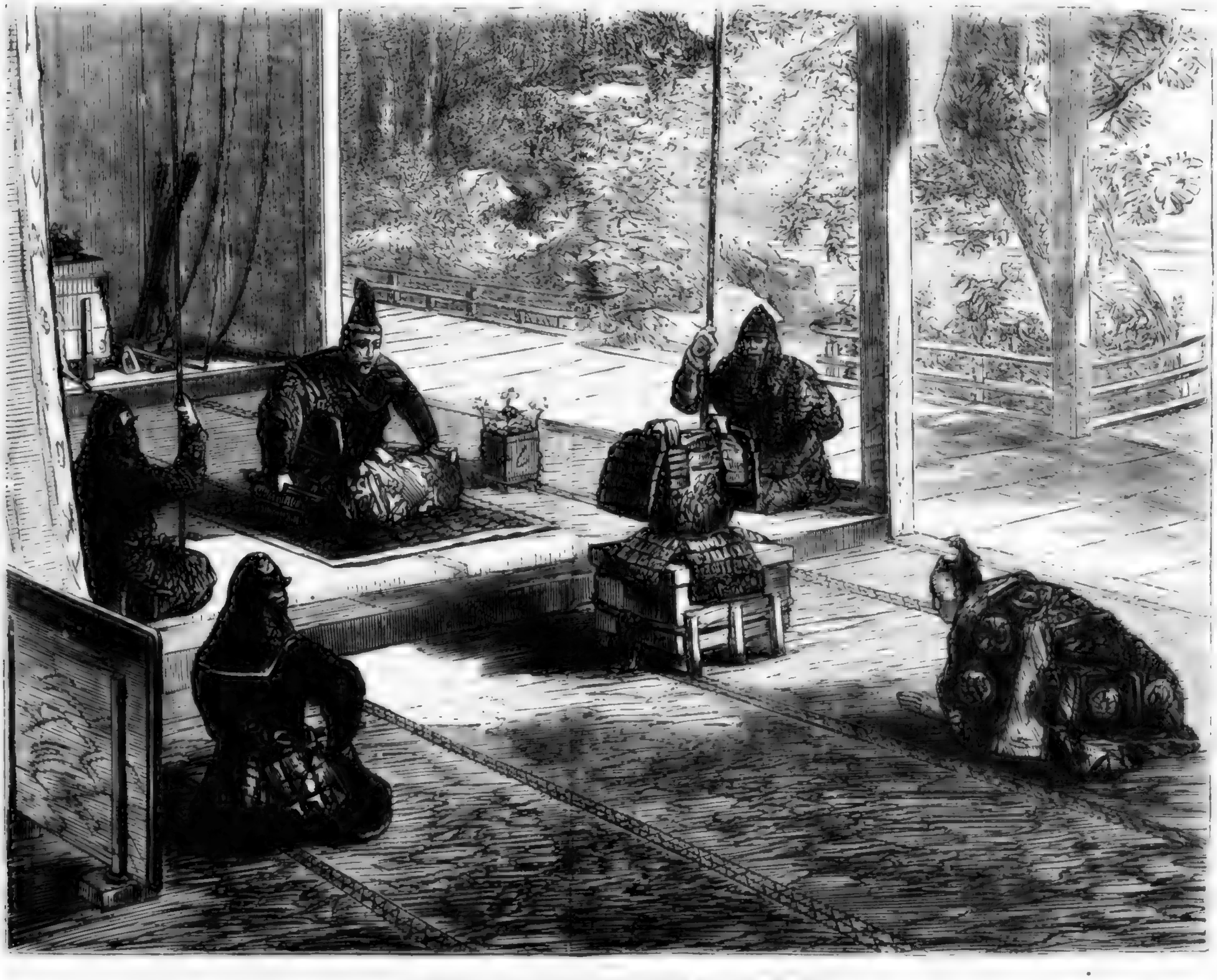


PRESENT DAY.—THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

of drawers and shelves at the ends of a short pole. One box has a little fire of charcoal, and the whole is carried by a man who is at once porter, keeper, head waiter and all hands. He sells boiled rice, fried fish, and a few other things, and if we are cheaply inclined we may dine here for a couple of cents. When a customer appears the restaurant stops and supplies him, and when there are no more customers it moves on. Nearly every one of these itinerants has a corner which he frequents at certain hours, and here the coolies come for their meals. Boiled rice is the national dish, and it is astonishing what an amount of muscle and endurance the Japanese are able to extract from this very simple food. The *jinrikisha* coolies, the porters, and all others who perform heavy work, live almost entirely on rice, and will outdo some of the most able-bodied eaters of beef and pork in other lands.



FORMER DAYS—THE INVESTITURE OF A KNIGHT.

Men and women are shuffling along in their clogs and sandals, and there is great animation in the streets, except in the middle of the day. Then everything becomes quiet for an hour or two, as all the Japanese who can afford it are then at rest. The rays of the noonday sun are very fierce and it is best to avoid them as much as possible. Consequently the middle of the day is a very quiet time in all Japanese towns and cities in Summer, while in Winter the custom is continued from force of habit. As the house fronts are all open, we can see many natives asleep; they rest their heads upon little blocks of wood which serve them as pillows and are especially necessary for the women, whose hair is so elaborately and stiffly dressed that pillows after our model would be an impossibility. Sometimes a whole family may be seen asleep, down even to the stump-tailed cat, which reclines peacefully on a mat near the front. We remark, by-the-way, that all native cats in Japan are stump-tailed; they are not de-tailed in kittenhood like some unfortunate grimalkins of America, but are born so. I leave the why and wherefore for somebody else to explain, but let it be said that Japanese cats look upon long-tailed felines from other lands with great contempt, and refuse to associate with them upon terms of anything like friendship.

Japanese cities are very bright at night; not only are all the shops open, and wide open, too, but portions of the streets are occupied by persons who spread their wares along the pavement or upon little stalls, and wait for customers. Of course each one of these temporary shops has its light; the permanent shops and tea-houses are likewise brilliantly lighted; the crowd is so dense, that sometimes you find it not easy to circulate with anything like rapidity, and you had best go with the crowd and not be in a hurry. Everybody is polite and good-natured, and if you stop to buy anything a crowd is sure to gather to look at you. So many lights are burning, so many people are moving about, and there is so much amiability everywhere, that the whole picture is exceedingly pleasing. We may look long and far before we find a brighter and more cheerful scene than an evening on the streets of a Japanese city.

A MAN to be happy must be friends with himself.

TOY-LAND.

In a romantic and beautiful district of the Southern Tyrol, at no great distance from the town of Botzen, stands the flourishing village of St. Ulrich. It is, indeed, more a small town than a village, and extends itself widely along the right bank of one of those rushing streams that dash through nearly every valley, and are fed by the melting of the snow on the lofty mountain ranges of the neighborhood. It contains several good and comfortable inns; and boasts of two churches—one of which is old and small; the other new and large, and handsomely carved and decorated outside; while in the interior, besides some richly painted windows and a good altar-piece, there is a great variety of statues and small figures, all of wood, most of them very delicately carved, and many of them, as well as much of the internal ornamentation of the church, tastefully gilt and colored.

This wood-carving is, indeed, the staple manufacture of the place, and has raised it to its present condition of evident prosperity. There are no signs of poverty anywhere visible; the people look healthy, happy, well fed and well clad, and their houses roomy and clean. Let us see how this pleasant state of matters has been brought about.

Wood-carving is the chief occupation of many a mountain village, both in the Tyrol and in Switzerland; but in no place has it been carried to greater perfection, or been entered into more thoroughly by the inhabitants, than at St. Ulrich. One branch of it, indeed—the manufacture of wooden toys, particularly dolls—may be considered almost a specialty of the district; for the little town of St. Ulrich is the great storehouse from which the chief toy-traders of Europe, we might almost say of the world, draw those rich and inexhaustible supplies which brighten so many nurseries and gladden the hearts of so many little ones.

The art is said to have been introduced into the valley about the beginning of the last century, since which time it has been the principal employment of the inhabitants, male and female, young and old alike; for ancient grandfathers and grandmothers may be seen steadily pursuing the vocation that has been theirs from their earliest years; and as soon as the little boys or girls can be safely trusted with knives, they begin their rude endeavors to carve the form of some animal or toy which is the peculiar line of their family.

This is one of the odd things in connection with the trade, that, as a general rule, each family or group of families has its own special department, from which they do not deviate. Some carve, some paint, some gild; the painters often working only in one particular color; while the carvers constantly stick to the manufacture of one or two, or, at the most, of half a dozen animals, of certain toys or certain portions of toys and dolls, and so on through all the endless ramifications of their Lilliputian industry.

It is a most curious sight to watch them at work. They use no models, and work entirely by rule of thumb; long practice having made them so perfect that they turn out the tiny articles without the slightest hesitation, every one as precisely alike as if they had been cast in a mold. In this way is manufactured the varied collection of animals found in a Noah's Ark.

Some families will cut out lions, tigers, camels and elephants; others, sheep, oxen and deer; others, chiefly birds; while another group will produce the wonderfully dressed little men and women popularly supposed to represent Noah and his seven human companions.

The coloring of these productions is quite another branch of the trade; and while the carving goes on at all times with unabated regularity, the painting of the various articles is only added as they are required—that is, when orders come from the toy-dealers; and this frequently varies according to circumstances; so that the coloring and gilding business is not, on the whole, so steady and profitable as the carving.

There are several shops and warehouses where the articles thus manufactured are sold; but there are two leading merchants who act as wholesale exporters, buying the carved work, either from the people themselves or from minor agents, who realize a small profit by acting as middlemen.

Permission can readily be obtained to visit those establishments; and it is a curious and amusing sight to walk through their vast repositories, and inspect the extraordinary collection of dolls and toys gathered together under one roof. The dolls are in themselves a very wonderful exhibition. There are rooms upon rooms quite filled with them, of every size and style, small and large, painted and unpainted; their size varying from tiny atoms scarcely an inch long, to huge figures of nearly a yard in length, most of them jointed, and the greater part uncolored, and just as they came from the hands of the carver. They are carefully sorted, according to their various sizes; and great shelves and cases in every direction are crammed with them. Some sizes are more popular than others; a very favorite length being about two inches. Of this size one of the great doll-merchants of St. Ulrich buys 30,000 every week during the whole year! The makers of this kind can turn out about twenty dozen a day, each skillful worker; the painting being quite an after concern, with which the carvers have nothing to do.

Here, also, are bins filled with wooden animals, also of different sizes and different degrees of excellence; for while some are merely roughly shaped, and the production often of very young children, others are carved with very great care and dexterity, and are faithful representations of the creatures they are intended to imitate.

All the numerous toys with which we are familiar in the shops, or which we have played with in childhood, here first sprang into being. Noah's Arks, empty and full; armies of wooden soldiers, on horseback and on foot; farmyards of various dimensions, stored with every article needful for the juvenile agriculturist; dolls' furniture of every shape and pattern; sets of teacups and saucers, and all kinds of domestic utensils; little wooden horses, little wooden carts. In short, it is toys, toys everywhere; and even with all our experience of the capacity of children for acquiring such possessions, it is really difficult to credit the fact that this enormous manufacture and unceasing distribution go on, like the poet's brook, "for ever."

Quitting the premises, the visitor is still pursued by the prevailing occupation. Carts are coming and going, all carrying the one universal load—toys; while at every cottage door are seated some of the inmates, busily engaged with their own special branch of the trade; mothers singing to the children on their knee while they yet deftly carve a cow or a goat; old men and women whittling away, the ground at their feet strewed with the chips and shavings; and quite little boys and girls gravely cutting the portions entrusted to them, and soon acquiring a skill which enables them to add materially to the family gains.

The men are usually employed on carving of a higher class—chairs, boxes, brackets, or on the superior quality of toys; as well as on that special branch, which has attained very great perfection in St. Ulrich, the cutting out and ornamentation of crucifixes, figures of Christ, the Virgin and the Saints, and of numerous other articles employed for the decoration of churches and sacred buildings.

As we have already said, it is an interesting sight to watch the people at their work. They are very willing to gratify the curiosity of visitors, and will readily communicate all

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the information in their power regarding their trade and its emoluments.

The trees from which the different articles are made, are a soft kind of pine, very easily cut and worked. They grow in abundance in the district, and are the main source of its prosperity. But with this prosperity the steady and industrious habits of the people themselves have also much to do. The youngest members of a family begin to work as soon as they are able to do so; and this regular occupation is continued through life, till the trembling fingers can no longer hold the carving tools.

As a rule, the inhabitants of St. Ulrich are simple and domestic in their tastes; they are fond of flowers, and their little gardens are carefully cultivated, and gay with bright coloring. As yet their isolated position, remote from the track of the ordinary tourist, has preserved them from many of the hurtful follies and vices too often found in more frequented districts, and but few of the villagers have ever passed beyond the bounds of their own secluded valley. And yet this little hamlet has a world-wide reputation.

The toys of St. Ulrich have delighted generations long passed away; they are to be found in palace, hall and cottage; in the populous cities and quiet country homes of Europe; in far-distant nurseries of Asia and America; and in all probability they will continue to be poured forth in inexhaustible profusion when this and many a succeeding generation have gone from the whirl and bustle produced by the less innocent toys and amusements of maturity, to that silent land whose shadows are still deeper than those of the dark and majestic pine-trees that close in round the little valley of St. Ulrich.

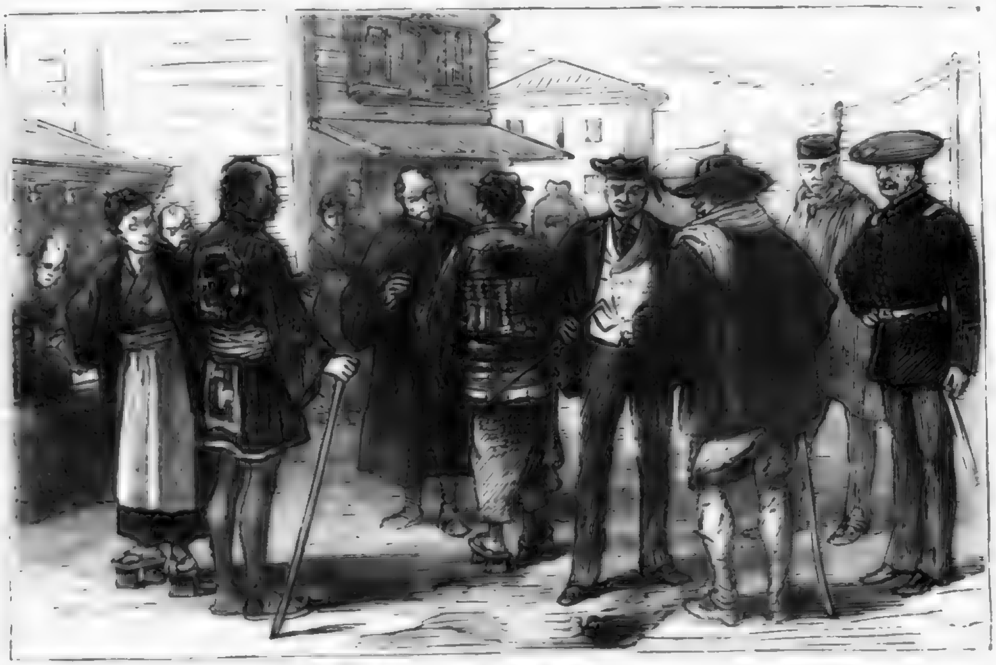
THE INVENTOR OF A NEW LANGUAGE.

Who that has heard of George Psalmanazar, the arch-impostor, the audacious inventor of an imaginary language, an imaginary people, an imaginary country, and has paused over that strange name as it floats across the pages of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," amid all those names which are as familiar to us as our own, knows anything of the extraordinary incidents of his extraordinary career?—how from a profligate vagabond he became "one of the best Christians in London"; how at sixteen a shuffling and shameless mendicant, he became at sixty the universally respected philanthropist of Old Street; how, when a young man, he was a degraded, opium-paralyzed sensualist, distinguished for nothing but his unparalleled ability for lying; how, when an old man, he became almost an ascetic, distinguished for nothing so much as for his indomitable energy, and for a veracity so unimpeachable that Doctor Johnson said he would as soon think of contradicting a bishop as of contradicting him. At sixteen the chosen companion of the worst people of the worst paths of life; at sixty the valued friend of the sternest and most exacting of English moralists: at twenty the impudent fabricator of the most extraordinary fictions which ever imposed on the credulity of mankind; at fifty the most valued contributor to one of the most accurate and conscientious historical works in the eighteenth century. Surely a strange career this, and one which, if read aright, is instructive, too. We have, fortunately, the fullest materials for tracing it, for unraveling its perplexities, for explaining its paradoxes. Psalmanazar has told his own story. As his Memoirs, however, is a decidedly rare volume, and as his style is not remarkable either for precision or terseness, we shall, we doubt not, be conferring a real service on our readers by laying before them the main incidents of his romantic life. These Memoirs were mainly written with the intention of making a full confession to the world of the shameful imposition of which their author had been guilty in his youth. He had represented himself as being a native of Formosa; he had given a fabulous account of that island; he had described at length its institutions, its habits, its customs; he had given accounts of the scenery which surrounded it; had entered into the minutest details with respect to its commerce and its legal procedure; had drawn elaborate parallels between its polity and the polities of Europe; had described its manufactures, and made proposals about encouraging and introducing them into England. Nor was this all. He had invented a language for his imaginary island, an alphabet, a grammar, a vocabulary, and, by a miracle of inventive ingenuity, he would probably have gone on to invent a literature for it also. With an impudence at once portentous and grotesque, he had proposed to the Bishop of London that funds should be raised to convert this airy island to Christianity, and that a stop should be put to the frightful massacres which he represented as going on every year to feed the altars of the gods with human victims—the only means, so he said the people thought, of appeasing their angry deities. The History of Formosa must always hold the first place among apocryphal narratives, and the Formosan Grammar the first place among literary forgeries.

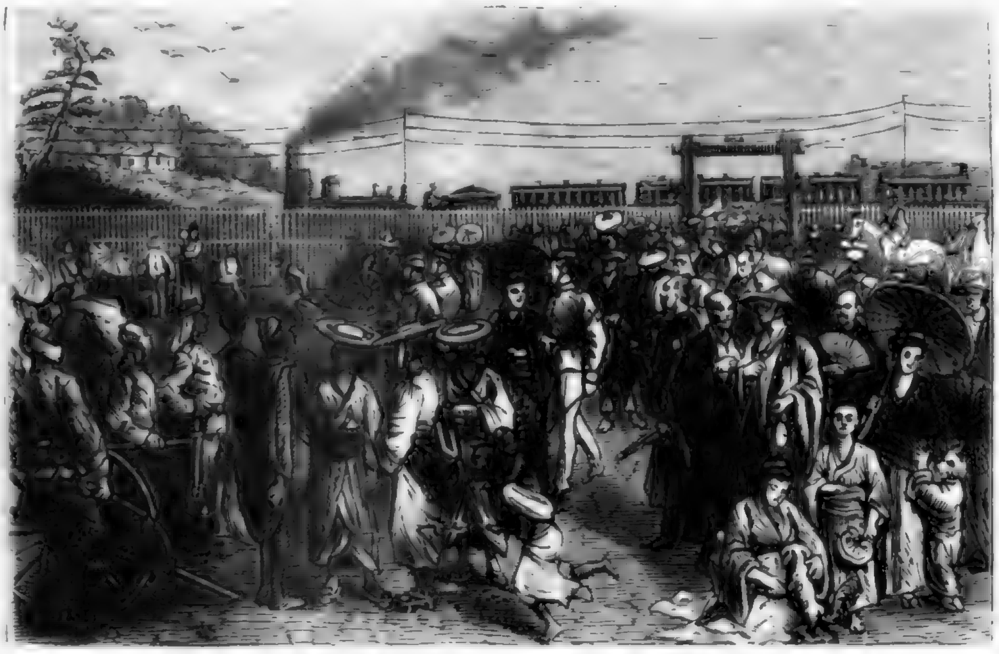
One of the most interesting, but at the same time melancholy, chapters in the varied annals of literary history, is assuredly that which records the triumphs and the failures of such perverted ingenuity as this; for they were triumphs which brought no glory, and they were failures which taught no lessons.

Though Psalmanazar would never tell either his real name or where he was born, or to what country he belonged, that he might not throw any discredit on the nation which produced such an impostor, it was conjectured that he first saw the light in some part of Languedoc, as his pronunciation of French had a strong Gascoigne accent about it. His father, who belonged to a good family, had fallen deeply into debt, and had been obliged to separate from his wife, so that young Psalmanazar—to call him by the name he afterward adopted—was left pretty much to his own devices. His mother, however, watched over him with affectionate interest, and to her pious care he owed that strong religious instinct which, often obscured and sometimes all but obliterated, guided him at last into the paths of rectitude.

But, while a mere child, he was put into a monastery to be educated; he became a great favorite with the principal monk, began to learn Latin, and made good progress with his studies, which were, however, occasionally interrupted by some schoolboy freaks very amusingly described in his Memoirs. One afternoon, it seems, he and his schoolfellows had a holiday given them. Not far off there was a girls' school, and young Psalmanazar, gallantly thinking that it was only fair that they should have a holiday, too, persuaded some of his schoolfellows to join him in procuring one for them. Accordingly, the youths started off, and not being able to effect their purpose with words, proceeded to force. They turned the schoolmistress and the young ladies out of the schoolroom, and then locked the doors and decamped. The next day he was called up before the monastic authorities to answer for the freak of which he had been the ringleader, and it required all the influence of the good monk who was so fond of him to prevent his expulsion. He staid at this monastery for upward of two years, and was then entered at a Jesuits' College. In addition to Greek and Latin, for which he had a natural taste, he proceeded to master the dry and repulsive logic of the schoolmen, for which, like Swift and Goldsmith, he soon entertained unmitigated contempt. Before long, he discovered that his teacher knew as little as himself; so after master and pupil



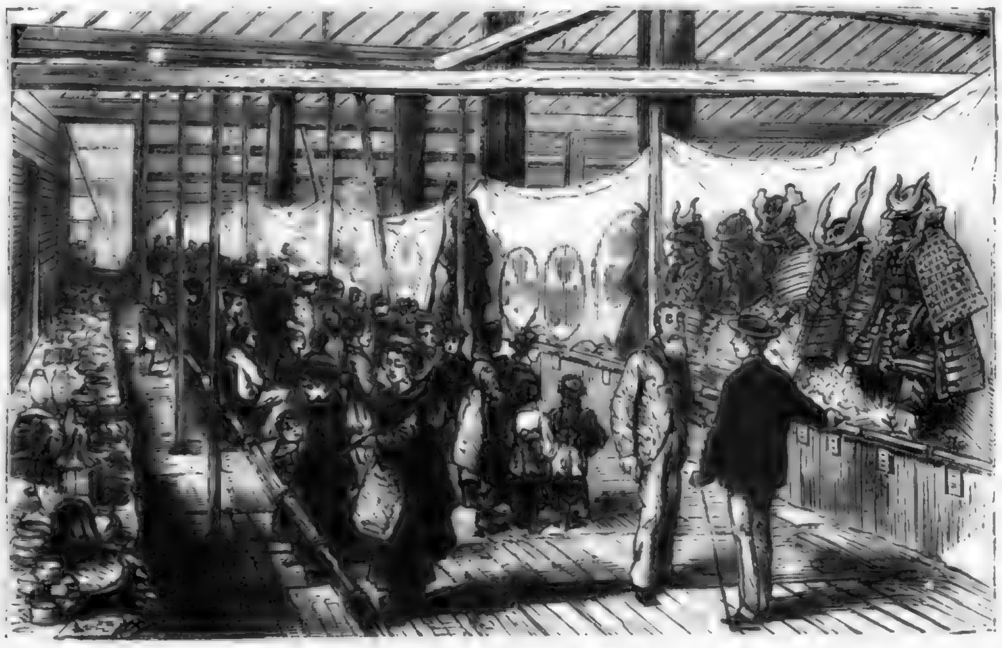
THE OLD DRESS AND THE NEW.



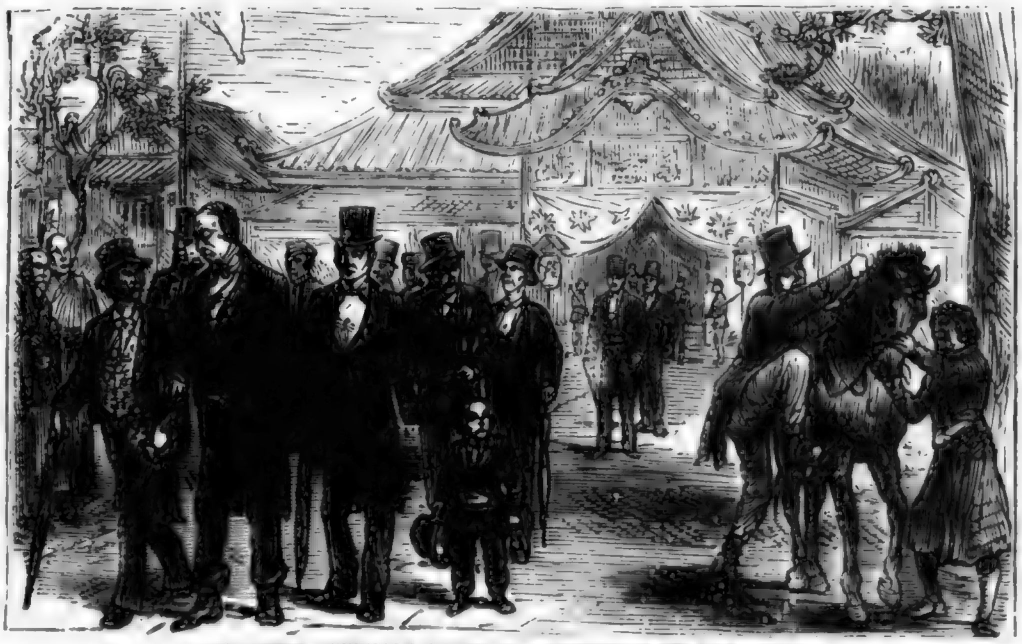
ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST RAILROAD TRAIN IN JAPAN.

had blundered on together for some time, they took to reading heraldry, geography, and the art of fortification, instead. Much time was wasted; but this was not the worst. The college was situated near a large city (in accordance with his usual practice, he does not say what city it was), and here the young student became initiated in dissipation, and contracted a restless habit of mind, which materially impaired his powers of study. He grew dissatisfied with the monotony of collegiate life, and as his mother was unable to continue the allowance necessary for his maintenance at the monastery, he was glad to embrace the opportunity of getting out into the world. He took a tutorship in a private family, and here, for the first time, he began to contract a habit of lying and to practice systematic hypocrisy. He did it all, he tells us, to ingratiate himself with the mother of his pupil; for he thought, poor fellow, his "sheepishness," slovenly appearance and want of address would only insure contempt, unless he could counterbalance their unfavorable effect by creating the impression that he was an ascetic, intent only on religion. Such deceit is soon seen through, and Psalmanazar only staid in the house six months.

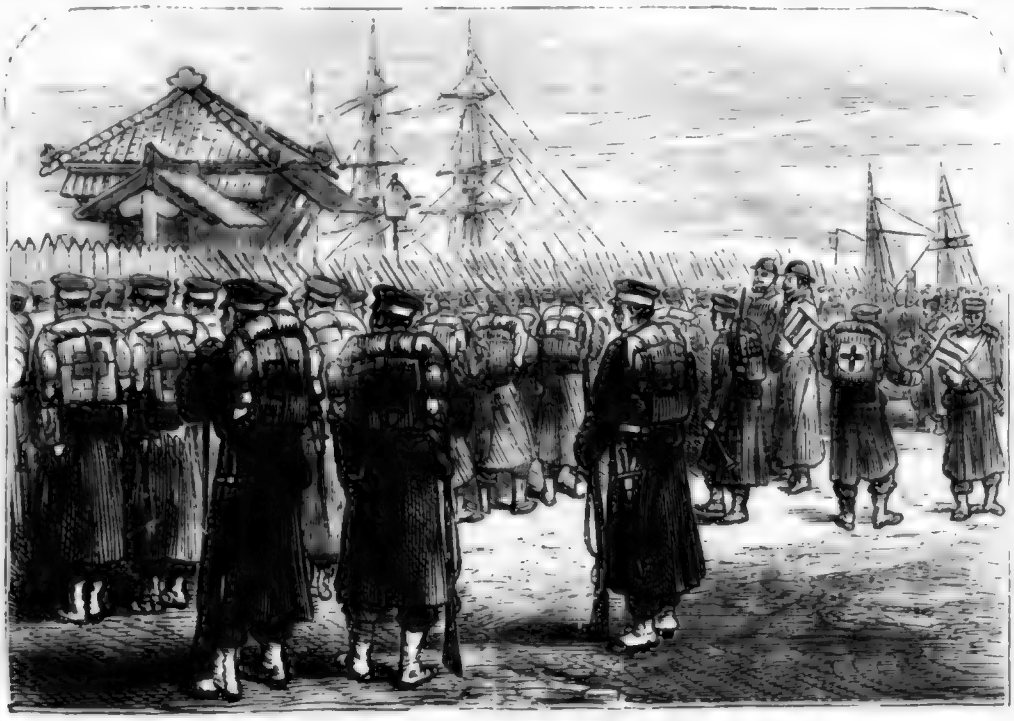
And now began his wanderings and real miseries. First, he betook himself to Avignon, whither he had gone just after he left the Jesuit College, and lived on the charity of a poor widow and some kind-hearted friars; thence to Beaucaire, in Languedoc, where he found a large fair going on. Here the young mendicant came upon some merchants from his native town, who gave him a little money, and a great deal of good advice. The money was, of course, soon spent, and the good advice met with its usual fate. It now struck him that it would be a good thing to set up for a wandering pilgrim, to pretend that he was a sufferer for religion's sake, and to claim alms in the name of ecclesiastical charity. But he had no staff and no cloak, nor had he the means of buying them. This difficulty he solved by an act of sacrilege. He deliberately



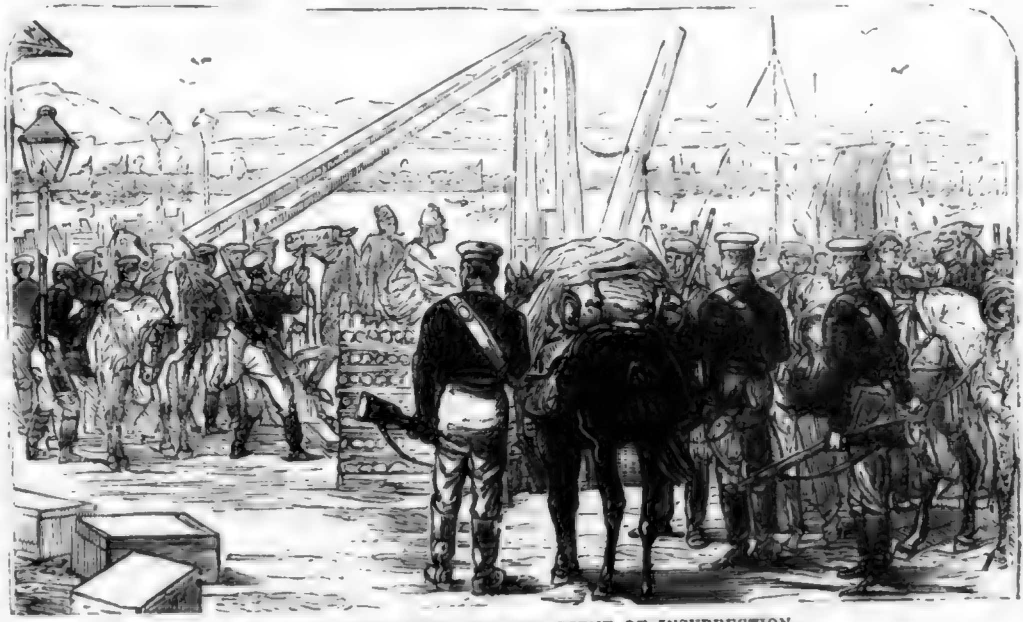
THE FIRST INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION IN JAPAN.



JAPANESE OFFICIALS AFTER AN AUDIENCE WITH THE MIKADO.



JAPANESE INFANTRY.



CAVALRY EMBARKING FOR THE SCENE OF INSURRECTION.

marched into a city chapel, one day at noon, saw what he wanted, "threw the cloak over his shoulders," and "walked with a sanctified gravity with the staff in his hand till he had got out of the city." He no longer employed the French language in his appeals to charity, but took to begging in Latin, taking care only to address ecclesiastics. After some unimportant adventures, and some very natural hesitations, he determined now to visit his mother. She was overjoyed at seeing him, though not a little puzzled, poor soul, to account for his garb. Being herself unable to help him, she persuaded him to pay a visit to his father, and see if he could do anything to assist him; though, as she confessed, she was not very sanguine. He gives a very interesting account of his journey, which lay in the direction of Lyons. He found his father, whom he describes as a great traveler and an accomplished linguist, very sympathetic, very polite, and, like the good merchants whom he had met before, very full of good advice, but quite unable to relieve his necessities. It was at this period in his career that he conceived the idea of passing himself off for a native of the East, thinking he could make money by pretending that he had become converted to Christianity. He began, therefore, to lay the foundation of the marvelous series of fabrications which were destined to confer on him a scandalous immortality, and to put him in the foremost rank of literary forgers. First, he invented an alphabet, and arguing from the analogy of Hebrew and other Oriental languages, that it would be necessary to represent the inhabitants of his imaginary country as writing from right to left, he began to practice himself in doing so. He then went on—studiously concealing his efforts from his father, who he felt sure would never become a party to such an infamous fraud—to invent a calendar which divided the year into twenty months, a new system of religion, and a whole social and political *régime*, all of which were to be palmed off as Japanese originals. He made some way, also, in formulating a new

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grammar and a new language, and before he left his father's roof he had not only acquired perfect facility in writing his feigned characters from right to left, but a singularly retentive memory, aided by a pregnant and inexhaustible imagination, had enabled him to complete the materials afterward worked up in his Formosan history.

It now became necessary for him to leave his father, who could support him no longer, and so with many tears he took leave, intending to make his way into the Low Countries. He wrote to his mother, acquainting her with his purpose, but he never saw either of his parents again. "Both of them," he touchingly says, "have bewailed my loss at a much greater rate than I deserved, if it did not prove the means of shortening their days." From this time, he represented himself as a Japanese "converted to Christianity by some Jesuit missionaries."

Then, afterward, we find him the waiter at a fashionable coffee-house at Aix-la-Chapelle, amusing the *habitués* with his pretended Japanese experiences. True to his restless disposition, he soon abandoned this comfortable situation, and proceeded to visit the cities on the Rhine. At one of these places, where he was again invited to enlist, he made the acquaintance of a "good old Capuchin," who, hearing that he was a Japanese, was anxious to convert him to Roman Catholicism; but the honest monk was no match for the cunning and sophistical young vagabond, who found at this stage in his career that it paid better to be a heathen. When he came afterward, however, to write his Memoirs, while alluding to this time of his life, he makes a very just reflection: "Where religion and reason have unhappily lost their influence, or yielded it to a predominant and ungovernable passion, how easily the indulging of it will by degrees come to quench all remorse and conviction, and, unless the Divine grace interposes, hurry a man into utter perdition!" At a place called Landau he prevailed on a Doctor James, the chaplain of a Scotch regiment, to "convert him to Christianity," and he went through the impious farce with his usual hypocritical ability. We cannot stop to follow him through his subsequent wanderings, adventurous and interesting though they are, but must hurry on to his meeting with Doctor Innes.

This odious man was, with sorrow we write it, a member of the Church of England. He was a shrewd man of the world, and he very soon saw through Psalmanazar's pretensions, assuring himself by a very ingenious stratagem. He took one of Cicero's works, and asked his young friend to translate a passage from it into Formosan, and then to construe his version into English; this Psalmanazar found no difficulty in doing. Innes, suffering a short time to elapse, bade him to repeat the same process, without giving him the opportunity of committing the first version to memory. The result was that there were not above one-half of the words in the second that there were in the first, and the imposition was patent. But Innes had his own purpose to serve, and instead of reprimanding and exposing his friend, he merely warned him to be more careful in future. They henceforth worked together. Innes, knowing that the then Bishop of London, the amiable and venerable Dr. Compton, was always a liberal patron of those ministers who could succeed either in converting pagans to Christianity or in restoring to the true fold the luckless souls who had strayed from it, thought that he would introduce Psalmanazar to him, pretending at the same time that he had converted him to Christianity. Accordingly, they both came to London. The good bishop was delighted with Innes's zeal. Psalmanazar was not only introduced to him, but to all the scientific men of the day; and Innes encouraged him to translate the Catechism into Formosan, to compose his Formosan Grammar, and to write his History of Formosa. These monstrous fabrications were greedily received by people naturally anxious to hear about a country whose very name was scarcely known to them. Though some sensible people, like the celebrated Dr. Mead, suspected imposture, nobody could prove it, and the majority believed in him; for it seemed impossible that a youth who had not yet completed his twentieth year could be so accomplished an impostor. With the assistance of Bishop Compton and others, he was sent to study at Oxford. There he took to opium-eating, and to idleness, leaving a light burning in his window all night, that it might be supposed that he was deep in study; and leaving his bed untouched while he slept in his chair, that his servant might spread wonderful tales of his indefatigable industry. It is painful to have to follow him through this degrading career of complicated hypocrisy. Suffice it that he soon left Oxford, repeated for a while in England his Continental experience, and became a party to many wicked impositions—particularly that of introducing into England a white sort of japan, invented by one Pattenden, as a Formosan piece of *vertu*. At length he came across two religious books — Nelson's "Method of Devotion," and Law's "Serious Call" — a work which first roused Dr. Johnson to a sense of his spiritual responsibilities. These made him realize his degradation and unworthiness. He began to read the Bible; he betook himself to the study of Hebrew.

The wonderful abilities which he had for so long a time been so systematically abusing were at last applied to a legitimate end, and Psalmanazar made himself by degrees an accomplished Hebrew scholar. He became acquainted with a Mr. Palmer, a well-known printer, and this put him in a way of getting literary work. The first thing he was engaged on was a History of Printing, and as he gave great satisfaction in this, and succeeded also in gaining the confidence of his employers, he was invited to assist in the compilation of the Universal History. This furnished him with occupation for a considerable time, and gave him the means of gaining an honest livelihood. Still, however, he did not break entirely clear from the consequences of his old life, for he had incurred an infamous notoriety from his wicked fabrications, which still submitted him to many insults and many mortifications. He was also the slave to a pernicious habit, contracted originally from motives of mere vanity—that of opium-eating. But he struggled manfully with it, and very nearly succeeded in altogether emancipating himself from its tyrannical fetters. Every year he lived he became a better man, and, as the light of religion burnt more purely and steadily, his remorse for his past offenses weighed heavily upon him. He could not rest till he had made a full confession, and so he wrote his Memoirs to undo, as far as lay in his power, the evil that he had done; to deter others from treading the same perilous path of deception, and to show how, by the mercy of God, a man may retrieve himself even when ruin seems imminent, and utter perdition sure.

It is noticeable that he has attributed many of his miseries and vices to "indolence, vanity, and bad economy."

In the insolence of youth, and amid the vanities of early manhood, he had forgotten the lessons which he had learnt at his mother's knee; but long after she, who had done her duty so faithfully by her child, had passed away—conscious, perhaps, only of failure—the good seed she had sown came to bear its fruit. And so we may learn two great lessons from this strange life—not to despair of any one who has abused great abilities, and wandered from the path of rectitude, but to do all that lies in our power to recall him to a sense of his real position, and to win him once

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more to what is pure and true, however hopeless such a task may seem. And, secondly, we may learn how important it is to imbue the plastic mind of childhood with the great truths of religion, in reasonable hope that, in spite of the thwarting accidents of life, such a training can never be thrown away, and may unexpectedly ripen into a rich harvest long after we who have sowed it have gone to our rest.

George Psalmanazar died full of years, and universally respected by all who knew him, in 1763. He left directions in his will that his body should not be inclosed in any kind of coffin, "but only decently laid in what is called a shell, of the lowest value, and without lid or other covering which may hinder the natural earth from covering it all round"—a pathetic testimony to the sincerity with which he realized his former errors.

THE BECHE-DE-MER.

On the reefs of the Southern Ocean is found a kind of sea-slug termed the Beche-de-mer. There are as many as sixteen different species found in Fiji alone, and known all over the group by the generic name of Dri (pronounced Endree); and this word we will continue to use throughout this article, as being shorter and more definite than the French term. It was the French who first came across the mollusc in China; and in that country it is held in great esteem, and commands a very high price, two hundred pounds a ton being paid for the best sorts. The mandarins and the porcelain-makers cannot do without their favorite dish of dri soup; and even in Paris it is coming into use; and in Melbourne beche-de-mer is by no means an uncommon dish. When cotton came down in Fiji from four shillings to one shilling a pound, many a planter, not knowing what else to do, turned to dri-fishing; but several years ago the price fell from one hundred and seventy pounds to seventy pounds a ton, and the inferior sorts became unsalable. Some Chinamen say the fall was in consequence of the death of their emperor, and while in mourning for him (a year), they were obliged to give up their favorite soup; hence the fall. But some whites say that the Europeans in Sydney bought inferior dri, and shipped it to China direct on their own account in a leaky ship: the dri was all spoiled, the merchants lost heavily, and refused to have anything more to do with the article; and the Chinamen have the trade in their hands, and give what they like, and that the price in China still remains the same. However, it yet pays to fish for the two best sorts, the tit-fish and black-fish, which are now (1876) worth from $300 to $350 a ton in Levuka—ten or fourteen cornbagsfull making a ton.

The first thing required in dri-fishing is a good boat from twenty-five to thirty feet long, with plenty of beam; then a dri-station is settled on—an island, or on the coast close to the big reefs, as may be. The next thing is to get thirty or forty boys and girls, and curiously enough the girls are the best fishers and divers by far. At half-tide, all hands sail off to the reefs. Sometimes you fish the day, sometimes the night tides, according to the sort of fish you are getting and the stage of the moon; the tit-fish being a day-fish, and the black only coming out at night. When the tide is nearly low, you put your laborers on to the reef, and anchor yourself in a deep spot. The water on the reef is from six inches to three or four feet deep, according to the moon and state of the tide, and your laborers walk about and pick up the fish here and there, each having a basket and stick. Sometimes a shark comes up, looking for a tit-bit, when he is pelted off. If a black one, the most dangerous, it is hard to make him go; and if the water is deep (three or four feet), they generally sing out for the boat. You generally remain with the boat. Sometimes you go overboard and fish for yourself; but three hours in three-feet water is cold work, and if not accustomed to it one is apt to catch cold. The laborers pick up shell-fish, crabs, etc., for themselves. At the end of two or three hours, the tide begins to make fast, the boat is poled on to the reef, and you pick up your fishers and start for home.

After measuring the "take" in order to pay your fishers, the fish are placed in large boilers. After being on the boil for half an hour they are done, taken up, a stick driven through them to clean and knock the water out, and are then taken to the smoking-house, where they are put on large frames of reeds over a slow, smoky fire. These frames are technically called *vatas;* and they are left on the lower vata about three days, and then removed to the upper, where they are left eight or ten days longer. They are by that time smoked hard and dry; then sorted carefully—one improperly dried fish will injure the rest—and put in bags for sale.

Besides paying, you also feed your laborers, giving them yams or Indian corn or sweet potatoes, with what shell-fish they get themselves. They work for two, three, or six months, or even a year; and on a good, calm night an expert fishing-girl will fill what is termed a *qui* case and earn a shilling, occasionally two—not bad for a little thing twelve or thirteen years old. In some parts of Fiji—Macnate, for instance—the natives get and smoke the dri themselves, and sell it to you cured; you giving about five shillings a bag for good cured fish. On dark nights, when there is no moon, torches are used; but the tit-fish is got during the day-tides. Five or six big tit-fish will fill a good-sized hand-basket. The laborers, after fishing, can scarcely keep awake, and sleep all over the boat in every position.

Dri is an extraordinary sort of sea-slug; it moves very slowly, and has hundreds of little suckers or legs. It seems to feed on the small insects that live in the reef-sand, and very small fish. It has no bone. It has the power of covering itself with sand, to hide its whereabouts, and gives out a sort of gummy fluid, which makes the sand stick to it. This is only correct with regard to the tit-fish. The black-fish is not half the size of the other. The latter comes out only in calm, sunshiny weather. Let a shower come, or even dark clouds, and scarcely a slug will be got; it slips into holes in the rocks in no time. It has one or two young ones at a time, and is very domestic; where you find one, its mate is generally close by. Like many other favorite delicacies, such as the oyster of Great Britain, the beche-de-mer has been over-fished, and unless the Government establish a close time, the employment of gathering it must cease to exist.

OLD CHURCH CUSTOMS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Among the old customs still kept up in England by the civic and legal magnates is the annual meeting of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London with the Judges, at the afternoon service at St. Paul's Cathedral. It takes place generally on the first Sunday of Easter Term, the Lord Mayor (such is the traditional etiquette) receiving the Judges in the vestry-room. All are in their robes of office—the Lord Mayor in red velvet and ermine, the Sheriffs in red cloth and bearing white wands. The Judges come in black silk robes, with their wigs on. They are each presented with a bouquet, which they hold in their hands during the service. This feature of the antique ceremonial has survived in many forms, and in our day, when flowers are associated in

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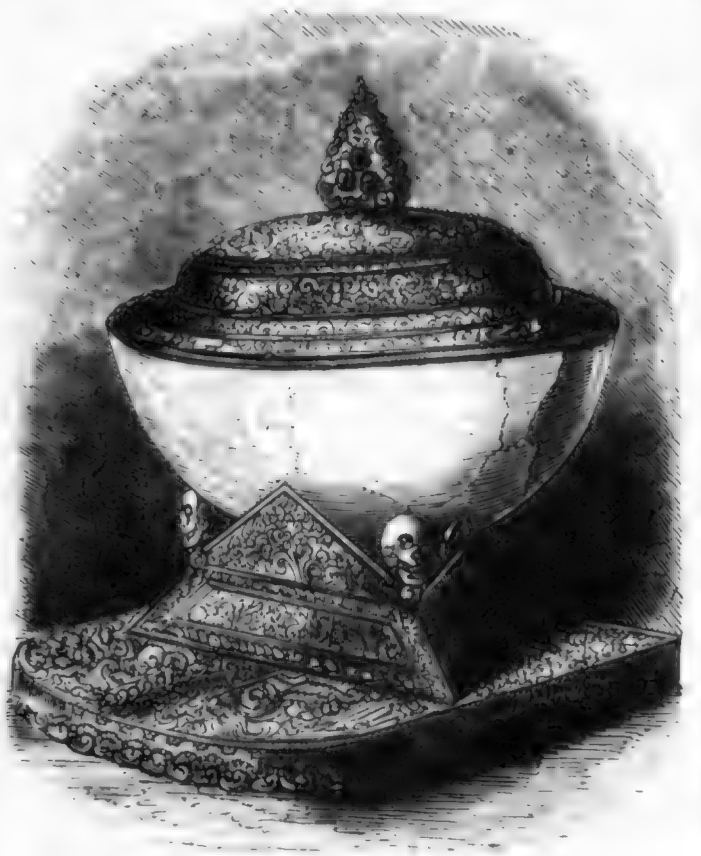


DRINKING-CUP MADE FROM A HUMAN SKULL.

our minds almost exclusively with women, the sight of a large bouquet in the hands of a grave official personage seems all but ludicrous. At the state ball and reception given at Guildhall to the Prince of Wales on his return from India, the Princess appeared, leaning on the Lord Mayor's arm, the latter in his robes and holding with his other hand an enormous bouquet with streamers of white satin; and in less dignified places, custom still prescribes that coachmen and footmen attending their masters to a royal levee or drawing-room shall wear, fastened to the breast of their livery-coats, a huge nosegay of costly flowers. The presentation of flowers to royal personages on their visits is by no means of modern date, although it has been so far modified by modern notions that you scarcely ever hear of a bouquet being presented to a *prince.*

The Judges and the Corporation now form a procession from the vestry-room to their seats in the body of the cathedral. The Lord Mayor sits in a sort of niche or canopied chair let into the paneling, above the rest, while the judges sit in a row beneath in carved stalls under a gallery; the arrangement of the seats, as well as the costume of their occupants, giving one a good deal the impression of a hall of justice. The style of St. Paul's is not calculated to dispel this impression, while, on the contrary, in the choir of Westminster Abbey almost any costume and any arrangement of seats would look subordinate to the ecclesiastical air of the surroundings.

Canon Siddon generally preaches the sermon on these occasions of state attendance at the church of the representatives of Law and Order.

Last year this visit was combined with the more general interest belonging to "Hospital Sunday," and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attended morning service at Westminster Abbey, besides the customary afternoon service at St. Paul's. When the civic body go anywhere outside the old limits of the "city," their presence (of course only when official) is intended as a distinct compliment and mark of interest or attention. Westminster Abbey is outside the "city," and this visit is made to give greater weight to the universal appeal made on that day from the pulpits of more than 800 London churches and chapels in behalf of the Hospital Sunday Fund. Some of the city churches also claim as a right a yearly official visit from the Worshipful Corporation; for instance, St. Lawrence Jewry, where the Mayor and Sheriffs attended in state at the morning service one Sunday last July, the occasion chosen suggesting rather a modern need in the Church of England—an appeal for the funds of the "Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates." It was preached by the Reverend Archdeacon Hessey.

The history of some of these old city parishes, of their relations to the municipality and to their dead and gone benefactors of various city "companies," of the "doles" and "foundations" connected with them, and of the present decay and loss of congregation of some, while others remain active and prosperous, is not the least interesting thing about old London.

DRINKING-CUP MADE FROM A HUMAN SKULL.

Among the curious articles exhibited in the Chinese department in the London Exhibition of 1862, was an elaborately-mounted cup, made from a human skull. It was taken from the Summer palace of the Emperor of China, at Pekin, when the palace was sacked by the French and English.

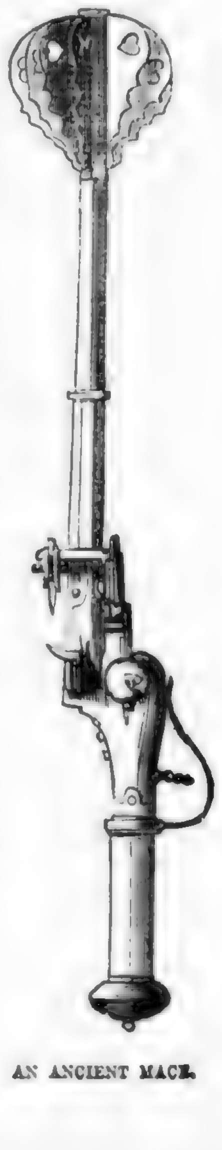
The skull is set in massive gold, and a few very small jewels are added; the arch-shaped base, the triangular foot and the cover being entirely formed of solid gold.

The ornament of the base is of a singular character, and in its parts does not correspond with the decorative forms usually employed by the Chinese, being composed of little members similar to convention flame or "cloven tongues," which we so often see in mediæval work, but it is probably rather a treatment of water than of flame.

From the corners of the triangular foot rise three little heads of a most imperfect and unusual aspect; they are not skulls, but are nuggets of gold, probably cast into the form which they now assume. In the horizontal band, which may be regarded as the rim of the cup, a series of small stones are set, and in the broad vertical band surrounding the lid there are also jewels; likewise in the knob at the top there are stones, but these are much larger than the others.

AN ANCIENT MACE.

The last Emperor of France had a magnificent collection of arms. From the curious relics of the past there gathered we select the curious mace in our engraving. It is a transition between the middle-age and modern warfare. It is the mace of the Crusader, but the handle is a pistol—the firearm to be used



AN ANCIENT MACE.

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as the enemy approaches, the mace to descend on his head if your aim fail you. Instead of having the head of the mace solid, a thing impossible in the present case, the whole affair being of necessity comparatively light, it has eight wings, adding to its cutting power without much additional weight. But such expedients availed not; the mace is a thing of the past, and the pistol rules the day.

BRIDE AND GROOM A CENTURY AGO.

To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled with white powder. The height of this tower was over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top, like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, tied at the knee with ribbons. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces and ties of the same hue. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his genteel appearance.

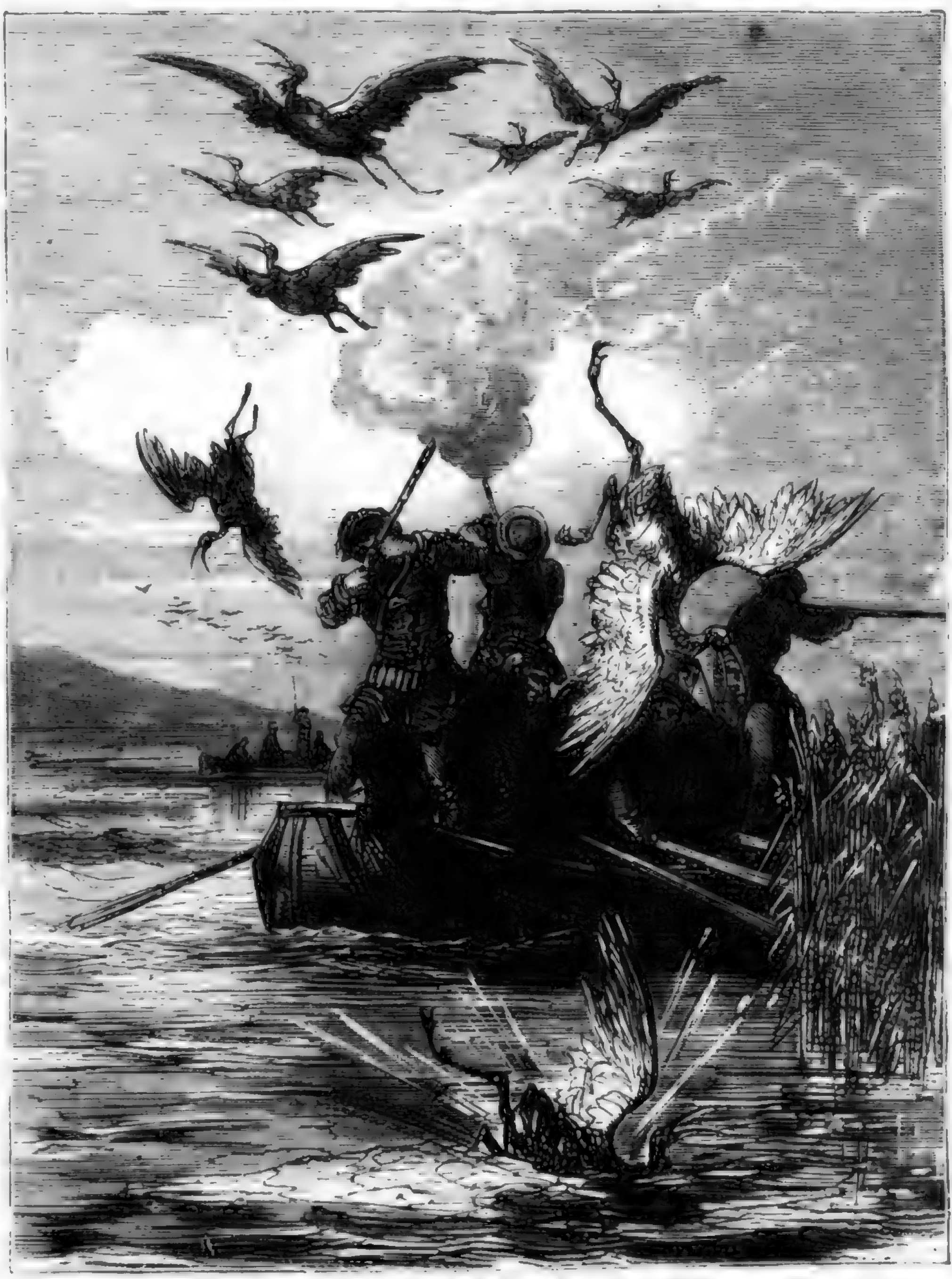
FLAMINGO-SHOOTING IN SPAIN.

Our illustration is taken from the account of a voyage in Spain, made by Gustave Doré and Charles Davillier. The scene is on a lake near Valencia. The party having followed the grand canal called Acequia del Rey, whose waters unite with the Albufera, came finally to a lake bordered by the steep Sierra Falconera and the mountain of Mondubcr, which is said to be one of the highest in that region. No description can give an idea of the animation of the scene around the borders of the lake.

It was a sort of holiday; the inhabitants of the surrounding country had come in crowds to the borders of the lake, and, despite the early hour of the morning, were formed in groups, preparing for the chase, taking their breakfast in the open air, patronizing the itinerant venders of orange-water cooled with snow, and other refreshments always found in any Spanish fair; while numerous musicians were on hand providing music with their guitars and citaras.

The signal for pushing off in their boats was finally given, and the hunters pushed off in a long line, moving toward the centre of the lake, which was covered with thousands of birds clustered together in groups. One of these groups soon rose and filled the air; then the slaughter commenced. A regular fusillade was kept up, growing more and more furious as the circle of the huntsmen contracted toward the centre. When the birds finally sought refuge in a distant portion of the lake, the same operation was repeated.

In one of these encounters Doré killed a magnificent specimen of a flamingo, measuring more than a yard from the tips of his wings. This successful shot, which forms the subject of our illustration, from the pencil of the artist-hunter, was received with acclamations from all sides.



SHOOTING FLAMINGOES IN LAKE ABULFERA, SPAIN.

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THE LAST OF THE KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

Few men have played a more prominent or brilliant part on the world's stage than the subject of this brief memoir—Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth. Yet the wide-spread renown he acquired in his own day has failed to secure for him that distinguished place on the roll of great historic names which his character and achievements would seem to merit. From an early age he took a leading part in public affairs, his career extending from the reign of Charles the Second to that of George the Second—eventful and turbulent times alike in domestic politics, civil and foreign warfare, and the struggle for ascendency of the partisans of opposing faiths. He was of a restless, energetic nature, and, in the course of a long and checkered period of public service, filled the office of First Commissioner of the Treasury; was a member of Queen Mary's "Council of Nine"; held the commission of Commander-in-chief of the armies and fleet during the Spanish War of Succession; was made a Knight of the Garter, and, as a subtle diplomatist, was on two or three memorable occasions employed as special envoy or ambassador. He was also an accomplished scholar, a poet, a brilliant wit, and a liberal patron of learning and the arts; but he had the vices of the age, and amidst its dazzling and dissolute society was conspicuous as a skeptic and dissipated man of pleasure. His vices were, however, counterbalanced by many virtues; and at a time when corruption had reached its most nefarious extent and public virtue was well-nigh extinct, his character stood almost alone in its freedom from the reproach of those self-seeking, interested views which then influenced the conduct of official men, even of the first rank and station.

England at one time resounded with the fame of Lord Peterborough. His daring deeds of valor astonished all Europe. Yet his military career was but as the flash of a fiery meteor across the sky, its transient splendor startling beholders, but leaving no abiding traces of its glory behind. The names of Marlborough, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and even others of inferior note, his contemporaries, are familiar as household words—their fame resting on the substantial services they rendered to their country—but the name of the brilliant and eccentric Lord Peterborough survives rather as the hero of a once-popular romance. His wonderful exploits were ever characterized by so much recklessness and wild adventure that it has been asserted that no man of really sane mind would, for a moment, have given countenance to the bare suggestion of such enterprises as he undertook, entered upon with the utmost levity, and carried out, it must be admitted, with astounding success—the success alone excusing his extreme rashness and folly. His victories have been compared to the extravagant feats of a Sir Lancelot and Amadis de Gaul, and his encounters with corsairs, his chivalrous rescue of fair and noble dames, his strange stratagems and intrigues to attain his ends, both as a stern warrior and gay Lothario, his fearlessness, his astonishing heroism and endurance of fatigue, his rapid journeys, his hair-breadth escapes by "flood and field," his high-bred courtesy and gallantry toward the fair sex, his lavish munificence and utter disregard of honors and money, but gained for him a fleeting renown in his own day, and the reputation, in a later one, of a "rash and vain-glorious knight-errant, loving the excitement of conflict, and caring only to make men stare." Yet this, perhaps, is meting out but scant justice to one who, doubtless, possessed many of the qualities of a great commander, though often carried away by daring courage and uncontrollable impetuosity of temperament.

The Mordaunt family is descended from the Norman knight Osbert le Mordant, to whom the Conqueror made a grant of the lands of Rodwell, in Bedfordshire. In 1532 a son of the then Sir John Mordaunt was created Baron Mordaunt by Henry the Eighth, and the earldom of Peterborough was conferred on his descendant in 1627 by Charles the First. Yet this first Earl of Peterborough, who had renounced Catholicism after hearing the arguments advanced against it by the learned Bishop Usher, took the Republican side in the wars between Charles and his Parliament. His sons, Henry and John, remained stanchly devoted to the Royalist cause. They even raised an army to support it, and, at Newbury, fought for their king with the desperate valor that ever distinguished the brave but unfortunate cavaliers. They also joined Lord Holland and others in the unsuccessful attempt to rescue Charles from imprisonment. And while the father, under Cromwell, was made Master-General of the Ordnance, the sons were denounced as traitors to the Commonwealth, and their property confiscated. They, however, succeeded in baffling the vigilance of spies, and escaped to France.

The younger of these brothers, Lord John Mordaunt, was the father of our hero, the celebrated Charles Mordaunt. Both Henry and John returned to England at the Restoration, and Charles the Second, contrary to his usual habit, was neither oblivious of nor ungrateful for the services and sacrifices of these zealous partisans of the Stuarts. Their estates were restored, and Henry, who had succeeded to the earldom, was made Governor of Tangiers. Lord John was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Mordaunt and Viscount Avalon. When a mere youth he had married Elizabeth, the granddaughter and heiress of the Earl of Monmouth, and Charles was the eldest son of the eleven children of his marriage. He was born in 1658 or 1659. The exact date is uncertain, and but little is known of his early training and education; but as he was brought up in the vicious atmosphere of Charles the Second's profligate court, it is not surprising that his mind became deeply imbued with its skeptical and licentious notions, or that, as religion and morality were recognized there but as subjects for airy jests, playful sneers and witty sarcasm, young Mordaunt should have been, at an early age, both an unbeliever and a libertine. It is singular, however, that the great devotedness to the House of Stuart that had led his father and uncle to risk life and property in its cause, should have awakened no similar feelings in him. He would seem to have adopted the views of his Republican grandfather, for as he grew up he evinced a deep hatred of both the royal brothers, and a determined antagonism toward the Catholic party.

To suppress Algerine piracy and prevent the frequent corsair depredations on British merchant-ships, was at that day an attractive pastime to ardent youths of the Mordaunt temperament, fond of adventure and ambitious of other distinction than that of figuring in frivolous court revels. Remonstrances and threats had been vainly addressed to the Dey of Tripoli and Algiers; he treated them with utter derision; but in 1674 he and his barbarian subjects, immensely enriched by plunder, and holding in slavery many hundreds of English captives, had become so daring and formidable that even Charles's feeble ministry felt compelled to bestir itself and to attempt to put an end to these piratical attacks, so detrimental to British commerce and menacing to the life and liberty of British subjects. Accordingly a squadron was sent out under the command of Sir John Narborough, and young Charles Mordaunt, then about sixteen, soon after sailed in Admiral Torrington's ship to join the Mediterranean fleet as a volunteer. In 1675 he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in an action fought under the very guns of the Fort of Tripoli. Four corsairs were surprised; desperate fighting ensued; the vessels were

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burnt, the greater part of their crews killed, and those that escaped death imprisoned. Cloudesley Shovel, then a lieutenant, commanded, and was promoted for this daring achievement. Young Mordaunt was complimented on his great courage and the ability with which he had acquitted himself in the subordinate post intrusted to him. Another successful encounter brought the Dey to terms. His enraged people immediately deposed him, and further fighting ensued, resulting in his successor being equally glad to sue for peace and to agree to all the Admiral's conditions.

Charles Mordaunt returned to England with the fleet in 1677. His father had died during his absence, at the age of forty-eight. On succeeding to the title he married, being then in his nineteenth year. His bride was the daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser, of Mearns. But domestic life proved to be so much less congenial to him than one of excitement and wild adventure, that we find him, in the following year, leaving his young wife and again setting out, as a volunteer, to look after the pirates of the Barbary coast. At Portsmouth he joined the *Bristol*, 42-gun frigate. The chaplain of this ship, Teonge, relates, in his quaint diary, that, during some very blustering weather in the Bay of Biscay, being unable to perform his duties as chaplain, Lord Mordaunt asked Captain Langston's permission to preach in his stead the next day, Sunday. Teonge, lying sick in his berth, heard something of their conversation, but, knowing that his lordship was very far from being a religious man, did not suppose his request made in seriousness. To his dismay, he found out that Lord Mordaunt was sitting up all night composing and rehearsing a sermon for the morrow; that he intended to read prayers, and had appointed Mr. Norwood, his secretary, to act as his clerk, and to sing the Psalms. Regarding this more as a profane joke than a desire to edify the ship's crew, Teonge, in great agitation of mind, and still suffering from sea-sickness, yet thought it his duty to prevent this great scandal. He "found the zealous lord," he tells us, "in the greate cabin discoursing with the captain, and whom I did so handle in a smarte and shorte discourse, that he went out of the cabin in a greate wrathe." Prevented from preaching, "the Reverent Lord was so vexed that he borrowed the carpenter's tools and worked all day, himself, in nailing up his hangings. Being done on the Sabbath," continues the pious Teonge, "and no necessity, I do hope the worke will not be longe lived." In various ways, according to Teonge, Lord Mordaunt made himself extremely disagreeable on board, and Captain Langston, though much irritated by his behavior, "hesitated to take any steps against him." For in those days, *noblesse*, it appears, did not *oblige* its possessor to observe the rules of courtesy, but rather gave him an immunity from any such obligation, when he chose to make use of his privilege. But the worthy Teonge when he wrote up his diary was perhaps, himself, in a "greate wrathe," and unconsciously exaggerated a little—for Mordaunt was always considered a model of courtesy. However, the *Bristol* soon fell in with the Admiral's ship *Rupert*, and Mordaunt and his retinue transferred themselves to her. "So his Sunday's worke is come to nothinge," writes Teonge, exultingly.

In the course of the next few years Lord Mordaunt made several voyages to the Mediterranean, and took part, as a volunteer, in many desperate engagements with the still troublesome Algerine pirates, who had then learned to know him as their relentless foe. On returning from these expeditions, he would assiduously devote himself to the acquirement of classic learning and to the study of the works of the best English and foreign writers.

He held much aloof, at that time, from the unsatisfying gayeties of the Court, and took every opportunity of thwarting its aims and views. "Charles, the voluptuary, and James, the bigot," he thought equally unfit to reign; and he had the courage to express his hearty sympathy with Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney, both of whom he accompanied to the scaffold. Though still so young, he was a very formidable opponent—displaying toward James, especially, a most persistent enmity, and giving the most zealous support to the party that sought to exclude him from the throne.

On the 9th of November, 1685, he addressed the House of Peers in one of the most remarkable speeches of the day, on the subject of James's violation of the Test Act and the determination he had expressed to maintain and increase the standing army, "whose services," he said, "he might soon be in need of."

Mordaunt spoke with characteristic eloquence, sprightliness and audacity, and blamed the Commons for not taking a bolder line. "A standing army exists," he said, "and it is officered by Papists. We have no foreign enemy; we have no rebellion in the land. For what then, is this force maintained, except for the purpose of subverting our laws and establishing that arbitrary power so justly abhorred by Englishmen?" Yet this inveterate opponent of Popery and despotic power, though he chose to uphold an independent faith and constitutional king, had no real attachment to either. They were, in his estimation, the least of a choice of evils that threatened to befall the country, and he had begun to look for them in the direction of Holland.

Lord Mordaunt's vehement and fearless public denunciation of the acts of James and his government drew upon him so much hostile feeling, that in 1686 he left England, giving out that he proposed to accept a command in the Dutch fleet.

William of Orange then kept a very vigilant eye on English affairs, and exercised considerable influence over them. The impatient Mordaunt urged him to action, but the more prudent William preferred to remain quiet until the Princess Mary's undisputed title should give him a right to govern.

At the Hague, Mordaunt met the philosopher, John Locke, with whom he formed a firm friendship, and for several years kept up an interesting correspondence.

But at length James had exhausted the forbearance of his subjects, and William—impelled, as he professed to believe, by a sacred duty—assembled his fleet, embarked his army, and sailed from the Flats, near Brill, on the 20th of October, 1688. He was accompanied by Lord Mordaunt and other notabilities who had sought a refuge in Holland. Admiral Herbert commanded, and William's flag bore the motto, "The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England."

A heavy storm came on; the ships were separated, and news of the supposed destruction of the fleet reached James while conversing with the French Minister, De Barillon. He relates that, "In a tone of animation quite unusual with him, the king laughingly exclaimed: 'At last, then, the wind has turned Papist,' adding with lowered voice, and much seriousness, 'for three days I have had the Holy Sacrament carried in procession.'

His exultation was doomed to be but short-lived. The Dutch fleet ran before the gale, received no damage, and no lives were lost. On the third day the ships reassembled and made for the Straits. On the 4th of November—William's birthday and wedding-day—his fleet was discovered off the Isle of Wight. Mordaunt immediately landed on the Dorset coast to raise troops in the name of the "Liberator," William of Orange. His energy and enthusiasm incited the men of Dorset and the adjoining counties to flock to his standard by hundreds, and on the 8th he began his march. Exeter surrendered to his first summons. There

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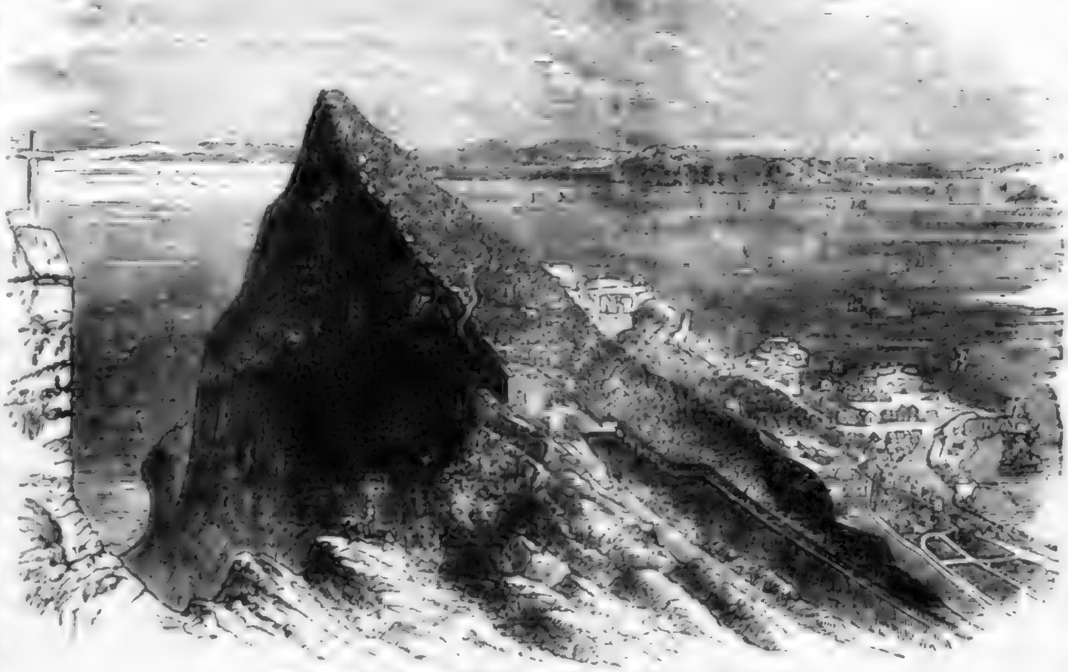
was an enthusiastic reception of the "Champion of Protestantism"; and the flight of James and the accession of William and Mary soon followed.

Lord Mordaunt, for his great services, was created Earl of Monmouth—the title of his maternal grandfather being revived in his favor—a Lord of the Bedchamber, Custos Rotulorum of Northampton, and captain of a regiment of cavalry of which King William was colonel, and which, headed by Lord Monmouth, as he was now called, formed part of the pageant that accompanied William and Mary from Whitehall on the occasion of their grand state visit to the city. Lord Monmouth also obtained for his friend Locke the offer of the post of envoy to the Court of Berlin; but the philosopher preferred retirement, and excused himself from accepting this mark of Monmouth's friendship and William's favor.

The King's first speech, prepared by himself, for the opening of his Parliament in 1689, when submitted to the Council, was—Lord Monmouth excepted—unanimously approved. He took objection to the phrase, "The Church of England is *one of the greatest supports* of the Protestant religion." In reference to him, William altered it to "*is the chief support,*" etc.



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR FROM THE SIGNAL STATION.

This occurrence, though seemingly of little moment, was much commented upon, and gave rise to the suspicion that the man whose cause he had so lately upheld, and the success of which his own exertions had greatly contributed to bring about, was already obnoxious to him. From Monmouth's well-known restlessness of spirit and constant craving for excitement, he was generally regarded as dangerous to both friends and foes. The line of conduct he would adopt, or continue to pursue when adopted, could never be foreseen or relied upon.

Honors or emoluments for himself he disregarded; but it is said that at this time his demands for places of trust, as rewards to the friends who had aided him in opposing James and preparing the way for William, quite outran the patience and sense of obligation of the latter, and that he replied to one of Monmouth's requests, "I have done for your friends all I will do, all I can do, and much more than, justly, I ought to have done." But such a speech would have made the irascible noble lord the irreconcilable enemy of the constitutional king he had helped to set up.

Like many other royal speeches, this one was probably invented for William, or he would scarcely have placed Lord Monmouth, shortly after, at the head of the Treasury, and appointed him one of the Council of Nine—"the nine kings"—who were to advise the Queen and help her to govern during the absence of William in Ireland. Queen Mary had, however, talent and shrewdness enough to govern her Council, instead of being governed by it, and to conceal the fact that she trusted none of them. Six were believed to be in constant communication with the "exile of St. Germain," the other three amusing themselves with some one of the numerous more or less harmless plots then afloat.

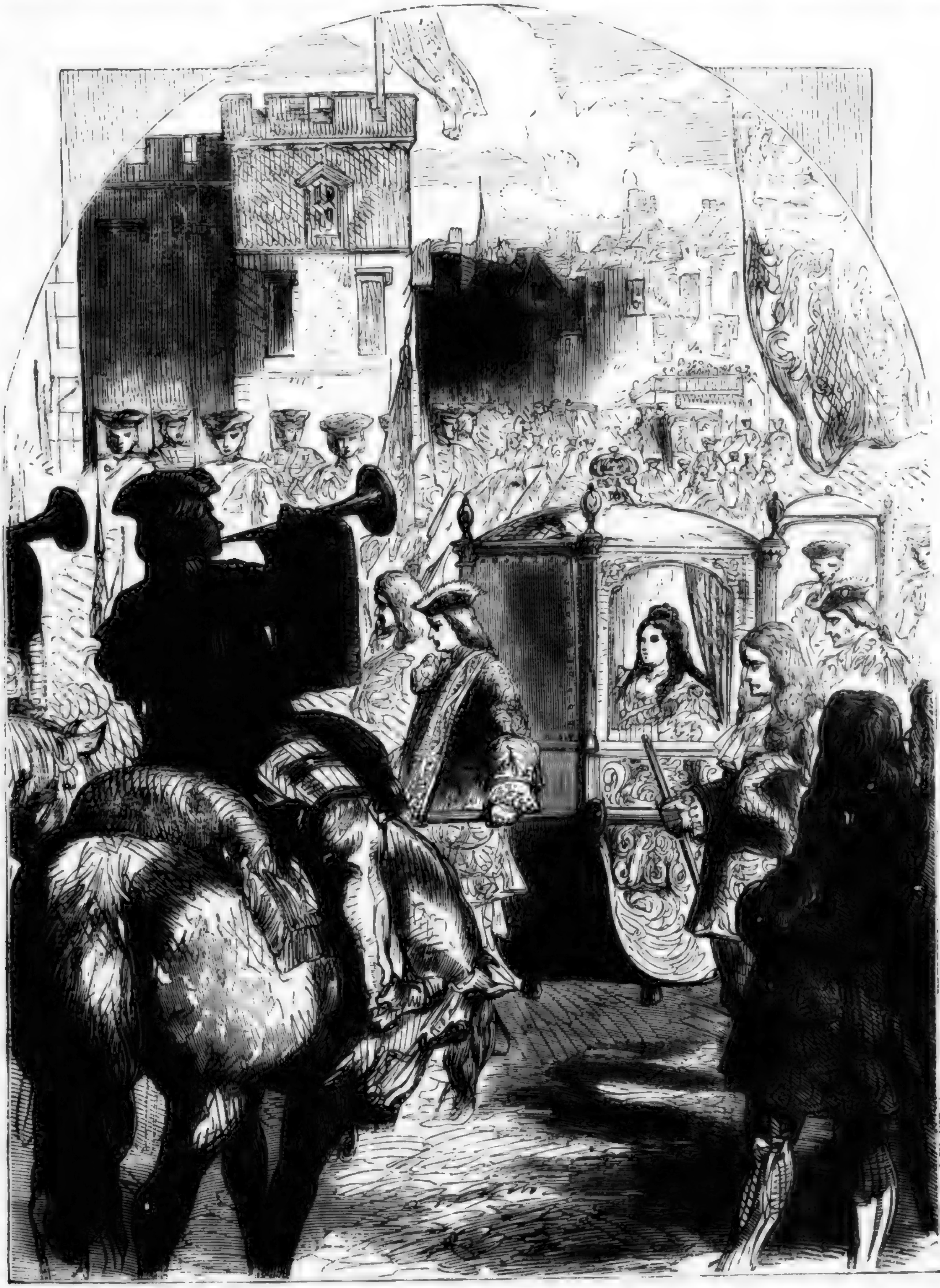
Monmouth she particularly distrusted; and when he placed before her the famous "lemon letters"—a supposed intercepted correspondence, in which all the secrets of the Council were detailed for the benefit of James—and insinuated that they were the work of an enemy in their camp, the Queen at once attributed their authorship to him, and the copying of them, in lemon, to Major Wildman, a notorious intriguer, and Monmouth's secretary. She judged him from Burnet's point of view, which was not a very favorable one; for, while admitting that he was brave and generous, the bishop considered that he had "no true judgment," that he was "a man of much heat, and full of discourse, his thoughts crude and indigested, and his secrets soon known."

Though at the head of the Treasury, his dislike to financial business was so great that he soon wearied of his office, gave little attention to its duties, and in 1690 retired from it. Politics were more congenial to him, and his time was then fully occupied in persecuting the Tories. Such leisure as he had he devoted to love-making, verse-making, dressing and traveling to and fro between Whitehall and Fulham—his unceasing activity in these various pursuits affording the wits of the day a subject for many a *bon mot* and epigram. His regiment being stationed at Portsmouth, he put in a claim to the command of a vessel, intending to join Admiral Torrington's squadron, and expecting to receive the Queen's orders to exercise some sort of control over its movements. A French fleet was then in the channel, and before Monmouth could reach Portsmouth an engagement had taken place off Beachy Head, in which Admiral Torrington was defeated.

In 1691-2, he served with distinction under King William, in Flanders. At the end of the campaign a coolness sprang up between them, which, on Monmouth's part soon grew into intense dislike. He became disgusted with the world, and for the next three years withdrew from public life, seeking solace in "graceful indolence" and perfect retirement at Fulham.

He was extremely fond of gardening, and often worked with his laborers in the fine grounds and gardens of the

Parson's Green mansion. They were more than twenty acres in extent, and laid out and planted from Monmouth's own designs, and were then "unsurpassed in the fine taste displayed in their arrangement." He had a magnolia tree seventy-six feet high, and he gave so much time to horticulture that the fruits and flowers he raised were brought to most unusual perfection.



QUEEN ANNE GOING TO PARLIAMENT.

One would expect to learn something of his domestic life while he sojourned in this pleasant retreat; but although he had an accomplished and amiable wife, two sons and a daughter (she afterward became Duchess of Gordon), he and his family seemed to have lived "parted lives," sharing but little, scarcely at all, in each other's amusements, joys or sorrows. Indeed, so little enjoyment did he find in domestic life, that when not wholly occupied with some favorite pastime or study, or in entertaining—often with

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foreign dishes of his own cooking—the wits and choice spirits of that day, he divided his time in paying assiduous court to one or more of its flaunting, unscrupulous *belles*, and in drinking, gambling, and a course of unrestrained, reckless profligacy. For what is astonishing in a man of his, in many respects, high character and intellect, he had the miserable weakness of desiring to be thought even "worse than the worst" of the dissolute, swaggering fops of the period.

In 1696, Sir John Fenwick's plot against the king's life was discovered, and Lord Monmouth, growing weary of seclusion, took an active part in the proceedings. The bill of attainder, after a great party struggle, was carried in the Commons by twenty-three votes. In the Lords, papers were read incriminating Lords Marlborough and Shrewsbury, and other Whig peers suspected of holding treasonable intercourse with James. Marlborough denied the charge. His denial was accepted. He then disdainfully pronounced it "the invention of Lord Monmouth—the worst of men." Monmouth, disregarding this, spoke undauntedly and with fervor and eloquence for upward of two hours in favor of the attainder, and the bill was carried by a majority of seven. The unfortunate Sir John Fenwick, being condemned to death, turned upon his inveterate antagonist, and accused him of having endeavored to make a tool of him in order to injure certain persons toward whom he had an ill-will. A paper handed over to the House by Lady Fenwick contained very explicit directions as to the manner in which Sir John's defense should be conducted, so as to afford him a loop-hole for escape, while it implicated those peers against whom it had been attempted to advance treasonable charges.

The notorious Duchess of Norfolk was produced as a witness against Monmouth. She asserted that he had confided this paper to her, to be delivered to Sir John through the agency of his wife. Some exception was taken to her trustworthiness as a witness. The duke (who had sought a dissolution of his marriage with her on account of her numerous gallantries, and had hitherto been baffled by the ardor with which Lord Monmouth, her first cousin, had espoused her cause), replied:

"My Lord Monmouth thought her good enough to be wife to me; I am sure she is good enough to be a witness against him."

These disclosures caused great sensation. With all his faults, his boastful skepticism, immoral private life, and unbounded license of speech, the honor of the chivalrous Lord Monmouth, the uncompromising enemy of corruption, had never been questioned. But now, amidst general disgust and horror, he was accused of vindictive subornation. He solemnly denied the charge. Then, in his usual forcible style—now persuasive, now pointedly sarcastic, witty, contemptuous, fiery, indignant—he declaimed for some hours; with ready inventiveness turning against his opponents the arguments they had used to bring discredit on him. "I have built no palaces," he said, "I have bought no estates, yet I am £20,000 poorer than when I began public life."

In the course of his speech he made some very severe but very just reflections on the character and conduct of Lord Jeffreys, whose title, and a large portion of his infamously acquired wealth, had been inherited by his son, a dissolute young man, just of age, and who was then present in the House. Wrathfully he rose up and threw back on the reviler the opprobrium cast upon his father's name. The violence of the disputants forced the House to interfere, and to exact a promise that the matter should go no further.

Monmouth was declared guilty of the charges brought against him. He was deprived of all his offices; his name was struck out of the council-book, and he was committed to the Tower. "Violent as a caged falcon," and solely occupied in devising wild schemes for obtaining freedom and avenging himself, "he would have died had he been long detained." His term of imprisonment was, therefore, made short; but the stigma remained attached to his name, and he was so poor that he talked of "taking to farming and making a dairymaid of his countess."

The elasticity of his nature, however, was not easily subdued, and when, after his liberation and on his uncle's death, he exchanged the tainted title of Monmouth for the leading one of Peterborough, his spirit rose higher than ever. By that title he is best known, and by his subsequent deeds he unquestionably gave it lustre and renown. It brought him but a small addition to his income; his predecessor having been as extravagant as he himself was lavish. The lands and family residence at Drayton the late earl had bequeathed to his daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, at whose death it was settled, after some litigation, that they were to revert to his nephew.

For some considerable time Lord Peterborough withdrew almost entirely from public life. He went abroad, visited France, and at Cambrai was the guest of its celebrated archbishop, the amiable Fénelon, with whose conversation and character he was greatly delighted. He discoursed with him on religion, and, notwithstanding his professed skepticism, was so much struck by Fénelon's precepts, and affected by their exemplification in his mode of life, that he wrote, "If I remain with him another week I shall be a Christian in spite of myself."

In 1701 his eldest son, Lord Henry Mordaunt, then just of age, was elected member for Chippenham, and at about the same time Lord Peterborough reappeared in public life. King William had seen reason to pardon his past offense and again to place confidence in him. He was deputed to conduct the affairs for the negotiation of the Grand Alliance against France, which he successfully accomplished. He had latterly paid great court to Lady Marlborough, and had established a correspondence with her. His wit, playful fancy, and the pretty compliments and delicate flatteries he addressed to her, had won her over to his interests and secured her good offices in effecting a reconciliation with her husband, with whose rising fortunes his own (after William's death) rose also.

And now began the Spanish War of Succession, in which England supported the claim of the Archduke Charles, afterward Charles the Sixth, Emperor of Austria, against that of the grandson of Louis the Fourteenth, Philip the Fifth, who, by the will of Charles the Second of Spain, had been nominated his successor. All England then raged with indignation against the French King; for Louis, contrary to the advice of his Council, had, on the death of James, acknowledged his son, the Pretender, as King of England. He was moved thereto by the tears of the ex-Queen, Maria de Modena, and the entreaties of Madame de Maintenon. The English nation felt insulted by this pretension to exercise despotic power in Europe. "Are we to yield," it was said, "to the will of a sovereign who has employed fire and sword and the galleys to exterminate the Protestants of his own country?" William was to take the command of the armies in the Spring of 1702, but in the interval he died. He was riding a sorrel pony that belonged to the ill-fated Sir John Fenwick; the animal stumbled on a stone and threw his rider, who, already in an enfeebled state of health, did not rally from the effects of the accident. Queen Anne, following the will of the people, carried out the plans of her predecessor.

Lord Peterborough, still "all air and fire," was formidable by his dauntless courage, and popular from those amiable qualities that contrasted so strangely with his vices.

Taking advantage of the favor in which he stood with "the great Sarah," and of her personal influence with the Queen, he solicited employment, and, through her interest, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Northamptonshire, Governor of Jamaica and Commander-in-chief of the fleet and army about to be dispatched to the West Indies to destroy the rich Spanish settlements. This expedition was afterward abandoned for that sent to Spain to support the claims of the Archduke Charles. The chief command of it, both naval and military, was given to Lord Peterborough. And thus, while "the cool-headed Marlborough was reaping glory in the Netherlands, his hot-headed, impetuous friend," and, in some sort, rival, "was reveling in the daring and hazardous adventures of a partisan leader."

"The English," says Voltaire, "were under the orders of one of the most extraordinary men his country ever produced—the Earl of Peterborough—a man who resembled in every respect those heroes with whose exploits the inventive imagination of the Spaniards has filled so many romances. He had lost, given away and regained a fortune more than once. He now carried on the war in Spain partly at his own expense, and also provided for the Archduke and the whole of his retinue."

On the 21st of July, 1704, Gibraltar was taken, its easy conquest being chiefly owing to the false security of its small garrison, composed of about one hundred of the citizens. Disregarding the enemy's guns, and trusting in the supposed impregnability of the fortress, they neglected their duty and allowed a party of sailors from the Vice-Admiral's (Sir George Rooke) ship to approach unmolested under the Mole and to reach the battery, of which they took possession. A detachment of 1800 soldiers followed, and Gibraltar surrendered to the English. The great importance of the service Sir George Rooke had rendered in the taking of Gibraltar did not prevent his recall when, shortly after, having fallen in off Malaga with the French admiral's fleet, a naval battle took place with indecisive results.

In little more than six weeks the indefatigable Lord Peterborough had conquered Valencia and Catalonia for the Archduke Charles. His siegé of Barcelona has been considered one of the most daring and brilliant military achievements on record. The Duke of Darmstadt, who commanded under him, perished in the entrenchments, which were carried sword in hand.

> "A shell bursts in the fort, the powder magazine explodes, the fort is taken, the city capitulates. A parley takes place at the gates, between Lord Peterborough and Don Francisco de Velano, the Viceroy. The articles are not yet signed, when, suddenly, fearful cries rend the air, and flames are seen ascending from one part of the city. 'You betray us,' exclaimed the Viceroy; 'we capitulated in good faith, while your English troops have entered by the ramparts and are now slaughtering our people, and pillaging and burning our houses!' 'You mistake,' replied Peterborough; 'they are Darmstadt's Germans, not Englishmen; and I see but one way of saving your city. Allow me and the officers of my staff, with the English troops now with us, to enter immediately; I will speedily put a stop to these outrages; then return to conclude with you here the terms of capitulation.' His air of truth, and the lofty tone of his address, together with the pressing danger of the moment, induced the Viceroy to consent to his proposition. The gates were thrown open, and Peterborough, followed by his staff, dashed through the streets of Barcelona. The German and Catalonian soldiers, joined by some of the rabble, were sacking the houses of the principal citizens. Rushing upon them, he compelled them to desist, and to restore the plunder they were about to make off with. Having, as he had promised, put a stop to the outrages, and restored order amongst the troops, Peterborough returned to the city gates to sign with the Viceroy the terms of capitulation."

He afterward happened to fall in with a party of brutal Catalonian soldiers who were carrying off the beautiful young Duchess de Populi. Naturally, she had fainted from terror, when fortunately the gallant Peterborough rode up. The sight of beauty in distress would at any time have nerved the arm of our hero to scatter a host; the conduct of these semi-barbarous soldiers inflamed him still more, and he immediately struck down two or three of them, and promptly rescued the lady. The enraged and baffled ruffians, on recovering from their consternation at the sudden and furious attack on them, fired some shots after her valiant deliverer. But both he and the trembling fair one escaped unhurt. He rode away with her in triumph and placed her in the arms of her husband, who was encountered in frantic pursuit of her. The chivalry, heroism, and magnanimity of their conqueror astonished the Barcelonians. They knew that the English were heretics—therefore, as they had imagined, necessarily destitute of the principles of honor and the common feelings of humanity. Their admiration of Lord Peterborough, whose conduct had dispelled this error, at once became boundless.

But some portion of the populace, burning with resentment toward the Viceroy for offering to capitulate—though their city by that means alone was saved from the horrors of a sack—rose up furiously against him, and probably would have put him to death had not the heroic Peterborough stepped in to save him. He resolved that such a stain should not rest on him as the assassination of the man who had intrusted his life to him. He inquired of Don Francisco what part of Spain he wished to retire to, then gave him a guard of 800 men to conduct him through the conquered provinces to his destination in safety. Many ladies of high rank had taken refuge in the convents, and over these the gallant Commander-in-chief placed a strong guard. This gained him general esteem and admiration, especially with the priests and the ladies, whose confidence it was a part of Peterborough's policy to acquire, and to keep up a good understanding with them. To please the *belles* of Barcelona, he gave balls and bull-fights, and entertained the people of distinction magnificently. For the royal entry of Charles he arranged a splendid pageant, and as the people thronged in to see the sight, he stood in a balcony of the temporarily prepared palace, and threw out handfuls of dollars amongst the crowd. So highly was he favored by the clergy, that he was even requested to say where he would wish the services of his own religion to be performed. He replied, "I shall, myself, have conveniency enough to worship God in whatever place my quarters may be. As for the rest of the army, they shall follow strictly the rules of war, and perform divine service among themselves without causing disturbance or giving offense to any one"—so politic was the respect he publicly showed to the religion he reviled. While in Valencia, two of his officers had contrived to obtain secret meetings with two young nuns, and had persuaded them to elope from their convent. When this was discovered, the sensation it caused was so great, the feeling of horror it inspired so overwhelming, that the delinquents, fearing the vengeance of the people, secretly decamped, leaving the poor, helpless girls to their fate. They were seized by their incensed relatives, and delivered over to the tender mercies of the heads of their convent, who condemned them to confinement in a dark cell and the lingering death of starvation. This was cruelty the chivalric Lord Peterborough was not disposed to tolerate. The disgraceful conduct of his officers had made him furious, but their victims he vowed he would rescue, even from the iron grasp of the Church. He first made an appeal on their behalf to their families. In vain. "A nun violate her vows and be pardoned?" "Forbid it, Heaven!" As no time could be lost, he then addressed himself to the convent authorities, making known that, failing to persuade, he was ready to employ force. He had won great respect and

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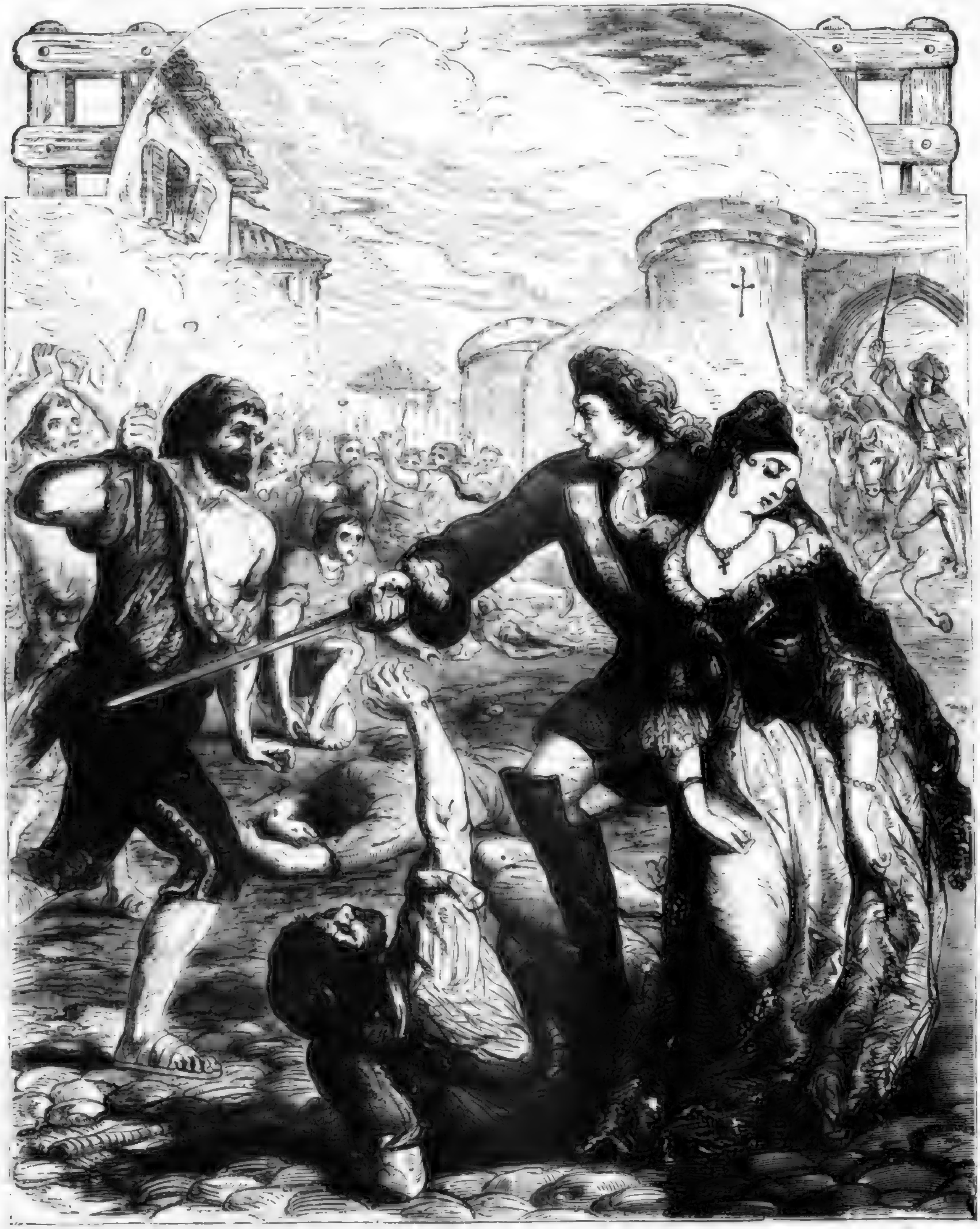

LORD PETERBOROUGH'S RESCUE OF THE COUNTESS POPOLI.

much influence in Valencia by his magnanimity toward the people he had conquered; and this, aided by substantial bribes to ecclesiastics and others in authority, obtained, first a mitigation of the cruel sentence, and, by Peterborough's perseverance, the pardon of the erring sisters was secured.

The French tried to retake Barcelona. The Count de Toulouse blockaded it with twenty-five ships; Marshal Tessé besieged it with a large force of horse and foot. But Peterborough's forces defeated the French both by sea and land—Marshal Tessé abandoning his wounded to the victor's mercy, to the number of 1,500. Many of these owed their lives to the humanity of the noble Commander-in-chief, who gave orders that they should receive the same care as his own disabled men. His Spanish campaign has been called "an epitome of his life," as in the course of it "he displayed some of the highest qualities of human nature and not a few of the lowest." Queen Anne sent him the additional appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to the "Catholic King" whom her forces and their commander had helped to enthrone. But her ministers thought his dispatches too informal, and indicating the possession of more wit than discretion in their writer.

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One of the most extraordinary exploits of the campaign was his daring pursuit, with only 150 dragoons, of General Las Torres and his detachment of 7,000 men. Supposing that his pursuer had an army following to support him, Las Torres fled from town to town with the utmost precipitation. The art employed to keep up the deception, the perseverance in it, the audacious summoning of the garrison of Villa Real to a parley; the bold capture of 200 horses, with which he mounted the weary remnant of Lord Burgoyne's regiment of infantry—giving the officers cavalry commissions —are feats that can here only be named; but in the wildest pages of romance alone can they find a parallel. From both friends and foes he is said to have effectually concealed his military plans, and any calculation as to the course he would probably take was sure to prove erroneous. But he so exulted in the desperate chances of war, that a sudden resolve, a happy chance, insensibility to fear, and the "spirit of malignant fun" which always seemed to impel him, more frequently led to his victories than any well-combined strategical plans. The opinions of his generals respecting the conduct of the war were of course often adverse to his own; but the chief responsibility of it lay with him, and as success attended him to the end, to him belongs the chief glory of this brilliant campaign, as well as the further "merit of having led an army through a sanguinary war without the slightest imputation of injustice or cruelty from either friend or enemy."

The great Marlborough gained a dukedom and a splendid palace, and hoarded enormous wealth while in the public service; the gallant Peterborough nearly ruined himself, and often, out of his own pocket, paid the troops he led. He might have said with his contemporary, the distinguished French General, Duc de Villars — when replying to some envious murmurs of the courtiers who, under the Regency, had enriched themselves at the expense of the State— "*Pour moi, je n'ai mais rien gagné que sur les ennemis.*"

The campaign being ended Lord Peterborough embarked in the *Resolution*—commanded by his younger son—intending to land in Italy, and to proceed to Vienna, for the coronation of the Archduke — the "Catholic King" of Spain.

Off Leghorn the English fell in with a part of the French fleet, were fired into, and after a vigorous defense, in which the *Resolution* was much damaged, and her captain severely wounded, the vessel was run on shore, and they succeeded in escaping and in making their way to Turin. There Peterborough was obliged to leave his gallant son to recover from his wounds and fatigue. He was himself unhurt, and fatigue he knew not, but the delay had changed his plans. He, therefore, with great speed, crossed the continent and visited Marlborough in his camp at Genappe. Thence he went on to Sweden, to see Charles the Twelfth, of whom he wrote, "It is undecided whether he is very wise or very foolhardy; but he has 50,000 men mad enough to obey readily all his commands."

In August, 1707, Peterborough arrived in London, and was received with unbounded acclamation. The populace felt a pride in the hero and his dazzling achievements, and heartily welcomed him home from the field of glory. Poets and men of letters vied with each other in lauding his valor and magnanimity. Dr. Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, sounded his praises from the pulpit of the new cathedral of St. Paul's, and in the presence of the Queen, who ordered the dean's discourse to be published. Also, there was printed, "By command, 'The triumph of Her Majesty's Arms, both by sea and land, under the direction of His Excellency, Charles, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth.' The praises his *courage* everywhere met with were so overwhelming that though said to be "insatiably vain," he yet felt irritated by them rather than flattered, and on one occasion replied, with some acerbity, to a fulsome panegyrist, "Sir, show me a danger that I think imminent and real, and I promise you I shall be as much afraid as any of you." But the Archduke Charles, who had discovered, on the departure of Peterborough, that it was not the "Catholic King," but the magnanimous Commander-in-chief, who had gained the hearts of the Spaniards, secretly sent to the English courts complaints and charges against him. Consequently—great as was his popularity and the enthusiasm of his friends, who, like Lord Rochester, exalted his deeds, as "equaling if not exceeding in importance those of Marlborough"—he was not publicly thanked until after he had given in the Lords some explanation of recent affairs in Spain. The Queen was present on the occasion, and the sitting terminated with a formal and unanimous vote of thanks; also, in acknowledgment of his services, the Queen created him a Knight of the Garter.

In 1709 Lord Peterborough lost his wife, his two gallant sons—the elder a colonel in the Scots Fusilier Guards, the younger the brave commander of the *Resolution*—and some other members of his family, all within a few weeks, and by that terrible disease smallpox. But he was so much a man of action, and had found so little enjoyment in domestic life, that this sudden desolation of his home, an affliction that would have overwhelmed most men with grief, affected him but slightly—an apparent want of natural affection incompatible with greatness of mind. In the same year he was made a member of the Queen's Council, and sent on a special mission to Vienna, to settle the differences that had arisen between the Emperor and the Duke of Savoy. The instructions confided to him being at variance with his own views, he chose to adopt a different course from that which the Ministry had recommended to the Queen. The consequence was a letter of recall, which he returned with his dispatches, not even deigning to notice it. But when his business at Vienna was concluded, he sent home by express an account of it; then leaving servants, baggage, etc., to follow when ready, he set out alone, and traveled with a rapidity that seemed marvelous in those days of rough roads and ponderous slow coaches, and reached London before his dispatches—surprising the Queen, who received him most graciously, by his unexpected appearance at Kensington to give a *viva voce* account of his proceedings.

"This hero was small in person and singularly spare, but had great capability of endurance. Hardship and fatigue told not upon him; and unusual, indeed, must have been the powers of the slender frame that fulfilled the behests of so indomitable a spirit." His appearance, when a young man, was prepossessing. He had a very lively eye, keen in its glances; rather prominent features, brown hair and clear complexion. Dean Swift's doggerel verses convey some idea of his appearance and the restless activity for which he was so remarkable:

> "A skeleton in outward figure;
> His meagre corps, though full of vigor,
> Would halt behind them were it bigger.
>
> In journeys, he outrides the post,
> Sits up till midnight with his host,
> Talks politics and gives the toast.
>
> So wonderful his expedition,
> When you have not the least suspicion,
> He's with you like an apparition.
>
> Shines in all climates like a star;
> In senates bold and firm in war;
> A land commander and a tar."

Later in life he became "extremely meagre, and his long

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thin face wore the fretful, impatient expression of his disposition." In his portraits he is represented in the fashionable full wig of the period. Though differing so greatly in person from the handsome Duke of Marlborough, yet one day, after the popularity of that great commander had declined, Peterborough was followed by a mob, who jeered at and insulted him by many offensive epithets, believing him to be their but recently much-lauded duke. Very coolly he reined in his horse, and, turning toward his assailants, said: "Gentlemen, I have two means of convincing you that I am not the great personage you take me to be: first, I have but five guineas in my pocket; secondly, they are at your service." He then threw them amongst the crowd that had collected around to listen, and quietly rode on, followed by deafening cheers and loud hurrahs.

After the Peace of Utrecht the governorship of Minorca was given to him, but he did not enter upon its duties. On the death of Queen Anne, who regarded Lord Peterborough favorably, his influence at court declined, and George the First received him but coldly. The general depravity of society in the reign of the boorish king, and the evils arising from the open profaneness of the many atheistic clubs that then flourished "under distinguished patronage," induced Lord Willoughby de Broke to introduce a bill, the object of which was to give a check, at least, to the increasing profanity of those infamous infidel meetings. The clause, "That it be made a penal offense to speak against the Thirty-nine Articles," was resolutely opposed, and by none more vehemently than by Lord Peterborough. In the course of his speech he said: "I am for a parliamentary king, but not for a parliamentary God."

Early in 1714 he married the operatic singer Anastasia Robinson—the *prima donna* of her day—and induced her to consent to their marriage remaining private for a time, Lady Oxford attending it as witness and friend. Anastasia, having a remarkably fine voice, had become a public singer in order to avert the poverty that threatened her family when her father, attacked by a disorder in the eyes, was compelled to give up his profession of portrait-painter. She made her *début* in 1712, in Bononcini's opera of *Griselda*, with great success, which her subsequent performances confirmed. Very soon her professional income exceeded £2,000 a year, which was then considered a large one, even for a *prima donna*. She maintained this position till 1722, when a circumstance occurred that obliged her to retire from a profession always uncongenial to her, but which in deference to her noble husband she had continued to follow. He who had braved public opinion in all other matters shrank from acknowledging his wife. Yet she was a woman of irreproachable character, well-educated, ladylike, of very pleasing manners, and held in general respect. Lord Peterborough always spoke of her as his "best friend," and invariably accompanied her to and from the opera. Her apparently equivocal connection with him exposed her, however, to many very unpleasant annoyances, and at last Senesimo, an Italian singer, presumed to make advances which she thought insulting. Peterborough was then in the theatre; Anastasia sought him and complained to him bitterly of the insults she was subjected to. With his usual impetuosity he rushed on the stage, seized Senesimo, dragged him off, and compelled him to go on his knees before the lady he had insulted and to ask her pardon. This affair caused immense sensation, and was for some time "the talk of the town," but the town, from that day, heard no more the voice of its favorite *prima donna*.

Many were the jests this occurrence gave rise to at his lordship's expense. General Lord Stanhope—between whom and Lord Peterborough a coolness existed, owing to some differences of opinion respecting the conduct of the Spanish campaign—venturing to make a few witty remarks on the "irrepressible spirit of the old Don Quixote," was immediately challenged by him. Lord Delamere consented to act as his second; but the affair being discovered, both parties to it were put under arrest, and only released on a promise that no further hostile steps should be taken.

But Peterborough had not, even then, the generosity to own that his "best friend" had for eight years been his wife. She lived with her mother in a very pretty cottage at Fulham, near the mansion of her lord and master; often assisting, with Bononcini and other operatic celebrities, at his musical entertainments, many of his guests being aware that she had really a right to be there as their hostess. Amongst his minor accomplishments, "my lord piqued himself on his talent for cooking," and often, in the costume of a *chef de cuisine*, prepared a specimen of his skill, as a *cordon bleu* of the art, to please the palates of those choice spirits of the age who frequently assembled at Parson's Green. Amongst them came Swift, Pope, Prior, Lewis, Gay, and many others distinguished for their wit and learning. Peterborough began to be fond of "fighting his battles over again," a symptom of failing vigor. After listening to some of these marvelous tales, Swift, apparently giving little credence to them, wrote "'Tis the ramblingest, lying rogue on earth." But the Dean highly valued the letters of his friend, and had a great regard, even affection, for him, which he rather oddly expressed by, "I do dearly love the hang-dog." There was, indeed, something sympathetic in their eccentric natures, even to a touch of unsoundness of mind, with which Peterborough has been credited; and in their treatment, respectively, of those two devoted women, Stella and Anastasia, there were many points of resemblance.

In 1722 the Duke of Marlborough died, and at his funeral, "in splendor never paralleled," his former opponent, rival and friend attended as one of the ten chief mourners. In the same year the honorary distinction of General of the Marine Forces was conferred on Lord Peterborough. In 1727, George the First gave place to a second George, even more worthless than the first. Lord Peterborough was then in Paris. Being asked by a Frenchman, "*Sacre-t-on les rois chez vous, Milord?*" he answered, "*On les sacre, Monsieur, et parfois on les massacre.*"

Lady Peterborough still continued to live in seclusion, while her lord, in spite of his frequent ailings, rushed pretty frequently to and from France and other parts of the continent. While traveling in Italy, he was arrested at Bologna by order of Clement XI. His papers were seized, and he was confined for a month in Fort Urban. The English Government interfered, and the Pope apologized. But whether at home or abroad, he still kept up his various *amourettes* and the ridiculous amatory correspondence he had always more or less been engaged in with one or other of the fair and frail dames of fashion. The most notorious, and probably the last, of these effusive, epistolary love-affairs, was begun in 1723 with Mrs. Howard, afterward Countess of Suffolk, and continued till within a very short time of his death. The lady, who had already passed her fortieth year, was living with her husband. Peterborough was about sixty-five. She is described as "fair, remarkably young-looking, and charmingly dressed; neither brilliant nor witty, incapable of any keen feeling, and the type of a moral system whose morality is expediency, and whose religion is good breeding." Her lover addresses her in verse as "Chloe," praises her for "gentle wit" and beauty, with which his imagination rather than nature had endowed her. In prose, he tells her: "I can as well live without meat and sleep as without thinking of her who has possession of my soul," and so on in the same strain, for nearly twelve years. In the task of replying to these love-lorn epistles

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she had the assistance of the poet Gay; but the fact of his collaboration was a secret between him and the lady.

While Lord Peterborough amused himself, when health permitted, with this silly intrigue, his self-sacrificing, gentle wife lived alone in her cottage, summoned thence only when her lord required the services of an attendant and nurse. In his latter years his favorite residence was Bevis Mount, a small but beautifully situated villa with charming grounds, and overlooking the Southampton Water. On a fine broad lawn were arranged the trophies of his Spanish campaign, flags, guns and other weapons of war. Here, in 1732, finding the attention of his wife absolutely necessary in his infirm state of health, he urged her to join him, graciously permitting her to wear her wedding-ring. "The world," as he wrote to his fair *inamorata*, "had become so indifferent to him that he could even amuse himself with the thoughts of going out of it." But there was still so much vitality in that meagre, shrunken frame, that under Anastasia's kind care he rallied, and for a time Peterborough was almost himself again.

In 1735 he was attacked by so serious a complaint that he knew then that his end was near at hand. On the chance of eking out life yet a few months longer, he was ordered to Lisbon. The society of his wife had now become as indispensable to him as her thoughtful care and attentions, and he wished that she should accompany him. Her friends urged him to consider the unkindness and injustice of asking her to go with him in a dubious position, and she was herself roused by them firmly to object to doing so.

The preparations for his voyage went on, but found him still hesitating. One evening, however, he asked her to meet him next day at the apartment of his relative, Mr. Poyntz, in St. James's Palace.

> "She went, not knowing for what purpose, and found all the Mordaunt family assembled there, as she, and they, too, supposed, to bid him a last farewell. Presently he began to address them with much feeling, and, as he proceeded, with some slight return of the old animation. He told them of a lady, accomplished, talented, of spotless purity of life, endowed with exemplary patience and enduring affection, to whom he owed his best and happiest hours; his comfort in suffering and sorrow. His heart had always done her the justice which his weakness and vanity, he said, had refused her, and that he had loved her with a true and abiding love. That lady, he continued, had been always his best friend, and for twenty-one years his affectionate and devoted wife. He then rose from his seat, took Anastasia by the hand, and presented her to his relations as Lady Peterborough."

Unprepared for this scene, poor Anastasia was so overwhelmed with emotion that she fainted. They afterward returned to Bevis Mount, where Pope paid him a visit, to take a final leave of his friend. Before leaving England, at Peterborough's desire, he and Anastasia were again married, as the clergyman who had performed the first ceremony was dead. On the voyage he suffered greatly. He survived his arrival at Lisbon only a few days, and on the 25th of October, 1735, with his "best friend" by his bedside, calmly breathed his last. So passed away the eccentric Lord Peterborough and Monmouth—if not a great man, at least an extraordinary one, endowed with many great qualities. "Brave to temerity," says one of his biographers, "liberal to profusion, courteous in his dealings with enemies, a protector of the oppressed, an adorer of woman"—"the last of the knights-errant." "He lived," said Walpole, "a romance, but was capable of making it a history."

He had kept from an early age a minute record of his actions, opinions and feelings. In his later years he prepared it, in the form of a memoir, for posthumous publication, and intrusted it with the rest of his papers to his wife. After examining both, she considered that she would best show her respect for his memory and the honor of his name by destroying them. Perhaps she was right; yet their destruction was a loss to posterity, for they would, doubtless, have helped to unravel many a mystery of the policy and diplomacy of the governments he served under, and, from the playful sarcasm he delighted in, have afforded many a piquant picture of the court life and society of his day.

A STATE GOVERNED BY WOMEN.

Among the colonial possessions, or more correctly, dependencies, of Holland, there is a remarkable little State which, in its constitution and the original costume of its inhabitants, surpasses the boldest dreams of the advocates of women's rights. In the Island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, is the kingdom of Bantam, which, although tributary to Holland, is an independent State, politically without importance, yet happy, rich, and since time immemorial, governed and defended by women. The sovereign is indeed a man, but all the rest of the government belongs to the fair sex. The king is entirely dependent upon his State Council, composed of three women. The highest authorities, military commanders, and soldiers are, without exception, of the female sex. The men are agriculturists and merchants. The body-guard of the king is of the *élite*. These amazons ride in the masculine style, wearing sharp steel points instead of spurs. They carry a pointed lance, which they swing very gracefully, and also a musket, which is discharged at full gallop. The throne is inheritable by the eldest son. In case the king dies without issue a hundred amazons assemble to choose a successor from among their sons. The chosen one is then proclaimed lawful king. The capital city of this little State lies in the most picturesque part of the island, in a fruitful plain, and is defended by two well-kept fortresses.

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

According to popular belief, the extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water, by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment at the spot where the rainbow is drinking, can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there, the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds.

Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingen, in Swabia. It broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred gulden for it. At Tübingen, people used to run to the end of the rainbow, which appeared to be resting over the Neckar or the Steinlach, to secure the golden dish.

Usually, it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heirloom in the family, for it brings good luck. A shepherd in the Swabian Alp once found such a dish, and he never afterward lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Heubach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot.

Small, round gold coins, marked with a cross or star, are frequently found in Swabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from the rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest, the rainbow uses a golden goblet, which is afterward dropped. A shoe thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex—men become women and *vice versa*.

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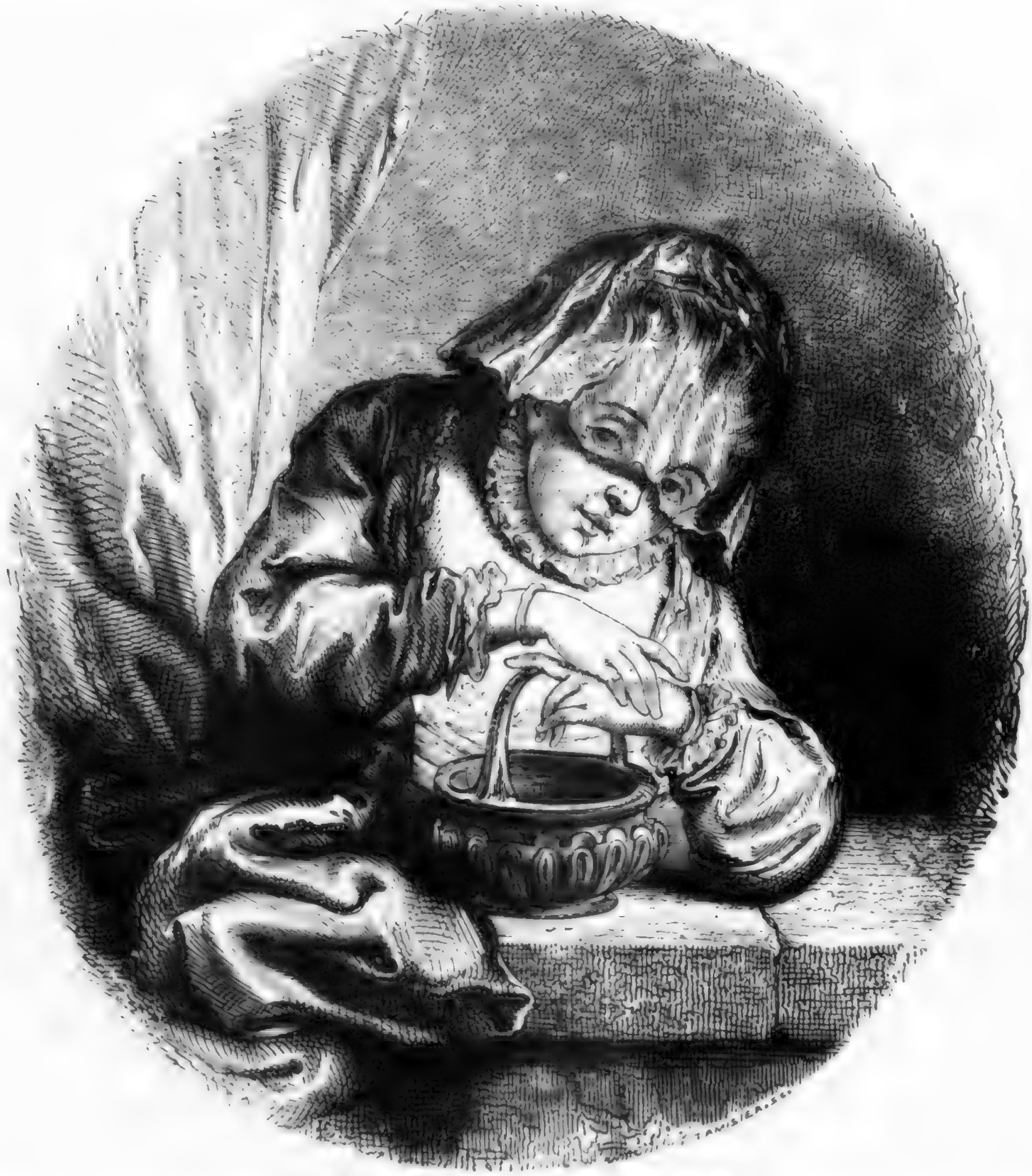
LA FRILEUSE,"

BY THE FRENCH PAINTER GREUZE.

JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE was born in Tournus, Burgundy, in 1725, and died in Paris, March 25th, 1805. He commenced his career as a portrait-painter, but, failing in that department, he devoted himself to pictures of *genre*. His first works in this class, "A Father Explaining the Scriptures to his Family" and "The Paralytic Father," gained him admission to the French Academy as an Associate. He soon after went to Rome to study the old masters, as he had an ambition to become an historical painter; he, however, soon saw that his forte was *genre*, and so he wisely abandoned the heroic school. His pictures are highly prized by collectors, and command enormous prices. Among the most celebrated are "La Frileuse" (of this we give an exact copy), "La Jeune Nourice," "The Blind Man Cheated," "The Village Bride," and "The Broken Pitcher"; all of these have been repeatedly engraved and enjoy much popularity.

"La Frileuse" is a lady of that day, with the curious head-vail, through which she is peeping. It is chilly, and in those days house-warming was not a science. Indeed, it is still among the unknown arts in Italy and Spain. Various curious contrivances were resorted to in olden time to keep off cold. Chafing-dishes with hot coals were common, but the fume of charcoal was unpleasant. Vessels of warm water, such as the chilly lady is using, did better, but the caloric soon vanished and the article gave but cold comfort.



"LA FRILEUSE."—BY THE FRENCH PAINTER GREUZE.

IN the centre of Ceylon is a mountain called Hamallel. like a sugar-loaf; on the top is the print of Buddha's f when he ascended into Heaven, about 900 B. C. The a of the summit is seventy-two feet by fifty-four, and the impression of the foot in the hard rock is covered by a wooden building and inclosed by a frame of copper ornamented with precious stones.

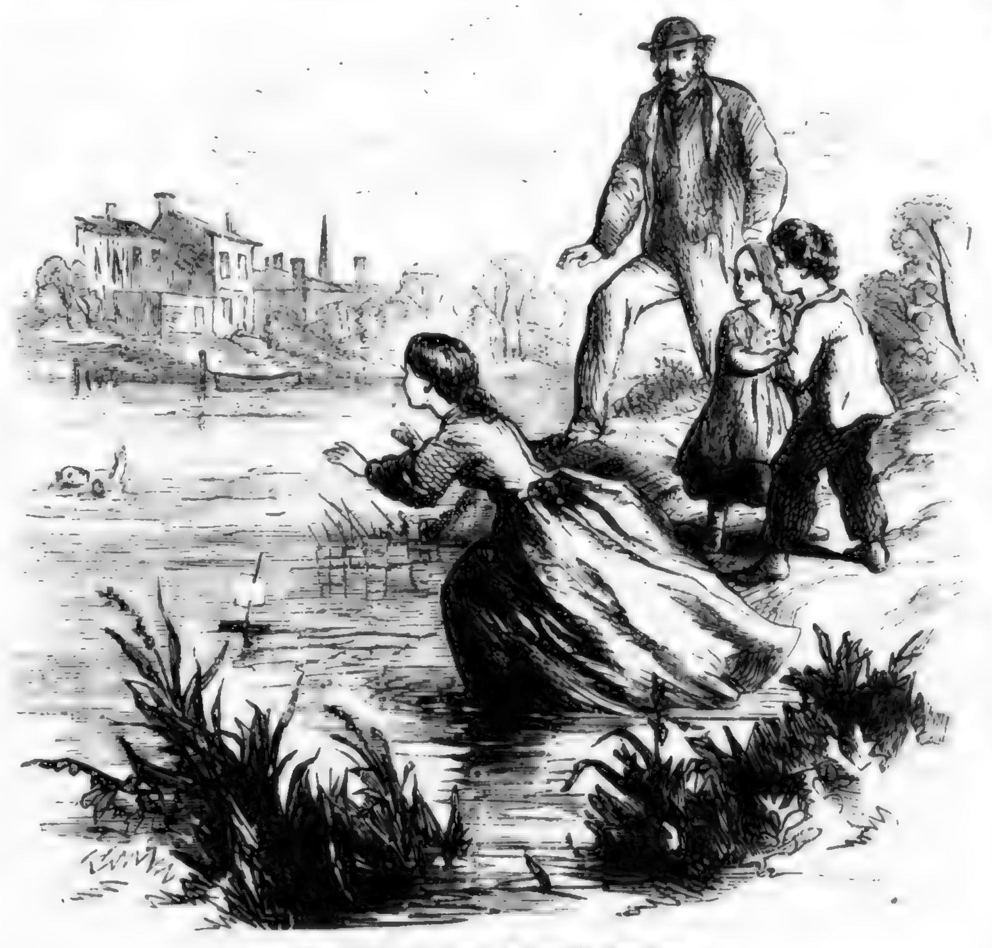
IT is one of the wisest provisions of Fortune that the same vices which ruin our estates take away also the means of enjoying them by depriving us of health.

MY WIFE.

By Hubert Vere.

When I left college I fully intended to marry within a year, but my unfortunately romantic ideas hindered the execution of this excellent design. I was wealthy, an orphan, and had no relatives to thrust upon me their unwelcome advice; consequently, I was free to choose whom and when I liked. I had delightful visions of a Boadicea, with tall and queenly form, glittering black eyes and superb air, and fancied that such a woman, fitted to command, would render me blessed among men.

But sometimes, in the long Winter evenings, when I held my cold bachelor toes to the smoldering fire, and my book fell unheeded to the floor, I fancied that I should love best a delicate little fairy, with short, golden curls and deep blue eyes. With the loving arms of such a wife around my neck, with a glowing fire and a cheerful home, oh, what a happy thing life might be! But I wavered between the two. Pride, which was in the ascendant when I attended parties and gay assemblies, urged me to find and wed a Boadicea; but, when I became tired and gloomy, then I longed for the sunshining fairy, whom in my heart I christened May.



MY WIFE.—RACHEL GILBERT'S HEROISM.

The years moved on, and when I reached the age of thirty I was a misanthropic old bachelor, and had never seen either of the two perfect women I had pictured to myself. I had seen plenty of commonplace and pretty girls, any one of whom would doubtless have made a true and gentle wife, but my mind was too preoccupied to notice them. When, however, I beheld the tracings of a crow's foot in the corners of my eyes and detected a gray hair among my raven locks, I began to bestir myself in a search for one of my ideals. I went to Saratoga with a crowd, arrived at the United States Hotel on a hot day in July, went to the dinner-table in a state of profuse perspiration and inward vexation, and met my Boadicea.

She came in late, and attracted universal attention by her queenly carriage and magnificent dress, as well as by the Eastern beauty of her face. She looked as cool as an iceberg, amid all those wilted beauties, and I immediately claimed her in my heart as the future Mrs. Vere. I pictured to myself the attention she would always attract in society and how I should be envied and admired and hated!

I watched her jealously, and could have challenged the fatherly old man who sat beside her and watched her every movement. He looked like an East Indian merchant, with a parchment skin the color of saffron, a carbuncled nose and a generally apoplectic air. This old gentleman I fancied was her papa, the amiable paternal relative who was to bless us in the style of sensational novels, and this idea was confirmed when I noticed the somewhat supercilious air with which my queenly Boadicea treated him. At last she left the table, leaning on the saffron-faced gentleman's arm, and I immediately hurried after them.

Encountering a friend in the hall, I begged him to tell me the name of that magnificent women.

"You mean that tall one on the yellow man's arm, eh, Vere? Why, she's Mrs. John Smith, wife of the rich East Indian merchant——"

"And the old fellow?" I gasped.

"Is the fortunate Mr. John Smith! She married him for his money, and she has plenty of it, but the old fellow is jealous enough, I assure you. You want an introduction?"

I left Saratoga within an hour, and henceforth abjured the type of beauty of which Mrs. John Smith was an example. I returned to New York and began to look for my lovely May.

The next Summer I went to Long Branch, and on alighting from my carriage I beheld a group of merry maidens on the piazza. Among their voices I noticed one laugh more silvery than the rest, and the next moment I beheld my May.

She was a sweet, merry little thing, with a witching way of tossing back her golden curls from her face. From the moment I saw her the last regret I had felt for Boadicea vanished and she became the star of my life.

A week had passed before I succeeded in obtaining an introduction to her, but at last I had the pleasure of dancing with her.

She was Ella Everley, and the daughter of a New York merchant, whom I knew well by reputation. For the rest of the season I was perfectly devoted to her, danced, bathed, rode and drove with her. She was not as deep as I could have wished, didn't know the name of one star from another, and rather thought they were sparks of fire to light up our dark evenings and make sleigh-rides splendid, but for all that I loved her.

She didn't like newspapers either. The only good she saw in them was their adaptability for curl-papers, but she did love dancing and ice cream, and fun and flirting. I was a serious and thoughtful man, too old and too grave for my years, and her pretty prattle pleased me.

The season drew near an end, and I felt sure that Ella would accept me, because on several occasions a rosy blush had suffused her cheeks when I ventured to press her hand and she had returned the pressure; and I have often noticed how quickly her long lashes would hide her blue eyes from my earnest gaze, if that gaze grew lover-like. I was in a state of supreme blissfulness. Her smiles intoxicated me, the touch of her hand bewildered me: and I have no doubt I acted like a perfect idiot one evening when I entreated her to walk with me upon the beach. She ran up-stairs for her hat, a gypsy affair, and I am sure I heard laughing and whisperings on the landing, but she soon returned with a demure face, and we wandered along the beach.

At length Ella paused near an old wreck; and now I thought was my time.

The play of moonlight on the waters, the skimming to and fro of little boats, the strains of music from the house, and more than all, the pretty girl beside me, all nerved me for the effort.

I sank to her feet and entreated her to be my wife.

I must have looked like a stagestruck fool, for in the midst of my enthusiastic speech I heard her laugh, that same mocking, silvery laugh, so devoid of all feeling, as I now recognized it; and this laugh was echoed from behind the wreck, and half a dozen girls started into view. She, the girl I loved, began to tell me that she made a wager that I would propose during the season, and she clapped her hands as she declared that she had won.

I rushed from the heartless girl, who shouted gleefully after me that she couldn't think of marrying her father.

I didn't die.

I returned to my house, grew more misanthropic than ever, hated the sight of blue eyes and golden curls, and banished all the pictures of brunettes and blondes, that I had once gathered with so much satisfaction, from my library and establishment. I began to dislike my housekeeper because she was a woman, but consideration for her age and long service in the family, years before I was born, prevented me from dismissing her.

When I was thirty-five I went off to Vermont, for change of air and scene. I hated all sorts of watering-places, and determined to look for a quiet rural village, where I could angle a few weeks peacefully. I found such a place in the interior of Vermont, on the banks of a broad river, and here I settled myself for the Summer.

Two or three days after my arrival I walked out into the little street, and noticed that it was a fair-day, or something of the kind. To avoid all this bustle and the curious glances of the well-meaning farmers and their helpmeets, I wandered down to the riverside. Two or three children at play on the shelving bank interested me, and I halted at a little distance from them.

Suddenly one of their number missed his footing and fell into the stream, giving utterance to a loud scream. Before I could stir a young girl rushed from a neighboring cottage and threw herself into the river. I was about to plunge in after them both, when I saw her swimming toward the shore, and was in time to relieve her of the boy, whom I carried into the house, before the mother, an elderly and hard-working woman, comprehended what had occurred.

The girl who had acted so promptly and heroically soon made her appearance, and I regarded her earnestly. Her dripping garments clung to her form, and her face was wet with the water of the river; but I decided that she was a very plain girl, remarkably plain. She retired to assume dry garments, and the good mother invited me to take a seat, and proceeded to question me concerning myself as soon as she had bundled Tommy up in a hot blanket and put his feet in the oven.

I replied in brief terms, and told her that I should like to board with her, if she would take me. After glancing doubtfully at my suit of fine black clothes, and asking if I were a minister, she explained that their fare was plain, but if I could pay well she could afford better. I assented, and she conducted me to a neat little room off the "keeping-room," which she said I might occupy.

It fronted the river, was neatly papered and painted, and the floor was covered with a bright, home-made carpet. A blue pitcher filled with flowers was on the mantelpiece, and a few rude charcoal pictures adorned the walls.

"Rachael's bin used to sittin' in here lately," remarked the woman, "and them flowers and pictures are her fixins. I can move 'em out."

"Oh, no!" I hastened to declare; "I like the odor of those field blossoms. I can't get those in the city. Leave them, and the pictures too. I will take this room, if you are willing, and your husband does not object."

"Oh, no; he told me that I might take one of the farm hands on Squire Williams's place to board here, if I wanted to. My husband is a shoemaker over to the village, and the pay is worth considerable to us, since his wages are small."

"How much shall you charge?" I asked, after making a further examination of the view from the window.

The woman hesitated.

"Would two dollars and a half a week be too much?" she ventured, after a moment's pause.

I assured her that the view from the window pleased me well, and I wished to stay all Summer, so I should pay her five dollars a week for three months.

A flush of joy overspread her sallow and careworn face, and she thanked me without reserve.

A moment after she left the room, and I heard her talking to Rachael in the kitchen, and enjoining her to dress up and look as well as she could, for the gentleman had offered such extravagant pay that they must put the best foot forward.

When I re-entered the kitchen I placed my honest-hearted landlady at her ease, discovered her name to be Mrs. Gilbert, and told her that I would go over to the village, and order my trunks to be sent over.

In the village, on making inquiries, I found the Gilberts to be very respectable and hardworking people, struggling along in the world, and doing the best they could toward giving their younger children an education. I immediately ordered my trunks sent over to the humble cottage of the Gilberts, and I walked over.

Dinner was ready on the table, it being noon, and I took my seat. One of the boys had already been sent over to the village with "father's dinner," and there were three left, besides Rachael, to dine with us. I never saw a better-behaved set of children in my life, and it was due to the gentle touch and low, soft tones of Rachael.

Mrs. Gilbert talked volubly, and looked as if a pleasant change had come over her life, but Rachael was silent, save when she spoke to the children.

It was Rachael who cleared the table and washed the dishes, Rachael who swept and "cleaned up" the kitchen after dinner, while I stepped out into the garden and contemplated the beauties of the early cabbages. Mrs. Gilbert joined me, with her head hidden in the depths of a huge sun-bonnet, and pointed out all her early "garden sass,' which I admired as much as she did.

"Your daughter did a very heroic thing this morning," I said, at length.

XUM

"Oh, Rachael! she is a good girl; I couldn't get along without her. Always the same, always sweet tempered. She does nigh all the work, while I do the sewin', and teaches the children, and is a comfort to father and me. Rachael hasn't got but one fault."

"Indeed!" I answered. "May I ask what her fault is?"

"Settin' up nights to study. She spends all the money she can earn by sellin' fruits and garden sass in books, and studies all the time she can get. I like to have her learnin' something, but a district school education ought to do her. I didn't have any better. But then, Rachael's smart, and I don't know as I ought to say anything ag'inst her studyin'."

I saw from the manner of Mrs. Gilbert that Rachael's fault was a matter of pride to her, no matter how much she might appear to condemn it. When we returned to the kitchen I observed the girl narrowly.

She was sitting by an open window, the blinds of which were closed, and was humming quietly as she wove together some coarse straw braids.

"That's a new idea of Rachael's," said her mother, pointing to a basket of straws at the girl's side. "She's taken lately to making men's hats, and has sold quite a lot of them a'ready."

Rachael's face was colorless, and, though plain, expressed character and refinement. Her forehead was broad and low, shaded by straight, brown hair, drawn smoothly away from her brows. Her eyes were large and of a clear, dark gray hue. Her mouth was well formed, and the only color about her face was in her lips, which gleamed like coral. Her hands were not small and were dark, but they were well shaped, and looked pretty as they wove the straws in and out.

She did not say much to me, and all my efforts to draw her out were fruitless, until I began to speak of my favorite authors, and then her gray eyes showed fire and feeling, and she met me on even ground. Where she admired, she admired with an enthusiastic fervor, and her criticism evinced a cool and clear judgment that would have done honor to any man. Her words showed that she had read and thought much, and the more I heard her speak the more I felt, with a painful sensation at my heart, how I had wasted all the years of my life.

When her father returned from his day's work, she arose and laid the table for supper, and his eyes followed his best-loved child with a glance of pride and love. He was a man of average abilities, kind-hearted and fond of his home, but no one would have guessed that this quiet girl, with her strong and cultivated intellect, could be their child.

The Summer deepened, and the old feeling of unrest forsook me. A deep peacefulness came over my soul, and my misanthropy was gone for ever. I had learned of this self-taught country girl that there are other things besides self to care for, that there are great burdens laid upon all, even if we ignore them, and that the burden of some is to help to carry the burdens of others.

My wasted years arose before me like spectres. I had lived half the allotted life of man, and what was my record? The river that passed by the cottage, the hills that environed it, the valley in which it reposed, all assumed a new and strange beauty to me, as I went about them, ennobled and enfranchised from the selfishness which I now realized was the cause of my misanthropy.

The golden Autumn came, and still I lingered at the cottage by the river. The earnest eyes of Rachael Gilbert held me a prisoner, although neither she nor I recognized the fact. We went berrying together, and strolled along the riverside, or read and talked, without ever speaking of love. One evening, however, when the family had separated for the night, and after I had retired, I heard the sound of voices in the kitchen. Without intending or wishing to listen, I heard a good deal of what they said.

"How long has that city fellow been here, wife?" asked the voice of Mr. Gilbert.

"Goin' on five months, Jacob," was her reply. "I hope he won't think of going back to the city yet. I've laid by a'most a hundred dollars since he came. Don't you think he's picked up wonderful, Jacob, on good country livin'?"

"Yes; he looks healthier'n he did when he come and no mistake. But he said he was going home in the Fall. What's the reason he don't?"

"Why, Jacob, you talk jest as if you didn't want him to stay!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilbert. "What is come over you?"

"What's come over Rachael?" asked Mr. Gilbert. "I hope you ain't gettin' blind, wife. She goes around kind o' preoccupied all the time, when I see her. If that fellow has talked love to her I'll——"

"Now, Jacob," appealed his wife, "Mr. Vere wouldn't talk love to Rache, nor the girl wouldn't listen to him. She knows that she ain't no match for a rich city gentleman, nor wouldn't be suited to marry one. Come, let the girl look out for herself, and don't say nothin' about the matter to either of them!"

"I'll hint to him that he'd better go home, though," said Mr. Gilbert. "The neighbors are talking of his hanging on here so long, and say he don't mean Rachael no good. If he means her harm I'll——"

Again good Mrs. Gilbert broke off her husband's threat with a soothing observation, and they soon retired to their own room.

But I could not sleep. Their words had awakened me to the fact that I loved Rachael Gilbert with the strong and enduring love of manhood, that I could not leave her, and that without her life would be a desert. I realized that if I could have won her love, the deepest love of her strong, pure nature, that I was indeed blessed.

The next morning I did not heed the cold looks of Mr. Gilbert, nor the appealing expression on the face of his wife.

"Can I speak with you a moment?" asked my host, after Rachael had left the table and had gone out into the garden with the shadow of a great grief upon her face.

"Certainly, sir," was my reply; "but grant me a moment's conversation with you first.'

A look of curiosity appeared on his face as he assented.

"I love your daughter, Mr. Gilbert, and desire to make her my wife. Have I your consent to our marriage if I can gain hers?"

Mr. Gilbert regarded me with astonishment, while his wife glanced triumphantly at him.

I easily gained the consent of the good couple, and soon after found Rachael standing under the shadow of a tall hollyhock in the garden. I told her how I loved her, and trembled in anticipation of a refusal, but she shyly assured me that she loved me, and would gladly follow me wherever I should go.

Before returning to New York for a few bridal presents which I wished to give her, I asked Rachael what I should bring her for her best gift—diamonds, pearls or laces? She whispered that she would rather have the deed of the red cottage and the lot on which it stood. I understood the feeling that prompted the reply, and bought the place of Squire Williams, and on our wedding day presented my wife with the deed of it, made out to her father.

With a shy expression of her joy she laid it in her father's hands, and we were overwhelmed with her parents' gratitude.

XUM

I brought my wife to New York, and found that she was fitted to adorn any society, and that she soon took her place as a refined and cultivated woman.

Her love for me—ah, that is too strong and true to be weakened by anything except unworthiness in its object, and I daily bless the kind fate that denied to me my ideals—Boadicea and May—and gave to me the pure and noble woman who is now my wife.

A FAVORITE STORY OF DICKENS'S.

The following story may have gone the round of the newspapers, but it is good enough for re-telling, since Dickens said of it: "You must know that I appropriated that story, and acquired an immense reputation by it!" It occurs in a paper of reminiscences in *Scribner* for October, entitled, "A Yankee Tar and his Friends":

"On one of Captain Morgan's voyages from America to England, he had under his care a very attractive young lady, who speedily distinguished herself by reducing five young gentlemen to the verge of distraction. She was quite ready to marry one, but what could she do with the five? In the embarrassment of her riches she sought the captain, who, after a few moments of thought, said:

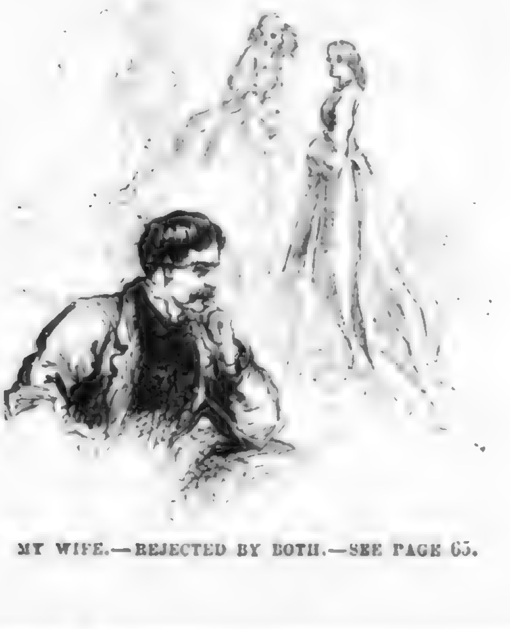
"'It's a fine, calm day. Suppose by accident you should fall overboard, I'll have the boat lowered ready to pick you up, and you can take the man who loves you well enough to jump after you.'

"This novel proposition met the young lady's views, and the programme was accordingly carried out, with the trifling exception that four of the young men took the plunge, and being picked up by the boat, presented themselves a dripping quartette upon the ship's deck. The object of their undaunted ardor, no less wet than themselves, fled to the stateroom and sent for her adviser, the captain.

"'Now, captain,' she said, in despair, 'what am I to do?'

"'Ah, my dear,' replied the captain, 'if you want a sensible husband, take the dry one!' And she did."

Humility.—Do not affect humility. The moment humility is spoken of by him that has it, that moment it is gone. It is like those delicate things which dissolve the instant they are touched. You must seek out the violet; it does not, like the poppy, thrust itself upon your notice. The moment humility tells you "I am here," there is an end to it.



MY WIFE.—REJECTED BY BOTH.—SEE PAGE 65.

IN THE "HERALD."

MARRIED! married! and not
to me!
Is it a dream, or can it be
That the final vow is plighted?
In the cruel lines traced fair and clear
Is there no chance of error here
By which my hope is blighted?

She a bride, in her silk and lace,
With a girlish blush on her downcast face!
Did her accents never falter,
As in her snowy robes she stood,
In the bloom of her early womanhood,
Before the holy altar?

Did never a thought of bygone times
Come with the sound of the wedding chimes
As she set her foot in the carriage?
Did she think of one who was far away,
And wonder inly what he would say
When the *Herald* announced her marriage?

Did she think of hours of twilight gloom
In the window-seat of an antique room,
When her words were murmured faintly?
When from their frames of tarnished gold
The family portraits, grave and old,
Looked down on us so quaintly?

Did she think—but what are her thoughts to me?
How can the bride of another be
Mine, even in dreams to cherish?
Even the past is no longer mine,
It must go with the hope I here resign
So—let her memory perish!

And yet, lost love, for the broken vow,
And all the woe thou has cost me now,
I hold thee freely pardoned.
A noble lord for thy future spouse
Made thee oblivious of former vows
Thy fresh young heart was hardened

Maidens, fair maidens!—bought and sold
For the pride of place and the pride of gold
While the heavens look on and wonder
Think of the barren and wasted lives,
The ill-matched minds of men and wives
Man may not put asunder.

Married! married! and not to me!
Is it a dream, or can it be
That the tie is bound for ever?
Back to the gay world's busy mart,
I go with a void in my aching heart,
But love shall fill it—never!

MRS. RADCLIFFE'S REVENGE.

By Karl Drury.

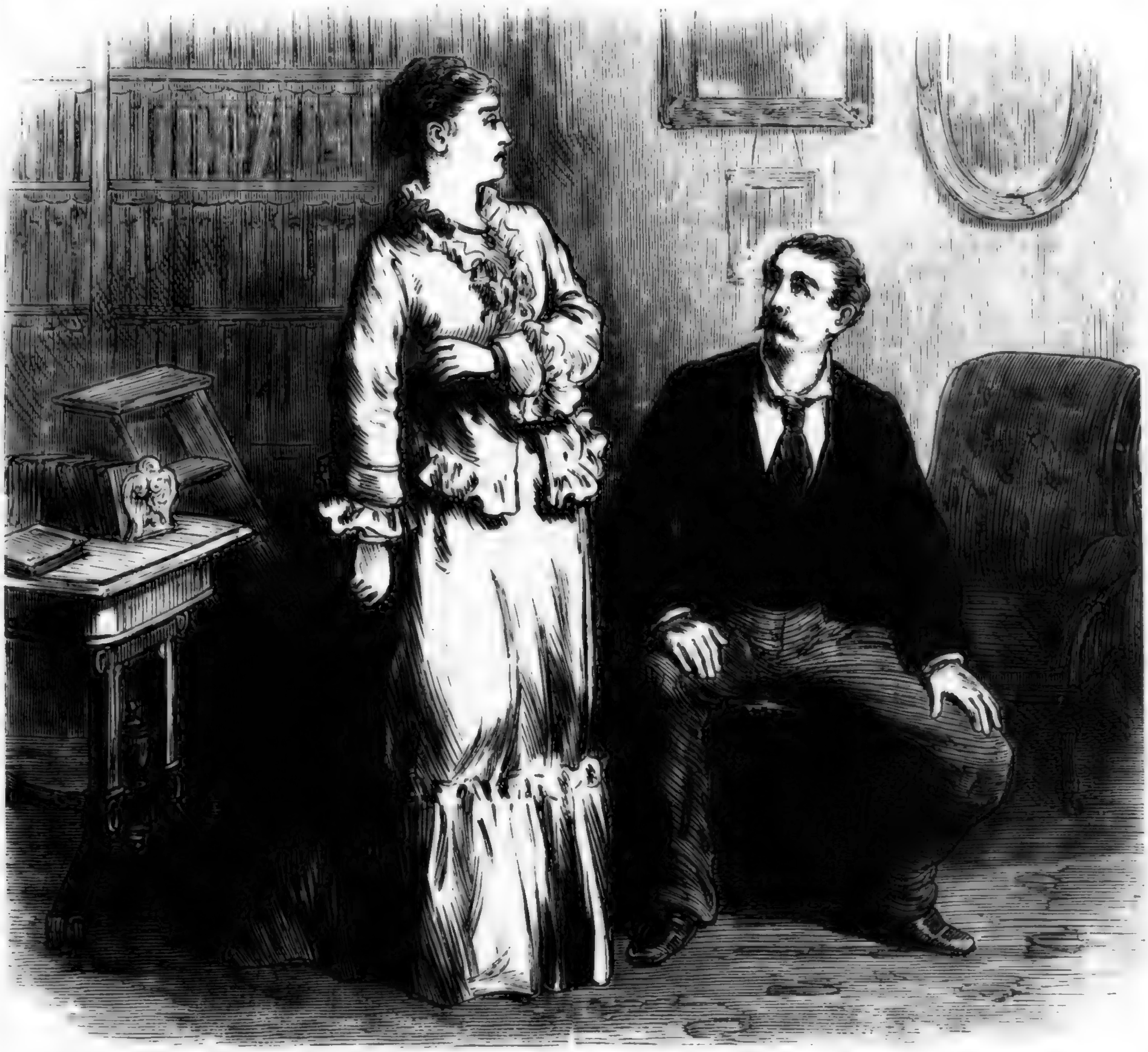
"I am going to have two guests at Elmdale the day after to-morrow," remarks Mrs. Radcliffe, carelessly, one morning, to the old husband who adores her, and who is fully thirty years her senior.

"Yes, my dear Ophelia?" is the amiable answer, whilst Mr. Radcliffe stirs the coffee his wife has just made him. "I am so glad to hear you say so. I was on the verge, my dear, of proposing some such social distraction. And pray whom have you hit upon?"

Ophelia Radcliffe's handsome dark eyes are studying the table-cloth now, and there is the tiniest little fragment of a smile at either corner of her mouth as she answers ambiguously:

"A lady and a gentleman."

"Indeed!" responds Mr. Radcliffe, with an assumption of interest which he in reality possesses for little except his green-houses and his vegetable-garden. "Who have you selected, my love? That is, do I know them?"



MRS. RADCLIFFE'S REVENGE.—"ELOISE BRISTOW LEAPS TO HER FEET. 'A FORTUNE-HUNTER!' SHE BURSTS FORTH, INDIGNANTLY. 'I—I DO NOT UNDERSTAND YOU, MR. FOLSOM, UNLESS YOU MEAN WHAT YOU SAY FOR CRUEL SATIRE.'"

"You have met the lady, I am sure. She is Miss Eloise Bristow, and the gentleman is Mr. Parker Folsom."

Mr. Radcliffe considers this response for a moment, and then up go his gray-touched eyebrows in unmistakable astonishment.

"My dear, you must be making some mistake. I have heard you say very hard things about both these people. I remember your being very angry indeed at Eloise Bristow, just before your marriage, for—for——"

"Can't you recollect why?" interrupts Mrs. Radcliffe, in smiling interrogative. "This was my reason for being angry: Eloise chose to spread abroad certain reports about me when I was poor little Ophelia Shelton, which, whether they were true or false, concealed behind them the design of preventing our marriage. You were sensible enough not to believe the gossip, and so she was defeated."

"But have you forgiven her, Ophelia? I thought not."

"Pshaw! my dear Radcliffe, what is the use of cherishing grudges?"

"True, Ophelia! And this Parker Folsom? You used to dislike him, I well remember. What was it, by-the-by, that he did to offend?"

XUM

"Oh, it was two years before I met you, and during the year that I lived in Philadelphia with Aunt Fannie. Ah, husband mine, what a memory you have!"

"I'm getting old, Ophelia."

"Nonsense. You're as young as I."

"Thanks for the delicious compliment. I waft a kiss to you across the breakfast-table. Now tell me what it was that your Philadelphian friend did?"

"He set a very dear friend of mine, a Mrs. Farren, against me, by telling her that I was trying to make her husband fall in love with me. He never knew that I had found the truth out before I left Philadelphia, but I *had*."

"And you are going to have these two people, both of whom I know you hate, up at Elmdale!" murmurs Mr. Radcliffe, lifting both hands in mock intensity of amazement. "I never could understand some of your whims, Ophelia; they are quite beyond me! By-the-by, do these forthcoming guests know each other?"

"No; I doubt if they have ever heard each other's names. Parker Folsom has always lived in Philadelphia, you know, and Eloise in New York. Mr. Folsom is on here now for a month or so, I have lately heard from Mary Waldron, an old Philadelphia friend. He is here for business reasons—trying, Mary writes, to save a little from the wreck of his fortune."

"Ah! he has, then, met with severe losses? I knew he was rich—or, rather, I remember your telling me so."

"He has lost next to everything, they say, by the failure of Rushit & Stammer."

A little silence follows. Presently Mr. Radcliffe looks up from his coffee with the least suggestion of a sly twinkle in his pleasant eyes.

"And, my dear—ahem!—how about this Miss Eloise Bristow? Is she—ahem!—well off?"

"Not at all. A church-mouse is in handsome circumstances compared with her."

Five or six days after the above conversation Mrs. Radcliffe's guests arrive at Elmdale. Each of them is bewildered by the invitation, and each takes it as a sweet sign of peace and goodwill.

"Now that she is Mrs. Algernon Radcliffe," Eloise Bristow tells herself, "she feels that she can afford to pardon the past."

"She has heard that I have lost my money," muses Parker Folsom, "and she concludes to show herself magnanimous and all that. Well, it's strangely wonderful what strange things happen. I thought that woman detested me."

The guests find every hospitality awaiting them on the charming estate of Elmdale.

"You have a most excellent home here," Parker Folsom tells his hostess, whilst they are left alone together for a few moments, on the night of his arrival.

"Yes. Do you really think so?" is the sweet answer. "I'm so glad everything pleases you. And how about your fellow guest, Miss Bristow? Is not she lovely?"

"I never *specially* admired brunettes," is Parker Folsom's reply, with a covert glance at the flaxen tresses of Mrs. Radcliffe.

"Ah, it doesn't much matter, I fancy, whether one be blonde or brunette, if one has immense wealth."

"Immense wealth? And is Miss Bristow——"

"Wealthy? Oh, enormously—one of the greatest heiresses I know of."

"Indeed!" Parker Folsom responds, beginning suddenly to stroke his dark, silky mustache with considerable energy.

Not long afterward Miss Radcliffe is alone with Miss Bristow.

"My dear Eloise," she begins, "you are looking so well! By-the-by, Mr. Folsom paid you a compliment."

A slight flush tinges Eloise Bristow's cheek.

"Really! What was it?"

"He said you were pretty."

"He is very kind," Eloise answers, a little disappointedly. She *is* pretty, and knows it very well, having been told so again and again.

Mrs. Radcliffe taps her reprovingly with a costly ivory fan.

"My dear girl, you should not undervalue such a compliment from a millionaire like Parker Folsom."

Eloise's glossy, dark eyebrows suddenly lift themselves.

"A millionaire, Mrs. Radcliffe."

"Yes. Oh, his wealth is immense! I thought you knew it."

"No, I have not heard."

"Well, that is not strange, when one remembers. He is a Philadelphian, you know."

Five days pass. During this time Parker Folsom and Eloise Bristow are much together. Each soon discovers in the other a charm which lies wholly apart from that which first brought them together in such close mutual attraction; but it is doubtful whether, except for certain spurious intelligence imparted by Mrs. Radcliffe, either of these two young persons would have had sufficient interest in the other's acquaintance to have made the delightful discovery which has now resulted for both,

Eloise Bristow has always told herself that she means to respect and honor the man whom she marries; but she has also repeatedly told herself that wealth, or at least an independent competence, must belong to this same favored individual.

As for Parker Folsom, finding himself stripped of nearly all his former possessions at an age when to begin a business life is to alter habits of idleness and ease that have almost become a part of the man's nature, he, on his side, has more than once assured his inner self, since the crash of his pecuniary misfortune occurred, that to marry for money would be the most completely sensible course of action he could possibly enter upon.

It is no wonder, then, that this man and this woman, each well-favored in looks, each soundly educated and with abilities above the average, coming together as they do with a mutual aim toward making a good impression, should, after first satisfying all worldly considerations, soon discover that there is such a thing as marrying for money and at the same time devotedly loving the object of that crafty manœuvre.

Yes, Eloise Bristow and Parker Folsom are thoroughly in love with each other at the end of a week's time. More than once, whilst thinking of how superbly her revengeful scheme had succeeded, Mrs. Radcliffe's eyes flash with malicious triumph.

At last Parker Folsom tells himself that he is foolish not to avow his love, since Eloise has given more than a single marked sign, by which, if he cannot read the exact truth, he has at least had reason to guess it.

One day, whilst passing the library-door, he catches the gleam of a pink muslin morning-dress.

"If it is she," he mentally murmurs, "and provided she is alone, I shall not leave her until I have declared the truth."

Eloise proves to be alone. Parker Folsom seats himself at her side, and in a few moments has spoken words that bring the rich color glowingly to the girl's cheeks and make her eyes sparkle with brilliant fire. He finished with these humble words:

"I have no right to address you as I am doing; for oh,

XUM

Eloise, even should you consent to become my wife, the world would call me little else than a scheming fortune-hunter."

A moment after these last words are uttered Eloise Bristow leaps to her feet.

"A fortune-hunter!" she bursts forth, indignantly. "I—I do not understand you, Mr. Folsom, unless you mean what you say for cruel satire."

He rises now.

"Satire? Why, of course I do not. The facts are plain enough. My fortune is now a mere wreck of what it once was, and you are immensely wealthy."

A bitter, bleak sort of laugh leaves Eloise Bristow's lips.

"Did Mrs. Radcliffe tell you that—that I was immensely wealthy?" she questions, excitedly.

"Yes."

Eloise sinks back into her seat. Fixing her eyes on Folsom's face, which has become very pale, like her own, she now continues:

"And Mrs. Radcliffe told *me* the same thing regarding *you!*" A slight pause. Suddenly she asks: "Have you ever thought, in past time, that Mrs. Radcliffe had any dislike toward you?"

Parker Folsom's answer then comes promptly enough:

"Yes; I used to believe that she hated me."

Eloise laughs again, though less bitterly than before.

"And I *feel* that she hated me all along, now. This is her revenge."

Those four words exercise a strange effect upon the man who hears them. He seats himself at her side. He fixes upon her face a pair of eyes that glow strangely.

"Eloise Bristow," he begins, with solemn, determined voice, "the story of my wealth is what first attracted you toward me; but now that you *know* me, is there not any feeling in your heart wholly apart from all this?"

Eloise makes no answer. She lowers her eyes and begins to tremble. The man at her side draws nearer, nearer.

"Eloise, I love you well enough to die for you—yes, even in these queer, prosaic times of ours. And if this be the case, surely I love you well enough to *work* for you! What is your answer, darling? Lift up your head, and speak it out bravely. When Mrs. Radcliffe next meets us, shall she laugh to herself in malignant delight, and silently murmur, 'My revenge is accomplished'? or shall she grind her handsome white teeth in secret rage, whilst looking on our happiness, and be forced to confess that we have conquered her with the very weapons she sought to use against us; turning her revenge into that which may be our life-long future joy—and such joy, Eloise, as no money can purchase?"

There is a momentary silence, whilst Eloise sits motionless, with eyes still lowered; and then, an instant later, she has flung herself upon his breast, and hidden her passionately tearful face against his shoulder. He needs no other answer.

HUT OF A MANGO CHIEF, NEW CALEDONIA.

East of Australia is a tolerably large island, known by the name of New Caledonia. Its inhabitants, divided into several tribes, are nearly black, and resemble the Australians, though less degraded and savage. In dress they are nearly naked, the men actually using a leaf as the only cover for decency. Like our ladies, they make false hair out of grass and bat's hair, and thus secure artificial tresses, which hang down the back.

Near the southwest coast are the Mango and Kahova tribes, and we give the hut of a chieftain in the former. In architecture, New Caledonia is far ahead of Australia. These huts are nearly conical in shape, and reach from ten to twenty feet in height. They begin by digging a hole in the ground, and then plant a tall, stout pole in the centre; a number of smaller poles running up to this form the framework, which is woven together by a kind of basket-work, and then the whole is made water-tight by dried herbs and earth, till the wall is some inches thick.

The entrance is about three feet wide, and closes with a rude door. The floor is well covered with mats, and the main post adorned with carving, while the hanging shelves, called "paite," serve to receive some of their few articles. Each house is surrounded by a substantial fence, four or five feet high—an unusual thing in savage lands.

AT THE VILLA NARDI.

A GROUP of persons sat on the terrace at the Villa Nardi; one of the party leaned over the low wall and looked down the cliff to the sea. Vesuvius stood up just across the bay, with the gray smoke floating over it like a plume. Capri and Ischia were there, "like Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea." Over the groves of olives a silver mist seems to linger, but everything else is steeped in golden light. On the blue sea, schooner and ship float about as in a dream.

The people who look on this beauty see it with such different eyes. They are all Americans but the one who leans over the wall and looks dreamily into the sea, at the dreaming ships. She is Italian; you can read that in her face—a child of the sun, with eyes of tropical dusk.

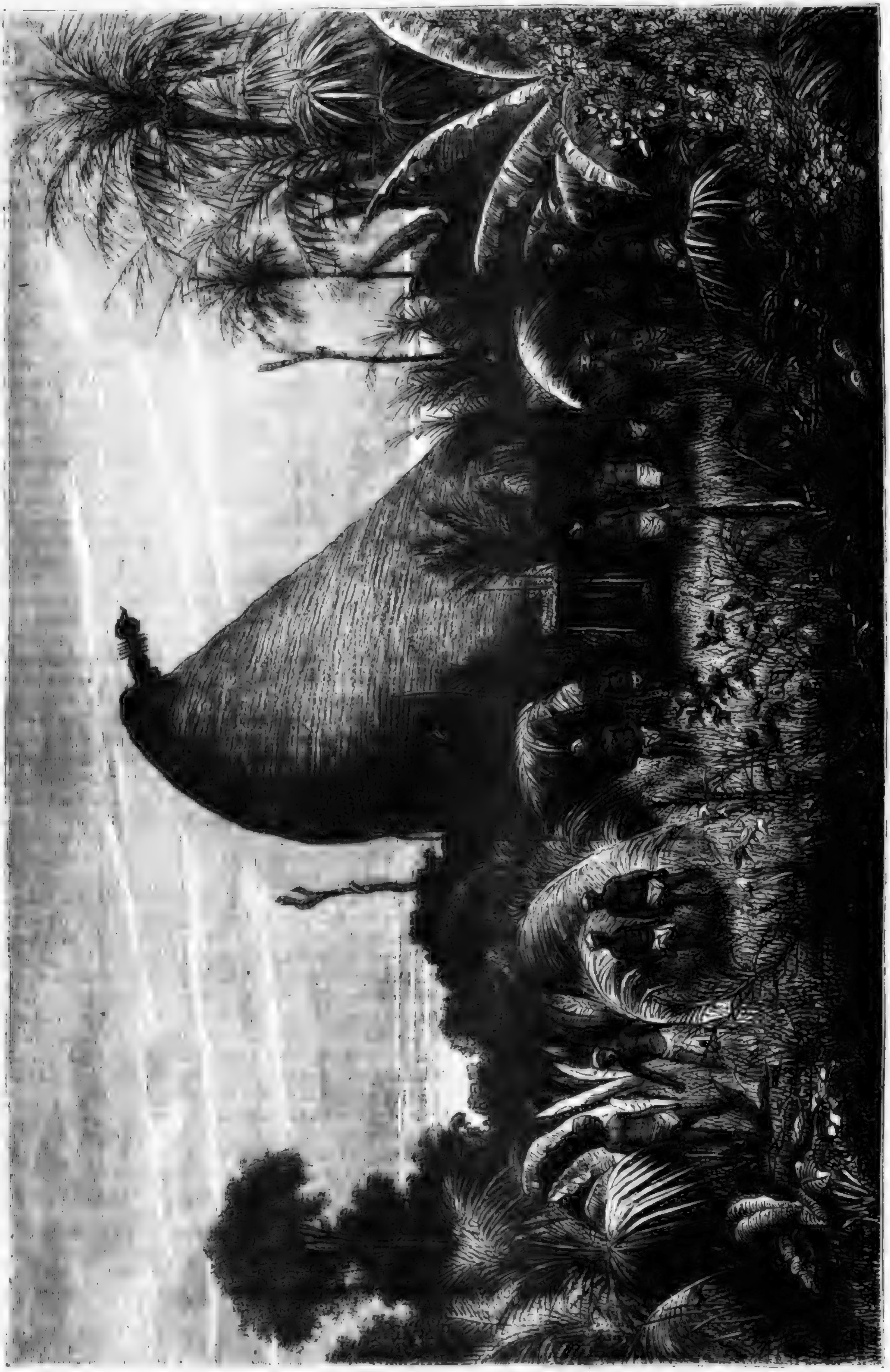
Among those on the terrace are a stout, middle-aged gentleman, his wife and daughter, and a slender young man with golden hair and much blonde mustache. The middle-aged gentleman is Squire Marsh, or Squire Mash, as he is called when at home in Vermont. His wife is a good-looking, red-cheeked woman, ignorant and talkative. His daughter, Jemima, a silly, good-natured boarding-school miss. The blonde young gentleman is Philip Campion, a dilettante artist, having just money enough to prevent his working for fame, and a love for Italy which had kept him lingering there for three years. Sorrento was particularly dear to him, for there he had found his wife. He went over to where she stood, still dreamily looking off to sea.

"It never grows tame," he said, standing a moment silently by her side. "It is for ever changing, and yet how often have we looked at it together since that day, Beatrice, when I took that little room at the top of your mother's house, where I was like a bird in a tree, overlooking all, and seeing all the beauty at once. How little I knew that I was marching straight to my fate that day!"

"It is well we do not see," she answered, but she looked at him with sunshiny eyes. "I would not know what is before us now if I could. I am sure there is nothing better. To have you, and to breathe this balmy air, to look at the bay, all steeped in golden light, where could we find such a spot in the world?"

"Nowhere. And where could I find such a wife in the world?" he said, fondly. "How much I thank that English lodger for teaching you my language so well! She seems like a herald sent before to prepare my way. Because then I did not understand Italian enough for wooing, and it would have been very hard if I had had to master a language before I won you."

XUM



HUT OF A MANGO CHIEF, NEW CALEDONIA.—SEE PAGE 71.

"Ah, I think you won me before you spoke," Beatrice said, laughing. "Was it not too easy, Philip? What was that Squire Marsh said yesterday, in his queer, Yankee way:

"'The fruit that'll fall
With no shakin' at all
Is too meller for me.'"

Both laughed over this, and the others began to move toward them with a lazy curiosity about the joke. All one's emotions, even curiosity, become languid at Sorrento.

"Talkin' about fruit, eh?" said the squire, good-naturedly. "I think the oranges are a-gittin' sweeter. Curious thing 'bout them oranges, too. Some on 'em are sweet on one side and sour on t'other. That's what I call a one-sided affair. Ha, ha!"

"Yes; I think they are getting soaked with sunshine," answered Philip; "all the sweetness of the Summer is getting into them, and when we eat them we are swallowing the golden wine of a hundred perfect days."

"Awful sun for tannin', this," Mrs. Marsh says. "So I tell Mima no wonder the oranges git yeller in it, for she's a-gittin' yellerer every day before my werry eyes, and a gal's complexion's a serious matter, you know. I don't believe any of them 'Bloom o' Youth' or 'Whacks of Aunt Tilly,' and sich, will ever bring it back."

"Lor', ma!" answered Jemima, tittering, "I can't go about in a mask like the fellows at the funerals, with slits for my eyes. I must see things—the scenery and such, or what can I say when the folks at home ask me about it, besides my sketching?"

"Yes," answered the mother, bridling up, "she do make the sweetest things. Past-ells you call 'em, don't you, Mima? but I think they're past everything. You must show Mr. Campion that one with the bay and this garden, with orange-trees. The oranges are so yellow."

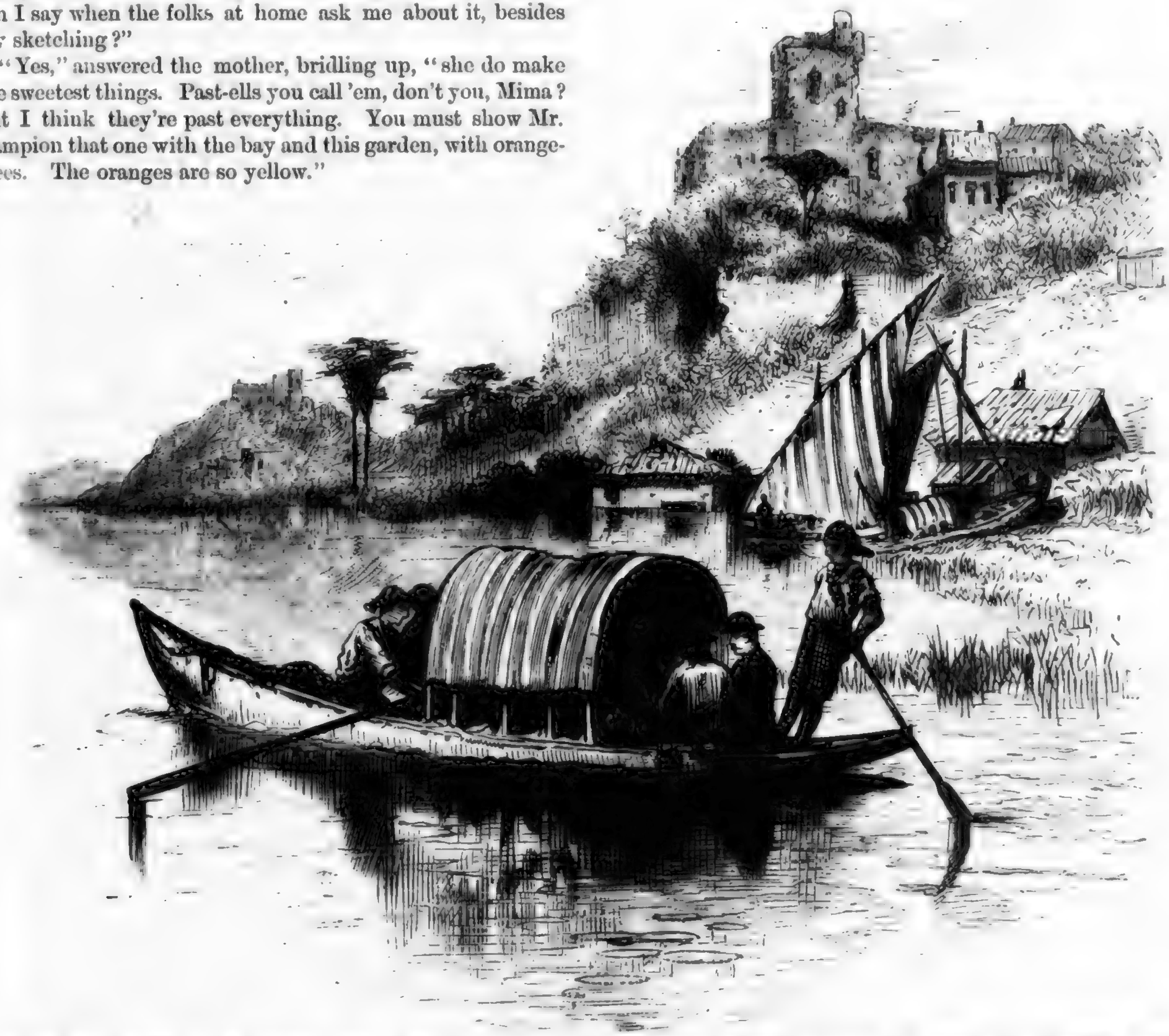
"Now, ma!" Jemima cried, "Mr. Campion is an artist."

"Why, all the better for that!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsh. "Lor', child, I've seen artists before. We had one to our house a hull Summer. He took everybody all around—portraits, I mean—and he paid pa for his keep by paintin' a family group big as one side of our best parlor. There was ma, natural as life, in her best cap and spectacles. There was me, in the loveliest scarlet merino. He said that made a good bit of color in the picter; and ma's string of gold beads on my neck; and there was Dolly with her kitten. She was the youngest. He kinder threw in the kitten, and it did look like a half-unraveled ball o' yarn, but he said he warn't a very good cat-artist."

Philip Campion laughed so over the description of this picture that his wife said, to make amends:

"You must show me your sketches, Miss Mima. You know I am a native here."

"Do tell! Born here?" asked the squire. "Well, come to look, you do favor 'em, only you speak English."



AT THE VILLA NARDI.—"THE ROWERS SANG AS THEY ROWED: SEA AND SKY SEEMED TO MELT TOGETHER, AND THEY SAILED AWHILE ABOUT THE PRECIPITOUS SIDES OF CAPRI, WHERE THE RED CORAL GLEAMED THROUGH THE CRYSTAL WATER."—SEE PAGE 71.

XUM

"Yes; I learned that when a child," answered Beatrice.

"It's my belief that all these people understand it," Mrs. Marsh said, solemnly, "only speak loud enough to 'em, and slow. Perhaps broken English does better. Now, this morning I wanted 'em to take away some orange-skins and plates they had left in the room, and that Giacomo just grinned at me when I talked. But when I said, pretty loud, 'Takee way; no wantee! Takee out!' he said 'Si, signora,' and did it."

"Lor', ma, that was cos you pointed to the skins and pointed at the door, so that he would have understood if he had been deaf and dumb."

But Mrs. Marsh was firmly persuaded she was right, and always persisted in talking to the natives in broken English, and rather loud, as if deafness was one of their infirmities.

"How about this Blue Grotter?" said Squire Marsh. "We're all bound to see it. S'pose we make up a party and go to-morrow? Looks like the promise of a fine day."

"You must look at that white feather on Vesuvius," said Philip; "if it blows in, it's one kind of weather, if out, another."

"But which is which?" asked the squire.

"That I can't say," answered Philip, laughing. "I must say, as the lover did when he looked at his Araminta's wonderful hair, I don't know 'which is switch.'"

It was decided, however, at last, regardless of Vesuvius's white plume, that they would all go together the next day and see the Blue Grotto, and a golden day it proved. A delicate mist about it seemed to lift Capri out of the sea and make it float in air. The rowers sang as they rowed; sea and sky seemed to melt together.

"I feel as if I were going straight up into Heaven," Beatrice said.

"Lor', now! I hope that ain't a presentiment, now," cried Mrs. Marsh, looking fearfully at the water, feeling a tremor as she saw the boat

"Rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at its lip."

"I always was kind o' skeery on the water. Never can forget my niece, Sarah Jane, that was drowned on a boatin' party. She had a presentiment, I do believe, for she wouldn't on no account wear a spick-span new dress that she'd just finished on that day. She was allers dreadful savin', and she didn't want that lovely lalock cachmer to go to loss."

This speech seemed to awaken so much merriment that Mrs. Marsh looked about with surprise. She had been quite lost in the melancholy retrospect.

They sailed a while about the precipitous sides of Capri, where the red coral gleamed through the crystal water where

"Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her fair estates."

The day brought no adventure. Beatrice and Philip had seen all before, but the beauty was ever new. Mrs. Marsh screamed as they entered the grotto, and nearly went into hysterics when the boatman rolled up his trowsers, and showed his blue legs in the water. Jemima said, wittily, it quite gave her the blues to be there.

A perfect sunset succeeded the lovely day. As they were rowed home, the sun hung over the sea like a pendulous ball of fire, then a long line of crimson light came out on the horizon, and shot up the whole sky in rosy flushes. Ischia stood out a mass of violet light. Then came in sight the walled roads and orange groves, the terraces with their gray olive-trees, and beyond, the bare rocks, steeped in purple haze.

The squire had enjoyed the trip so much that he planned another for the next day, much to his wife's annoyance, for it was no less than a tramp among the purple hills, and Mrs. Marsh had heard stories of brigands.

"There's no tellin'," she said, mournfully; "squire's mighty adventurous, and where he goes, I'm a-goin'; but I don't like it. They do the most atrocious things, I've heerd, like cuttin' off ears. I guess Mima's market 'ud be spiled ef her ears were cut off."

"Oh, no, ma!" exclaimed Mima, tittering; "I'd wear long curls!"

Finding no one shared her fears, Mrs. Marsh at last gave way, and the party was increased the next morning by a young Englishman who had made the Marshs' acquaintance somewhere—a bullet-headed young fellow with very little hair on his head, and a good deal on the sides of his face. He drawled after the Dundreary style, and made Miss Mima intensely happy by a few polite attentions.

So the party started gayly out with donkeys next day, through the roads where the orange-trees overhung the gray walls, and great globes of golden sweetness hung almost within reach. They wound up the steep hill behind Meta, through the olive terraces, where a dusky silver haze seemed to hover, up to where one caught enchanting views of plain and bay.

After wandering for a long time, they all sat down on the jutting ledge of a precipice, near the rocky, bare side of St. Angelo. All about them the sunshine beat, wave on wave; below, two thousand feet, the little town of Posano, its brown houses nestled on a conical spur, looking like toys, the people like puppets; a little mite of a white beach, and a toy boat with a sail; beyond it, terraces and castles, arches and ruins.

"Mighty hungry work!" cried the squire, stretching himself out at full length on the warm stone. "I move we eat something. Giacomo," to a servant, "where's that ere basket I packed?"

Giacomo seemed to understand this order as if it had been delivered in the purest Italian. He spread a white cloth, and set forth a neat little lunch with great dexterity, and all enjoyed the meal, taking, as the Germans do, the refreshments of soul and body together.

"Natur' does beat all," said the squire, looking round complacently. "Natur' is a great institooshun, and I kin admire it, if it isn't exclusively American. Natur' makes all men kin. It makes one feel the great brotherhood of man."

At this part of the peroration there appeared a dark face above a near ledge of rock, and then another and another. A new kind of audience, which the squire did not see.

"At such a moment as this," the squire went on, eloquently, "one feels the bond of humanity spreading from the land of freedom to this benighted place, 'where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.'"

Some very vile-looking specimens of the children of the sun stole nearer the thoughtless group.

"Yet I feel as if I could ameliorate 'em all," the squire went on, in a transport of philanthropy. "I could embrace 'em all."

"Lor', pa!" exclaimed Mima, shocked at such indelicacy.

At this moment Beatrice looked up, turned ghastly pale, and grasped her husband's arm.

Philip stared about him as one suddenly waked from a pleasant dream. Not one or two, but twenty men, were closing in about them in that lonely spot.

All saw the peril at once. Every one was stunned save Mrs. Marsh, who began to scream.

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"Oh, good people, take everything I've got—'tain't much; here's my watch, it's a present from my dear departed pa; but I s'pose it must go. I hain't much jewelry on—there, and only twenty lira; spare my life!"

The squire had gathered himself up, and was facing all those fellows with a portentous frown. What, an American citizen to be molested when he was calmly enjoying himself in the bosom of Nature! Words failed him, but he quieted his wife, while he meditated on the proper way to treat these marauders, whose eyes gleamed on him menacingly. At last he burst out:

"Look here! I'm an American citizen, I am. Know what that is? Know the Stars and Stripes? Wall, then, lay a finger on one of us, and that great government of which I am a humble member'll give you the all-firedest lickin', the whole caboodle of you; there won't be enough left on you to make waddin' for a gun."

The men did not seem to quail at this address. Perhaps that was not strange, as they did not understand a word of it. Then one of them, who seemed the chief, a handsome, daring-looking outlaw of about thirty, with an attention to dress displayed which was the very foppery of brigandism, cast a rapid glance at the party, and stepped toward Beatrice, who still sat pale as if turned to stone.

"Madame," he said, in the soft, musical Italian tongue, "explain to these good people that we will not hurt them; but they must come with us without resistance."

"What does he say? Oh, what does the wretch say?" screamed Mrs. Marsh.

Philip explained, for Beatrice seemed to have no strength to speak.

"We are in for it," he said; "there's no use resisting; you see, these men are all armed, and we have nothing."

"I have got a pocket-pistol," said the young Englishman, holding up his brandy-flask with a ghastly attempt at mirth. "Eh, dear me, Miss Mima, don't you find this wewy, wewy medieval?"

"Werry evil, indeed!" cried Mrs. Marsh, "and I was agin the expedition from the fust, and wherever will they be for takin' us, Mr. Campion?"

"I suppose they've got a cave somewhere near," Philip said, chafing Beatrice's cold hands, and wondering at the strange, deathly horror in her eye.

"My darling," he said, "don't look so terrified. I am sure they will let us go in safety. I think we are all captured on account of the squire here, or perhaps the young Englishman is a moneyed man. These fellows usually find out before taking the trouble to stop a party; but there is nothing for us to fear. I have only a small deposit in the bank, and they are welcome to it."

"Oh! a cave! What will they do to us?" cried Mima, looking at the young Englishman in pretty appeal.

It was so sweetly romantic to have such an adventure with brigands, and the chief was such a splendid-looking fellow, with his olive skin and flashing eyes!

Those eyes flashed fiercely enough at the delay, and a few Italian oaths, very soft in the vowels, escaped him, but he spoke to Beatrice again in a courteous way.

"You had better hurry matters," he said; "if surprised, I cannot answer for my men. They would not be taken alive. Come, you at least have no reason to fear."

Beatrice seemed to collect herself. She rose quietly and said to the others:

"We must follow them at once."

And by this time the sight of two or three pistols drawn out had proved a powerful argument to the others, who hastened to show their obedience.

They took a foot-path down the steep rocks, part of the brigands guiding, the others bringing up the rear. The squire assisted his wife, who groaned at every step. Mima found some solace in having the young Englishman, and thought with a thrill that this was almost equal to being cast away on a desert island, and what stories she would have to tell at the sewing-society at home! But Beatrice leaned heavily on her husband's arm, making little reply to his comforting words, walking in a strange dream—a sort of waking nightmare.

The squire looked eagerly around at every step, hoping to see some help at hand.

"I s'pose they didn't understand me, Mr. Campion," he said at last. "S'pose you wave the star-spangled banner over them a little—well as you can in Italian? Give 'em a regular Fourth of July oration!"

Philip shook his head with a smile.

"Not a bit of use, my good sir: they don't care an orange about our government or their own."

Then the party relapsed into a gloomy silence, till a peculiar whistle roused them.

It was only to signal their coming to a watchman, who was evidently on the lookout. Through bush and furze the party made their way to a hole in the side of a hill. An overhanging roof of rock, with creepers and trailers, nearly concealed it. Mrs. Marsh shrank back in horror.

"Oh, not there!" she cried. "I kin stand it in the open air, but this is bein' buried alive! Oh, good robbers, what is it ye want? Tell us here. Ain't this as good a place as any?"

But the only answer was a pistol held up in the air, and that sent the poor woman shivering after the rest.

The captain of the brigands was as polite as a French dancing-master. He ushered the party in as if they were a company of friends whom he had invited to dine with him at some princely residence.

The dark cave was illuminated with lamps. The skins of animals were spread about on the ground; weapons of every kind gleamed from the walls. A table was set with plenty of sparkling glass and silver; antique drinking-cups were there, which had probably been heirlooms in noble families. Goblets crusted with gems, or rich in delicate carving; wine of every hue; fruit of every clime, were gathered there.

"Must be a good trade, briganding," said the squire, looking about with a Yankee's keen eye. "'Twouldn't do in America, though."

The chief motioned the ladies politely to a seat on the tiger-skins; then took a goblet and filled it with some priceless wine, that shone like liquid gold through the dim light. He came forward, and looked fixedly at Beatrice.

"Will you drink it?" he said.

"Why does he single you out for ever?" cried Philip, angrily. "I will not bear it! Perhaps the wine is drugged!"

"No, no; I must drink it. I dare not make him angry, for your sake—for all our sakes," Beatrice said, anxiously.

And she took the glass, and a little of the wine, eagerly, with trembling hands and ashen lips.

The band stood around watching every movement, and then the chief glanced at Philip.

"You speak Italian?" he said.

"A little," answered Philip, haughtily.

"A little will answer the purpose," the chief said, with a gay laugh. "You can explain all I want."

And he took a roll of papers out of his pocket, and selected three.

"You have only to sign those," he said. "There is one apiece for you. This is for the fat gentleman, this for the smooth-headed"—indicating the young Englishman—"and this for you."

XUM

Philip glanced at the papers. He understood them at once; checks on the Bank of Naples, for different amounts, his own the smallest, five hundred francs; the squire's five thousand, and the young Englishman's the same.

"How do you propose to collect this?" he asked, after staring at the three apparitions for a while.

"We have you here as hostages," said the chief, coolly. "Sign these checks, and send an order for the money, besides, in a note to your banker, and as soon as it arrives you are released. If it does not arrive, if any harm happens our messenger, if he does not return, you will never leave this place."

"You mean you will murder us?" Philip cried.

"Call it that, if you like. *Sacre!* you bring it on yourselves. Now, if you please, no time to lose."

Philip explained the situation to the others, and his words were received with groans and exclamations.

"One thousand dollars!" cried the squire. "Never! What! give one thousand dollars to these murderin' cut-throats! Let 'em do their wust. I'm a free-born American citizen, an' my death will surely be avenged!"

But Mrs. Marsh had melted into tears.

"Oh, Joel!" she cried, "ain't your life worth that, to say nothin' of me and Mima? Why, 'tain't more'n three hundred apiece for us. Oh, give it, and let us get out of their clutches!"

"'Tain't that; it's the principle of the thing," said the squire. "It's givin' in to wickedness; it's rewardin' vice."

"Never mind the principle," cried Mrs. Marsh. "That won't comfort ye when we're all laid out stiff and stark, and made into an item for the papers; sign it at once."

"Oh, yes, pa," put in Mima, "do sign!"

The bullet-headed Englishman, who had been sucking the head of his cane in meditation, now came forward.

JEALOUSY.—SEE PAGE 79.

"It's a nasty piece of business," he said, "but 'ere goes; they've got us in their clutches, blast 'em!"

And he set the example by affixing his signature.

The squire then was brought to reason, and sacrificed principle to the lives of those dear to him; as for his own, that was not of the least account, so he said.

Then Philip followed suit.

"I have been moderate with you," the chief said, taking up the checks.

"You know my capacity," Philip answered, scornfully. "I believe I have only that sum at present in the bank."

Then each gentleman wrote a note.

And they heard the messenger ride off swiftly with the papers. All they had to do was to wait with anxious hearts for his return. In the meantime the bandit did the honors of his cave as if it were a baronial hall.

They could not swallow his offered refreshments, but he strove in every way to make the time pass agreeably, finally bringing out a mandolin from some place, and touching the chords with no unskillful hand.

"Lor', if he isn't going to sing!" cried Mima to her English friend. "How I wish I had my autograph book here! I'm sure he'd write his name. Think how nice it would be to have the name of the chief of the bandits written in a robbers' cave! How our friends would envy us."

"I wish he hadn't insisted so much on *our* autographs," answered the Englishman. "You see, he is making a collection, too."

After striking a few notes, as if to try the instrument, he came forward and handed it to Beatrice.

"Will you favor us?" he asked, bowing.

"No, sir; not at all," answered Philip. "My wife is not well enough."

"Your wife!" exclaimed the man, "do you say? Take care what you say!"

Beatrice started forward, and took the instrument.

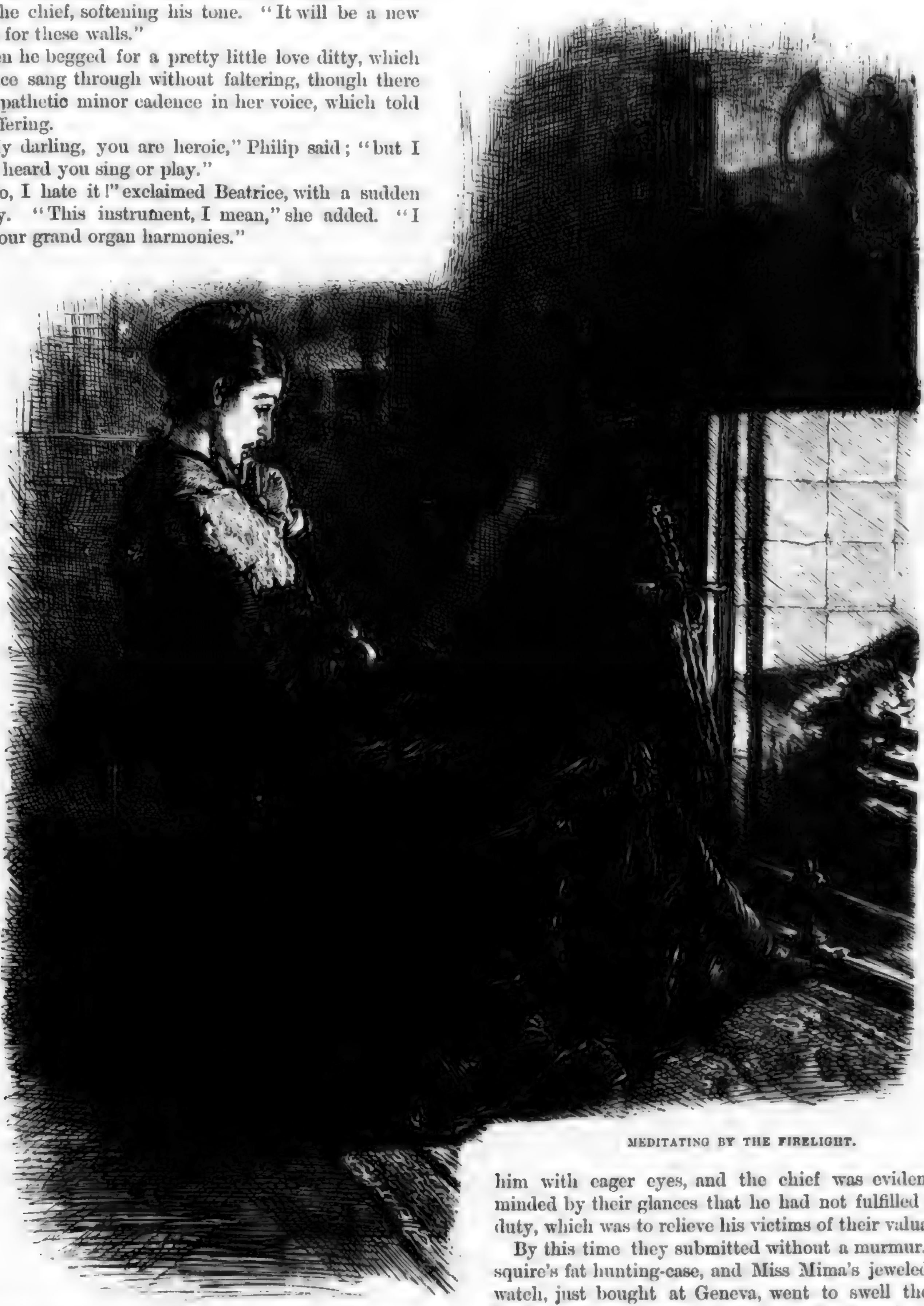
"I am quite well, dear Philip," she said, with a strange smile. "Do not let us make him angry."

"It is long since we have heard a woman's voice," said the chief, softening his tone. "It will be a new music for these walls."

Then he begged for a pretty little love ditty, which Beatrice sang through without faltering, though there was a pathetic minor cadence in her voice, which told of suffering.

"My darling, you are heroic," Philip said; "but I never heard you sing or play."

"No, I hate it!" exclaimed Beatrice, with a sudden energy. "This instrument, I mean," she added. "I like your grand organ harmonies."



MEDITATING BY THE FIRELIGHT.

How the hours dragged! Time throbbed so slow, and their hearts so quick, they could not tell whether the sun had set in that cave; whether it was evening or yet day; and then the bank might have been closed before the messenger had reached it. In that case, they would have to stay all night. Philip looked at his watch inadvertently, and found it was seven o'clock.

It was an unfortunate move, for the bandits came about him with eager eyes, and the chief was evidently reminded by their glances that he had not fulfilled all his duty, which was to relieve his victims of their valuables.

By this time they submitted without a murmur. The squire's fat hunting-case, and Miss Mima's jeweled little watch, just bought at Geneva, went to swell the pile. Rings, too, were demanded, with no fond words or hints of return. Beatrice, however, wore none but one plain, golden circlet—her wedding ring. The chief looked at it with a peculiar smile, but, perhaps, considered it too small and worthless for booty.

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The squire was perfectly extinguished by these multiplied misfortunes. No considerations—not even that he was still a citizen of a free country—seemed to console him. His rosy face looked oddly lugubrious in the light of the flaring lamps. He listened painfully to every sound, hoping to hear the welcome tread of the horse that would bear them deliverance. At last, through the silence, it seemed to come, faintly at first, then louder. Good cheer! The messenger was returning, but did he bring life or death to them?

Something might have been suspected. The money might have been refused. A hundred wild thoughts surged through their brains, and every heart throbbed and beat.

The chief went out without another glance at his prisoners, but when he entered again they knew that all was right. A roll of money was in his hand. They were free.

But first, each one was carefully blindfolded. They murmured at nothing by this time. Then they were led by a different way to the very place where their donkeys had been left in the morning. Those patient animals, troubled by no vain surmises about their riders' fate, were still looking in vain for a peradventure thistle.

The travelers found themselves alone on the hill-tops, with the stars above them, and no one in sight. They stood a moment, rubbing their eyes, as if it might have been a dream. But the adventure had been a horrible truth—that Philip realized when he longed to know the hour, and Miss Mima, when she looked at the hand which had been graced by such a love of a turquoise ring, bought on that bridge at Florence.

"I wish I'd had an all-fired attack of the rheumatiz today," said the squire; "kind as don't let a body go out."

"I fancy we've all taken cold in that cave," exclaimed the Englishman. "'Twasn't worth seeing, after all. Didn't pay for the trouble of the excursion, and isn't set down in Murray."

All laughed feebly at this speech, and then seemed to feel better. Giacomo, who had suffered nothing at the hands of the bandits, cheerily brought up the donkeys. The party took their places, faint and worn as they were. There was nothing to do but to ride back to Sorrento over the lonely roads.

"S'pose it's safe enough now," Mrs. Marsh exclaimed, drearily. "A body can't have two adventures in one day. 'Tain't in natur'—at least, 'tain't in Providence."

Beatrice looked so white and wan that Philip wished to lead her donkey and walk, but she was quite firm in saying she felt strong enough.

It was long after midnight when they reached the Villa Nardi, and saw the well-known terraces and garden in the moonlight, the blue sea and sky, the olive groves silvered in the pallid glory of the night. How long it seemed since they had left it all! Counting time by heart-throbs, they had lived ages, and felt old and worn. The house seemed hushed, as though all slept tranquilly, regardless of their fate. But, then, no one is alarmed at a party's non-appearance, supposing some fascinating excursion had offered, leading them to spend the night in Naples. Through the silent, echoing corridors they walked, glad to find lights burning in their rooms.

"How good to be well out of it!" cried Philip, as he reached his room. "You must rest now, for days, love."

"Yes," answered Beatrice, absently; "I will rest."

And then he wondered to see her take a little casket that was kept in a cabinet near, and go with it into the next room.

He was too sleepy to ask questions, but he wondered to see his wife leaning absently on her hand, with eyes that seemed looking into eternity, when he went into the room a half an hour later.

"What! not in bed yet?" he cried. "It will be morning soon."

"I am going now," she hastened to say. "I was just thinking—how happy we have been together."

"Well, love, it isn't worth sitting up for, to think that," Philip said, with a laugh. "I hope you have a long time before you for such thoughts."

"Only, if you had lost me to-day," she went on, "I am glad you would have had only pleasant memories of me, dear."

"The hours are marked with sunshine," Philip answered; and no more was said.

When day broke in sunshine over the bay, and flooded Capri with light, and waked flower and bud, and shimmered over the crisp waves, some of the weary travelers still courted sleep.

But those golden arrows darted into every room, and at last opened Philip Campion's eyes. He looked about dreamily for a while, till at last his eyes rested on his wife's face. It looked so white and still that a thrill of terror ran through him.

"Poor Beatrice!" he thought. "Yesterday was too much for her."

Then the sunshine crept nearer to the ghastly face, and showed him the awful truth.

She was dead!

He would not believe it at first. He called assistance. There was a doctor in the house.

Philip assailed him in a frenzy.

"She can't be dead! Why, only yesterday she was full of life. Save her! It must be only a faintness."

But the doctor gravely shook his head.

"She has been dead for hours."

"Good God!" cried Philip; "she died, then, without a groan or a sigh, so near me! What could have been the fatal cause? Doctor, her health was faultless."

"Heart-disease, probably," answered the doctor, looking at the blue lips; and then, with a few words of consolation, the mourner was left with his dead.

Left as we all are when face to face with a great grief—alone! No one can go down into the depths with us. The gentlest-hearted friend fails then, and we meet our sorrows as we must death—alone!

All over the house a tide of sympathy and curiosity swept. The guests surmised about it, but carried out their plans for the day. The good-hearted squire and his wife were full of real kindness, but Philip would be alone. How could he bear to see all these *living* people while his darling lay dead?

He paced the room in such a whirl of thought and feeling that it seemed as if reason were gone. He tried to remember every word spoken that night before—every look; then all their married life passed in quick panorama before him. He threw himself on a chair near the table where she had sat, and leaning his head on his hands, sobbed aloud.

Something displaced by his movement fell to the floor. It was the casket he had seen last in his wife's hands. He touched it tenderly, as a most sacred thing, but started as he saw a bit of paper fall out.

He picked it up listlessly enough, but he saw lines on it, written in his wife's handwriting, and then he read it eagerly. For the words had only been written the night before:

"Do not hate me, Philip. Do not curse my memory, my darling, when I tell you all. I could not live and tell you, so I have chosen to die. Perhaps you will love me, and pity me a little, when you

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look at my dead face. Before your love made me so blest, dear, I had been married—a foolish girl's fancy it was, and, oh, so bitterly repented! For the man turned out an unprincipled adventurer, as false as he was handsome. He soon tired of me, and left Sorrento. I never heard of him, and a report was brought me that he had been shot in some quarrel at a wine-shop. Then you came, Philip, when I had believed my whole life blighted, and that my story was finished. You made the whole earth bloom for me. I love you so much, darling, that when I recognized my husband to-day in the chief of the brigands, and knew that our life together would be henceforth impossible, I resolved to die. I could not live away from you. I could not live to see your grief and despair at the news that another could claim your Beatrice if he chose—a wretch who would not fail to turn the opportunity into money, if possible. So, was it not better, my darling, that I should die? But, oh, it is so hard! Life is so sweet! I hope God will forgive. Pray for the rest of my soul. Farewell, my Philip; mine still. Will it be a sin to think of you in heaven—if I am permitted to enter heaven? Oh, my love, farewell?"

A great tide of agony swept over Philip's soul as he read these lines, and faintly comprehended what Beatrice had suffered while she wrote them the night before. He went and looked at her face, so peaceful now, so saintly in its white calm, and felt that God had given her peace. It must be so, although she had herself "forced the dark and mystic gate." The tiny flask within the casket told how she had done it. That subtle poison held the key to death.

Three days after, Philip Campion looked his last on the blue sky and bay, and the silver-gray olives and orange-trees of Sorrento, and went forth a lonely man, to try to find in the busy world a Lethe for memory.

JEALOUSY.

"Nurse me, too," says the dog, in language as plain,
Though barked, as if spoken, as upward he leaps.
"No, no!" cries the mother; "down, down, doggie, down!"
Though baby means "yes," with his chirrups and cheeps.
Ah, jealous wee dog, alas! thou'rt deposed
From the throne thou wert lord of but few months ago;
For the rightful heir's come, so, usurper, crouch down,
And kneel at the feet of thy monarch, poor Flo!

PROCESSIONARY CATERPILLARS.

While out for a walk the other day, we came across a curious incident in natural history. At Cape Martin, about two miles from Mentone, our attention was attracted by something by the roadside which looked at a little distance like a long, thin serpent. At first we thought it best not to go very near; but curiosity prevailed and upon closer inspection, we found it was a long line, consisting of ninety-nine caterpillars, crawling in single file close after one another. Our curiosity led us to remove one from the middle, a little distance from the others, and we found his place was soon filled up, but he crawled back to them and edged his way into the line again. Then we removed the leader; this brought them for a time to a standstill. After a little time they began to move on, and then we put the original leader in his proper place, but this brought them again to a standstill; and from the way they moved their heads from side to side, a great deal of talking seemed to be going on, and they decided their original leader was not fit to lead, and they chose another, while he had to make his way in the line lower down.

A little further on we saw another line of forty-four coming up in the opposite direction, and we were curious to see what would happen when the two met, imagining they might perhaps have a fight. But such was not the case: they joined the others by degrees, and so made a much longer line and marched on.

We have since heard they climb some particular kind of trees, and make their nests in them, which has a very injurious effect, and often kills the trees, unless the branches are cut off which hold the nests.

In an interesting little work on "Insect Architecture," in 1830, mention is made of these social caterpillars, the construction of their nests, and their habits.

The writer says:

"It is remarkable that, however far they may ramble from their nests, they never fail to find their way back when a shower of rain or nightfall renders shelter necessary. It requires no great shrewdness to discover how they effect this; for by looking closely at their track, it will be found that it is carpeted with silk, no individual moving an inch without constructing such a pathway both for the use of his companions and to facilitate his own return. All these caterpillars therefore, move more or less in processional order, each following the road which the first chance traveler has marked out with his strip of silk carpeting."

Further remarks are made of two species "more remarkable than others in the regularity of their processional marching." These are found in the south of Europe, but are not indigenous in Britain.

BUNYAN'S ESCAPES.

Bunyan had some providential escapes during his early life. Once, he fell into a creek of the sea, once out of a boat into the river Ouse, near Bedford, and each time he was narrowly saved from drowning. One day an adder crossed his path. He stunned it with a stick, then forced open its mouth and plucked out the tongue, which he supposed to be the sting, with his fingers; "by which act," he says, "had not God been merciful to me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to an end." If this, indeed, were an adder, and not a harmless snake, his escape from the fangs was more remarkable than he himself was aware of.

A circumstance, which was likely to impress him more deeply, occurred in the eighteenth year of his age, when, being a soldier in the Parliament's army, he was drawn out to go to the siege of Leicester, in 1645. One of the same company wished to go in his stead; Bunyan consented to exchange with him, and this volunteer substitute, standing sentinel one day at the siege, was shot through the head with a musket-ball. "That risk," Sir Walter Scott observes, "was one somewhat resembling the escape of Sir Roger de Coverley, in an action at Worcester, who was saved from the slaughter of that action by having been absent from the field."

HOW POSTAL CARDS ARE MADE.

The paper upon which postal cards are printed comes in sheets about twenty-two inches by twenty-eight inches in size, and is packed in boxes containing about 2,000 sheets, and weighing 530 pounds each. After the boxes are unpacked, the first thing in order is the printing. This is done by two Hoe cylinder presses, each of which prints forty cards at a single impression. The printed sheets are then placed in racks and allowed to dry for two days, in order to prevent any blotting or defacement. Now they are ready for the cutters, of which there are three, at present. By the first, which is a rotary cutter, the sheets are divided crosswise in ten strips, containing four postal cards each. The sheets pass in through this machine as rapidly as one can

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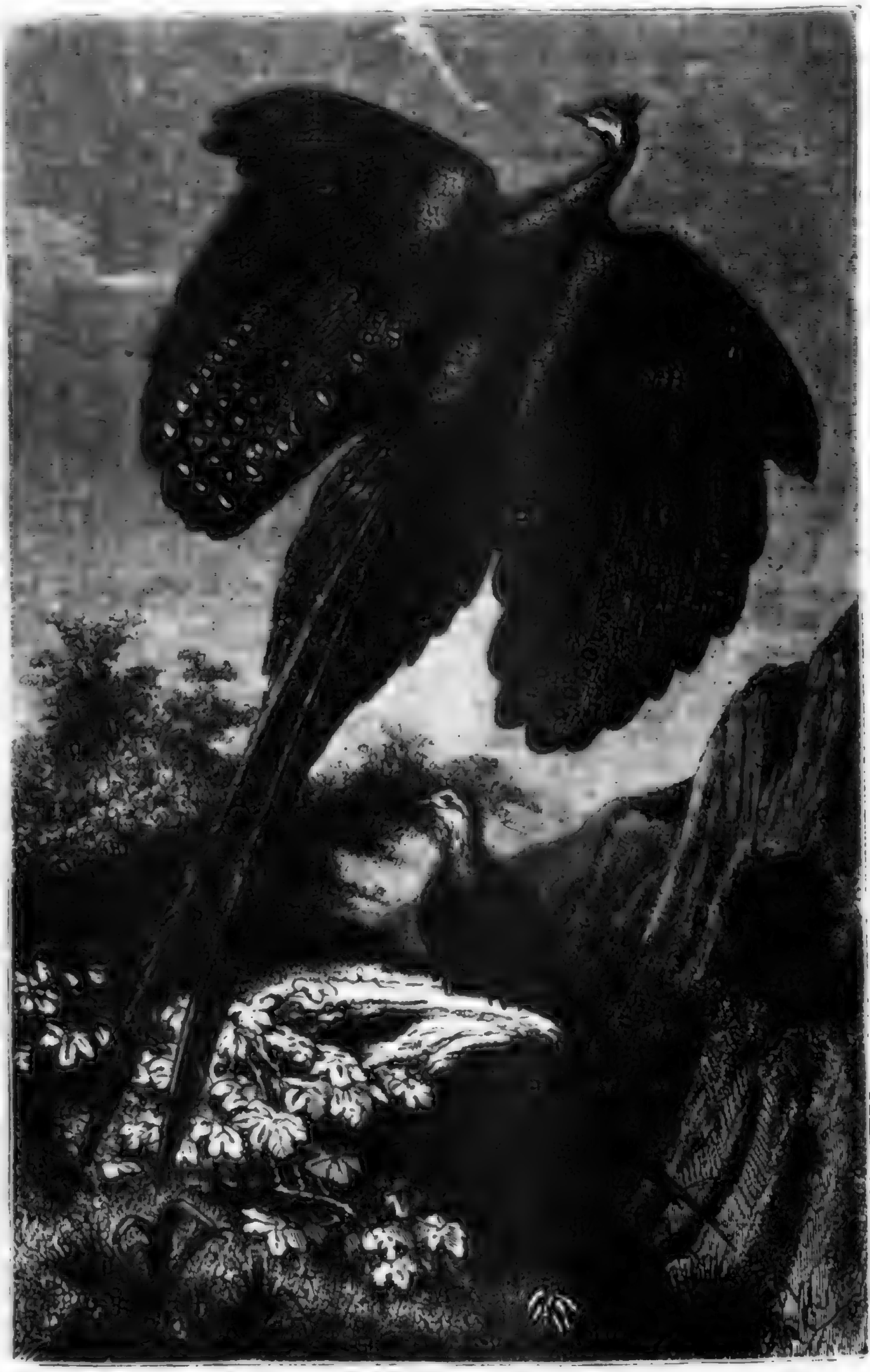
follow another. The strips are then collected in packages of one hundred each, the edges are made exactly even, and the packages are then placed on the iron tables of the cutters, which sever them in the opposite direction. Of these cutters there are two, both known as the Cranston "under-cut." Ten packages of one hundred sheets each, after leaving the rotary cutter, are placed in the "under-cut," a lever is pulled which sets the machinery in motion, and up comes a heavy knife with a diagonal motion, and there are four hundred postal cards complete in a twinkling. A bit of brass is removed, allowing the uncut packages to be moved up a proper distance under the knife, and the process is repeated. The cards are then taken in bunches convenient to be handled, and the edges are carefully brushed to remove all dust and "feather." They then pass into the hands of eighteen girls, by whom they are counted out into packages containing twenty-five cards each. Twenty packages are placed in pasteboard boxes, which again are packed in wooden boxes, containing from 1,000 to 25,000 cards apiece.

The presses are printing about 1,000,000 cards a day. The contract requires that 1,000,000 cards shall be made in a day if the demand is so great.

It is not expected that many visitors will enter the rooms in which the cards are made, but precautions are taken to prevent the loss or abstraction of cards. Every sheet printed is registered by the press, and the company is compelled to give an account of every one. If a few cards were lost it would cause considerable trouble, although the loss might be trifling. Any cards that are spoiled in the cutting, or defaced in any way, are retained and destroyed by the government inspector.

THE ARGUS PHEASANT OF SUMATRA AND BORNEO.

It is a singular fact in geographical distribution that the peacock should not be found in Sumatra or Borneo, while the superb Argus, Fire-backed, and Ocellated pheasants of those lands are equally unknown in Java. Exactly parallel is the fact that in Ceylon and Southern India, where the peacock abounds, there are none of the splendid Lophophori and other gorgeous pheasants which inhabit Southern India.


THE ARGUS PHEASANT OF SUMATRA AND BORNEO.

Mount Ophir, in the peninsula of Malacca, is, says Wallace, the country of the great Argus Pheasant, and we continually heard its cry. On asking an old Malay to try and shoot one for me, he told me that although he had been for twenty years shooting birds in these forests, he had never yet shot one, and had never even seen one except after it had been caught. The bird is so exceedingly shy and wary, and runs along the ground in the densest part of the forest so quickly, that it is impossible to get near it; and its sober colors and rich, eye-like spots, which are so ornamental when seen in a museum, must harmonize well with the dead leaves among which it dwells, and render it very inconspicuous. All the specimens sold in Malacca are caught in snares, and it it is very rarely that a sportsman can boast of having succeeded in bagging one of these beautiful birds. The peculiar central tail feathers are often four feet in length.

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER I.

THE OUTCAST.

"Moll Dill!"

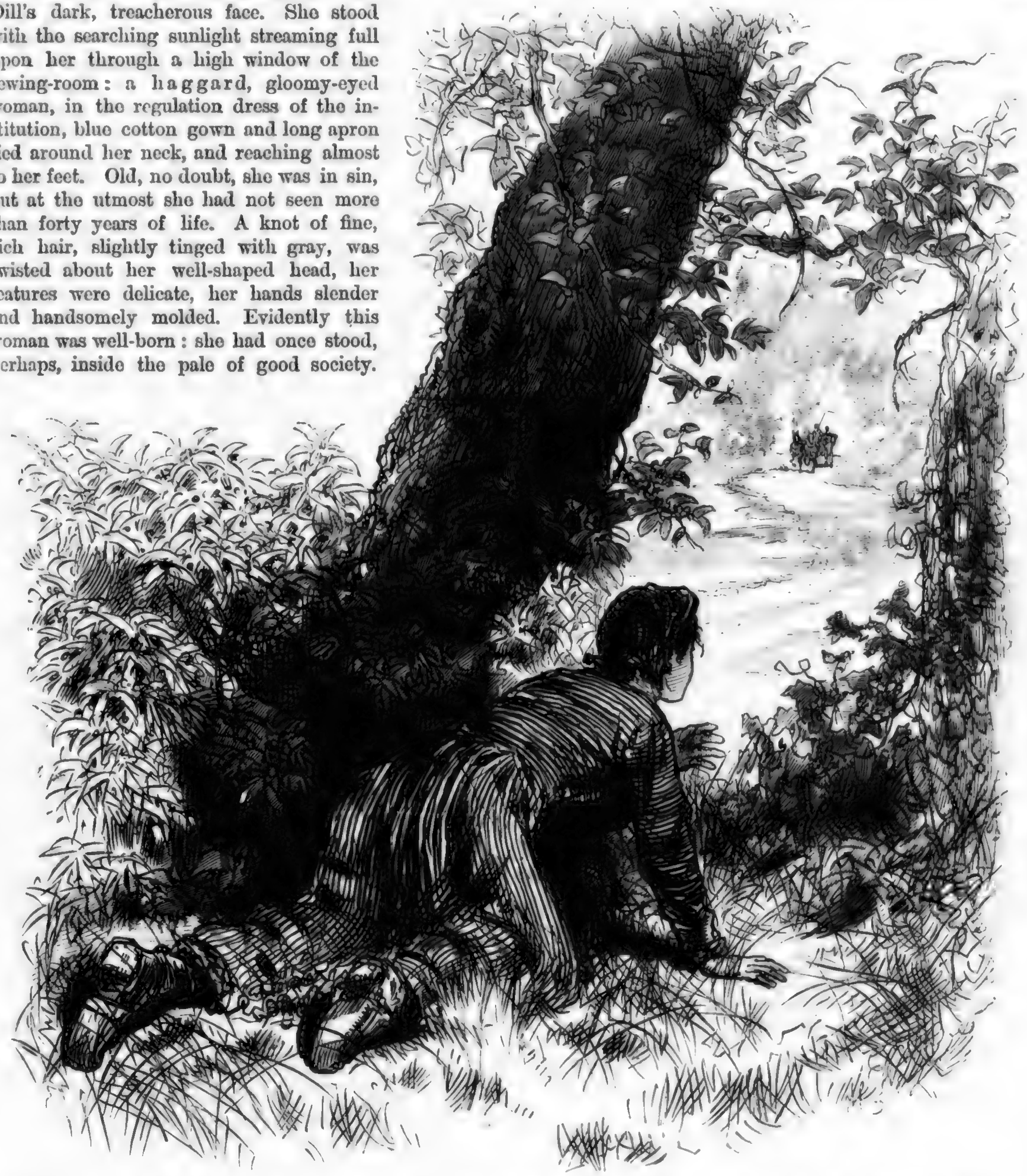
The person addressed arose sullenly from one of the long rows of seats that stretched across the sewing-room of the reformatory at Deer Island, and stepped forward to answer. She was the last of six women whose names had been called.

"Your term of imprisonment expires to-day," said the matron, addressing the dubious group; "you will now make ready to leave the island."

No expression of joy or eagerness, or even a temperate satisfaction, ruffled the stolidity of Moll Dill's dark, treacherous face. She stood with the searching sunlight streaming full upon her through a high window of the sewing-room: a haggard, gloomy-eyed woman, in the regulation dress of the institution, blue cotton gown and long apron tied around her neck, and reaching almost to her feet. Old, no doubt, she was in sin, but at the utmost she had not seen more than forty years of life. A knot of fine, rich hair, slightly tinged with gray, was twisted about her well-shaped head, her features were delicate, her hands slender and handsomely molded. Evidently this woman was well-born: she had once stood, perhaps, inside the pale of good society. Despite the ravages of want and dissipation, traces of rare beauty still lingered in her face. By what dark disasters she had reached her present level, God and her own heart alone knew. In the institution her record ran about like this:

"Committed for drunkenness. Sullen, slothful and often refractory. A hopeless character."

With the air of sulkiness habitual to her, Moll Dill followed her five companions to the clothing-room, where she doffed her prison garb and put on the garments she had worn when brought to the island, three months before—an old black dress, a faded shawl and a battered bonnet. Here she also received the trifles found upon her at that time—a ragged purse containing a few pennies, and the cheap tintype of a child. In the reception-room of the institution these six creatures—women, but with all the glory and grace



THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"HARK! CLOSE AT HAND ANOTHER SOUND WAS AUDIBLE ALSO—THE RUMBLING OF APPROACHING WHEELS ON THE GRAVEL OF THE HIGHWAY. MOLL DILL RAISED HER STEALTHY HEAD AND PEERED OUT OF HER COVERT."

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of womanhood stamped out of them for ever—stood ready for departure.

"Come!" called the officer whose duty it was to see them fairly dismissed from the island, and in single file they stepped out into the open sunshine of the day.

Moll Dill was the last. Unobserved under her jaded shawl, she shook a vindictive fist at the big, red buildings where she had chafed and fumed and cursed herself and all the world for twelve weary weeks. It was her only farewell; then she tramped off in the footsteps of her fellow-prisoners along the wide, graveled road leading to the wharf on the Point Spirly side of the island.

There a flight of wooden steps descended to the water, and a black and green row-boat, manned by four oarsmen, waited to receive the procession. The six women, still attended by the officer, scrambled into it, Moll last, and the boat pushed off across that boisterous little channel known as Shirley Gut, to the mainland which Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, with rowing galleys and rich uniforms and saluting cannon from Castle William, came down from Boston to christen after his own august self one fair Autumn day in the year 1753.

The tide was running violently. More than one prisoner, in attempting to escape by swimming the Gut, which might well be called another river Styx, has been swept out to death in the wild sea beyond.

The boat rose and fell on the strong swell, and grated, at last, against the beach. The six women leaped ashore—free, with Deer Island and its wholesome restraints behind them, and before them the long, dusty road stretching back to the want and sin and despair of the great city.

"Good-by, ladies," called one of the boatmen, derisively. "Good-by—for a season. We shall soon see you again."

A volley of vituperation answered him. Moll Dill alone said nothing—she was already walking away up the beach.

Point Shirley, called in the old records of Boston "Pullen Poynte," because of the tow-ropes used by the early fishermen in surmounting the eddies of the channel, is a small, uninteresting place. It boasts a few houses, some black chimneys and blacker heaps of "slag," pertaining to its defunct copper works, and a solitary gray hotel, where fish and game dinners of fine flavor and formidable price are served in the Summer season to wealthy Boston epicures. The drive from the hot, stifling city along a road bordering the bay is an agreeable matter of a Summer day, and the stylish turn-outs of these lovers of good cheer, coming and going, alone give life and color to the dull spot.

As Moll Dill, the released prisoner of Deer Island, crossed the beach and struck into the open road, a carriage, drawn by a superb pair of blooded horses, and driven by a servant in livery, came swinging round a bend in the way, knocking the outcast violently to one side. A ready oath leaped to her lips, but froze there unuttered, as, from the shadow of her battered bonnet, her angry eyes flashed up to the vehicle and rested upon its one occupant—a man, pale, smooth-shaven, dressed in an elegant, summery costume, and having a cold, aristocratic face, placid of brow and arrogant of lip—a man with wealth and importance stamped so plainly upon him that he who ran could read—a man who leaned slightly over the side of the open carriage to stare in displeased amaze at the miserable figure which his horses had nearly trampled. With a cry, Moll Dill darted back; all over her haggard face spread the swift pallor of fear or hate, or perhaps both combined. She had not seen that face before for many a long year, yet she recognized it instantly—she had a good memory—recognized it with a tigerish thrill at her heart, with a murderous gleam in her wild, blood-shotten eyes—with these words, hurled like a blow at that man in his ease and his splendor:

"God in heaven! It is you, is it? Curse you!—a hundred curses on you!"

It was his turn to start now, for if he did not know that changed, miserable body, her voice still kept its old-time tone. He half arose in his carriage, turning back to her a face whiter than her own, and raising his gloved hand quickly, unconsciously to his throat, like a person who is choking. The next moment, however, he seemed to regain his composure. He fell back on the velvet-cushioned seat, the carriage rolled on, stopped at the gray hotel, and the man leaped out, said something to his servant, and vanished inside the open door. Moll Dill turned and walked away.

She had not gone a dozen yards when she heard a panting breath, a hurried step, and lo! the liveried driver of the carriage, looking very hot and very disgusted, stood before her.

"Stop a bit, woman!" he commanded, loftily; "the gentleman who passed you just now sends you this trifle, and wants to know what you are doing here."

The "trifle" was a ten-dollar bank-note. Moll gave a lightning glance at the servant, tore the money in atoms, tossed it into the dust and spat upon it.

"Tell him," said she, "that I've just served out three months at the island yonder, and only got my release to-day. They land us on this beach when we're discharged early, and don't like to wait till afternoon for the city boat. Three months for drunkenness—be sure you tell him that!" And, with a wild, wicked laugh, she scurried away in the track of her five companions.

The latter were by this time far in advance of her—they had seen nothing of the roadside incident.

"Come along, Moll!" they called, mockingly; "what's the matter with you? Do you want to go back to the island? Take heart, old girl! You'll see it again soon enough."

She made no answer. On they went before her, like a flock of carrion-birds. She did not try to overtake them—she had no desire for their company on her homeward journey. In vain they called to her to mend her pace. Moll was not in a social mood. Soon a bend in the crooked road hid them from her sight—even the shrill echoes of their voices died away; she saw and heard them no more.

Point Shirley vanished in the distance. Overhead the midday sun shone in a cloudless sky, a soft blue haze hung upon the rippling, dancing sea, flecked here and there with snow-white sails, or an emerald green island.

The road that stretched before Moll Dill's laggard feet was full of pleasant sights and sounds; a soft wind fanned up from the bay, the hum of insects filled the wayside thickets; on the right hand and on the left, the happy homes of Winthrop village basked in the sunshine; but this woman who was done with happiness in all its forms, went plodding on through the dust, with sullen eyes cast down and parched, livid lips that kept whispering over a name—a man's name, mingled with every variety of cursing. It did not matter to her that the sun shone and the birds sang, that now and then some well-dressed person passed her and turned to stare at the hag from the island; or that she was far in the rear of the more sociable five—no, Moll had other things to think about—bitter, wicked things, that boded no good either to herself or to others.

She came to Winthrop bridge, tramped over it stolidly, climbed the hill beyond and plodded on, still lost in thought, till she reached a gate opening on the right of the road into a solitary lane. The spot was unspeakably lonely. The town lay all behind her, not a house was in sight, save the distant buildings on Breed's Island to which the lane led. Near by, along the roadside wall, grew clumps of old cherry trees, thickets of elder bushes and the usual tangle of greenery which spreads by country highways in New England.

Moll Dill paused at this stage of her journey, looked around with eyes that comprehended all the features of the landscape, then crept deliberately into the screen of bushes —crept close down to their roots, and to the base of the wall, and stretched her body flat upon the cool, moist, shadowy earth. In this position she looked not unlike a wild beast in its lair,

She lay there a long time, listening, waiting patiently. Once she thrust her hand into the pocket of her dress, and drew forth the tin-type of the child, which I have before mentioned, put it to her cracked, thirsty lips and kissed it.

"What'll she say to see me back again?" she whispered, hoarsely to herself, "three months is a long time—maybe she's dead—she was sick when I went away. No, they wouldn't let her die—they couldn't! whatever I've done, nobody will be hard on *her!*"

She seemed to soothe herself with this reflection. Putting the scratched picture—it was ten years old, at least, and its original must now have reached womanhood—again into her pocket, she lay back in the shelter of the bushes, and stared straight up at the blank sky.

Hour after hour passed. The shadows began to stretch long upon marsh and field, the lowing of cattle could be heard from the Breed farm. Hark! close at hand another sound was audible also — the rumbling of approaching wheels on the gravel of the highway. Moll Dill raised her stealthy head and peered out of her covert.

Along the road a carriage was moving slowly toward her —an elegant affair, glittering with French varnish and drawn by a pair of high-stepping horses—the same vehicle which had wellnigh run over her at Point Shirley. On its velvet cushions lolled the man whom she had cursed that day, and who had sent her the ten-dollar note. Rolling home from a superb dinner, he was leaning listlessly back in his seat, a lighted cigar held in his delicately gloved fingers, and he himself lost evidently in thought, which the slow pace of the horses and the utter loneliness of the landcape seemed to favor. He was an image of perfect repose, unsuspecting, off his guard.

And Moll Dill? At the sight, her prostrate body seemed to stiffen in every limb. She had known that he would pass this spot—that, if she waited patiently, she might see him again this day—and yet the same ashy whiteness which the first glimpse of him had called to her face overspread it anew; a devil incarnate flashed anew into her distended eyes. Nearer the carriage drew and nearer. Neither servant nor master saw the thicket, at the entrance of the old lane, nor the wild-eyed thing crouching in its shelter. The wheels glistened as they turned in the sun, the horses champed their silver bits. He was coming—he was close beside her! With a movement stealthy, swift as lightning, Moll snatched a stone from the wall, sharp, jagged, heavy, all that her grasp could compass. Another turn of the wheels, another tramp of the spirited hoofs, and gathering herself up for the effort, she raised her strong right arm and with all her might, dashed the missile straight at that pale, cold, high-bred face. A determined aim and a true one! The stone struck the occupant of the carriage full in the forehead; it was like a bolt from heaven. The blood spirted out, hot and red. Without word or sound he fell back in his seat, senseless as a log.

A cry broke from the frightened driver—it started his spirited horses. They gave a plunge, a snort, and dashed off at headlong speed. Swift as a snake Moll Dill wriggled under the gate, crawled a few yards into the tall grass of the lane, and there lay down, with her face to the earth, holding her very breath.

In the midst of all her hate and fury, a wholesome fear of discovery was upon her. Three months of life at Deer Island had given her a distaste for further imprisonment. She listened, but heard nothing; waited, but no living thing appeared to disturb her. The carriage had vanished —tearing horses, frightened driver, bleeding master and all. Had her well-aimed missile killed him? "I hope so!" she said to herself savagely. "If I'd had a knife, and could have got near enough to him, I'd have plunged it into his heart!"

The sun set. Moll raised herself cautiously, at last, and looked out into the road. All was silent there, no living thing was in sight. She gathered courage, pulled her bonnet straight, shook the grass and leaves from her shawl, and stepped forth into the highway. A moment's observation convinced her that the coast was clear. Without further delay she set her wicked face again toward the city.

It was dark by the time she reached East Boston Ferry. She paid her toll with the last pennies which she had in the world, and rushing down the slip, scrambled upon the boat with such haste that she nearly fell overboard. A woman standing near caught her by the arm.

"Be careful!" she said, kindly; "accidents often happen on these boats."

Wrathfully Moll shook off that helping hand.

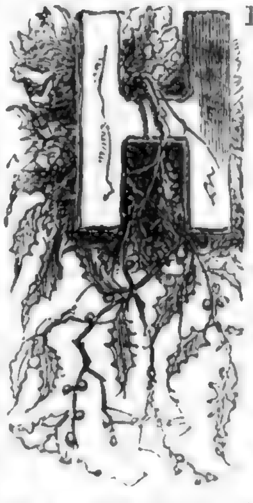
"Mind your own business!" she growled. "I don't thank you for interfering 'twixt me and the water. It's twenty-three years ago this very night that I tried to drown myself in this very harbor, from a boat like this, and cursed be the hour and the man that baffled me! It would have been a deal better for me and for him, too, if he'd let me gone down."

Then slipping past the astonished woman, she slunk into the darkest corner of the cabin, and there sat, silent and motionless, while happier and better people laughed and chatted around her, and the boat went plunging across the harbor toward the lights of the city proper.

As it touched the opposite side, Moll was the first person to spring upon the drop. A moment more, and she had lost herself in a labyrinth of North End streets.

CHAPTER II.

THE OUTCAST'S DAUGHTER.



HER foot was now upon her native heath. She turned a foul, noisy corner, and entered a dram-shop. A frowsy, dirty woman stood behind the bar.

"Halloo!" she cried, carelessly; "are you back again, Moll?"

"Yes," answered the Dill woman, advancing with a deprecatory air; "give me a drink; I'm choking to death for want of it."

"Where's your money?" demanded the sovereign of the bar.

"I haven't any — not a cent," whined Moll Dill; "but I'll be sure to get some from my girl—that is, if she ain't dead. I s'pose you don't know whether she is or not, do you?"

"Not I. Your girl don't take to such folks as we are, you know. I've never heard a word about her since you went away. No, your money first, Moll; no drinks on credit here; we don't do business in that fashion."

Moll turned sullenly on her heel, and plunged again into the darkness of the night.

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Her next stopping-place was before the entrance of a reeking, tumble-down North End tenement-house—a warped, bleared, rickety building, jammed in betwixt two low drinking places, from whence the sound of fiddles and riotous talk and shrill laughter rolled out upon the air. In the door an old, swarthy organ-grinder, minus a leg, and with a greasy red handkerchief twisted round his head in place of a hat, stood leaning on a pair of crutches, listening to the neighboring fiddles.

"Joseph!" called Moll Dill, sharply, "is my girl here?"

The man started, and stared hard at the unkempt figure and fierce, eager, uplifted face of his interrogator.

"Saints of heaven! you're back again, are you?" said he. "No, your girl ain't here; she was sick after you was put down, and the folks at the Mission took her away."

"Took her away—where?" demanded Moll, wildly.

"Well," answered Joseph, "she left the place writ on paper for you, unbeknown to any one, and she gave it to me, and says she, 'Some ladies of the Mission have found me a respectable lodging, and work for to do. Some day my mother'll be coming here to look for me, and, bad as she is, I can't hide myself away from her; she may be penitent, she may need me, so I'll leave this with you to give to her, Joseph.'"

He produced from some pocket of his greasy, ragged garments a scrap of paper, on which a few words were scrawled; but he was careful to hold it beyond reach of the hand that Moll Dill thrust out to him eagerly.

"How do I know ye're penitent, Moll?" he leered. "Moreover, I ain't a-going to take charge of this paper three months for nothing. You've got to give me a fair price afore you can have it."

"And what have I got to give you?" cried Moll, fiercely. "Hand it here, you scoundrel! Do you want to keep me away from my girl—me, her mother?"

"A nice mother you've been to her!" sneered Mr. Joseph. "Bless me! I don't believe there's one drop of your blood in her, Moll. She's no more like you, than white's like black."

"What's that to you?" scowled Moll, with an oath; "give me the paper! I hain't heard one word from her since I was put down."

"You can have it when you pay for it," replied Joseph, airily. "You've shoes on your feet, I see, and a shawl to your back; you've money too, I dare say. You're a sly one, Moll—some folks think you've been a lady in your day."

"It's small matter to you, or to any one else, what I've been," hissed Moll. "Here, you vampire, take the shoes, take the shawl, and give me her little paper—give it to me, I say, or I'll kill you!"

She looked fully capable of fulfilling the threat, as, flinging the above-mentioned articles straight in his cunning, swarthy face, she snatched the slip from him and made off, unshod, uncovered, down the noisy, ill-flavored street.

In the light of a shop window she paused to read the address scribbled on the paper—Moll could read and write—yea, she had a good store of book-knowledge, too. Then, setting her face westward, she crossed one or two thoroughfares, scurried through several dark and intricate ways, and finally reached a secluded court in a locality which, however poor it might be, was respectable.

Here Moll paused irresolute and looked around. As she did so, a firm step sounded on the pavement at her back, and a tall young fellow swung past her, whistling a popular air in a light, happy key. Moll seized his arm.

"Sir," she cried. "do you know if there's anybody living hereabouts by the name of Mercy Dill?—a young girl, sir, that does fine sewing for a living?"

In the meagre light of the old court she made a sorry figure indeed—her shawl gone, her hair blowing loose about her haggard, weary face, her feet bare, her black eyes burning like coals of fire. The young fellow stared at her blankly.

"Mercy Dill," he repeated. "Miss Dill? In heaven's name, what do *you* want of her?"

"I'm her mother!"

He jumped as if shot.

"The deuce you are!"

"Is she here, I say?"

"Hold on a bit: Are you quite sure you haven't made a mistake?"

She gave him a keen, angry look.

"Quite sure, sir. I know what you think, but I'm her mother for all that. I come from Deer Island—I was put down there three months ago."

The young fellow muttered something under his breath, than he said aloud in a very annoyed tone—

"Well, come along! It's two or three doors ahead. I hope she'll be glad to see you, that's all."

He strode on in advance of Moll, and paused before an old wooden house at the end of the court. Plenteous it was in dust and mold and decay, but it wore a decent air. A trellis whereon a sickly grape-vine clung, darkened some of the lower windows, and at the entrance a placard informed the public that there were lodgings to let inside. The young fellow took a key from his pocket and unlocked the door. Moll stepped into a shabby little entry from which ascended a flight of narrow stairs covered with oil cloth.

"Stay here," said her guide, shortly, "while I speak to Miss Dill."

He mounted the stair in a way that told he did not like his errand, and passing along an upper entry, stopped before a door from under which a beam of lamp-light shone brightly. Inside could be heard a girl's voice, silver-sweet, singing these words of a hymn, learned no doubt at some mission school.

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell your anguish—
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

The young fellow knocked timidly. The voice ceased, a step crossed the floor, the door opened, and on its threshold, like a picture in a frame, stood a young girl.

She was dressed in an old brown gown of coarse and cheap material, and she had a piece of fine needlework in her hand. Her oval face looked like a flawless pearl. Every feature was chiseled like some old cameo, and from under the low, perfect brows shone two big violet eyes, strangely sad in expression and fringed with the blackest of black lashes. Hair of a rare and glorious yellow bronze tint was caught in an ineffectual knot at the back of her small head, only to escape in rich, rebellious tendrils all about her sea-shell ears and firm, round, milky throat. A poor, low-born sewing girl, but *such* a girl! Her beauty would have graced a palace—her face wore the cool, proud purity of a day-lily, and her deep, dark wells of eyes had looked for years on want and sin, and only grown sorrowful, not sullied, with the looking.

At sight of her the young fellow outside the door was thrown into a state of lively confusion.

"Good-evening, Mr. Black," she said, a little smile leaping from her red lips into her wide, limpid eyes.

"Good-evening, Miss Mercy," he stammered, "pardon me, there's a woman below-stairs who says she is your mother, and that she came from—from—Deer Island—deuce take her! It can't be. Shall I order her out of the house?"

Every vestige of color faded from the girl's young face. She dropped her needlework, recoiling a step in terror.

"No! heaven, help me! No, Mr. Black—it is true, quite true! I knew—I felt that she would soon be here. If you please, will you tell her to come up?"

She leaned against the door, her lips blanched, her eyes large with dread. Mr. Black's heart thrilled fiercely. He turned and dashed down the narrow stair three steps at a time to the entry below.

"Go up!" said he to Moll Dill, and a moment after, in the little room above, mother and daughter were standing face to face.

A little room, indeed, with the seal of poverty on everything in it, yet it was scrupulously clean, and some attempts at adornment were visible here and there. The furniture was scanty, and of the poorest kind. In a recess stood a bed concealed by a spotless curtain. A pot of violets, Mr. Black's gift, perfumed the narrow window ledge, and the rickety table held a small oil lamp, a bundle of needlework and a book of "gospel hymns."

"Mercy!"

"Mother!"

Moll Dill attempted no demonstration. She simply flung herself into the nearest seat, and tossed off her old bonnet.

"I'm back, you see!" she said briefly.

"Yes," shivered Mercy. "I expected you—I knew it was time for you to come. You saw Joseph then—he gave you the address I left with him."

"Yes—after I bought it with the shoes from my feet and the shawl off my back—curse him!" flashed Moll, "that's why I'm here in this plight," and her voice took a deprecatory tone. It was strange that this hardened sinner often felt in the presence of her child two emotions which no other living being, perhaps, could arouse in her—shame—fear.

"So you've found a new home, Mercy," she went on, before the girl could speak, "the Mission folks didn't visit the sins of your mother upon you, eh?—they didn't hold you responsible for my shortcomings? Well, I'm obliged to 'em for that, I'm sure. It's an improvement on our old quarters, and the society hereabouts is better, no doubt." She gave a low, bitter laugh as she looked around the room.

Mercy shut the door, and stood with her back against it.

"I was very sick after you went away," she faltered, "and very destitute. The ladies of the Mission took care of me, and the first thing they asked me was if I would not like to change my lodging. I was so glad, so thankful; I said yes, anywhere on the wide earth, out of *that* place. So they brought me here, and the Aid Society gives me fine sewing to do, and I earn enough to pay for this room and buy my food. I work all day and part of the night sometimes, and everybody is kind—oh, so kind to me."

Moll digested this news in silence; then said she:

"Who was the man that came in with me here tonight?"

"Mr. Valentine Black," answered Mercy, steadily. "He is a clerk in a banking-house, and he lives on the floor below with his aunt, Miss Affry Black, who is my landlady. She hires this house and lets it out to lodgers. She is poor, too—not with such poverty as mine, but still poor, and I can never tell half of her goodness to me since I have been here; since the Mission ladies told her my story."

Moll made an uneasy movement.

"Have you got anything to eat?" she said, after a pause. "I've been on the road all day, and haven't tasted bite nor sup since morning."

Mercy went to a cupboard in the wall, and drew from it her store of provisions—a jug of milk and a loaf of bread. Moll pounced upon both with the ravenous haste of a famished dog. When she had satisfied her hunger, she arose and shook herself.

"I s'pose you'll give me a place to sleep in, Mercy?" she queried. "You won't turn me out into the streets, though I *have* put you to shame?"

"Turn you out?" echoed Mercy, and there was something strangely pitiful in her pale face; "how can I do that? Whatever you are, whatever you do, I am your child, you are my mother; nothing can change our relation to each other—nothing."

The passive despair of these last words was not lost upon Moll. She turned fiercely on the speaker.

"Who's been trying to set you against your mother?" And then, ripping out an angry oath, "You've been set against me always—yes, from your cradle. When I think of it, I'd like to throttle you! It's more torment than hungering for drink—than standing up in the police court and hearing the sentence. Who gave you leave to despise your mother? You used to shrink away from me when you was a mere baby—before you could fairly talk—you used to scream and cry, even then, when I tried to fondle you, and you've got the same spirit still; it's as if you thought your flesh and blood were of different make from mine."

Mercy stood leaning against the table whereon her work lay, the lamplight glancing off her gold-tinted head and colorless cheek, the tears overspreading her violet eyes.

"Nothing can set me against you," she answered, firmly, "but your own misdeeds. Have you not suffered—have you not made *me* suffer enough? Think of what my life has been, mother. When I was a child you used to turn me out to beg from door to door. If I came back to you empty-handed, you beat me; if people pitied me and gave me money, you spent it for drink, and left me to freeze and starve. I cannot remember a time when you did *not* drink—a time when I had food to eat or clothes to wear. You used to say to me, 'You have proud blood in your veins, girl; it must be put down.' I don't know what you meant, but I am sure you were glad to see me suffer. And when I grew older—when I could earn a little by picking rags, by curling feathers from the shops, by any work that was offered me, wasn't it still the same? Didn't the money all go one way? And yet it is not you that I blame—it was not you who were cruel to me—what mother would be cruel to her child?—but that demon which has brought you to want and shame, which has made us two to-night the most forlorn creatures in all this great city."

Moll stared darkly at the speaker.

"Gospel truth!" she muttered, hoarsely; "but what would you have? Did you expect me to make a lady of you?—to work for you, teach you, bring you up in the way you should go, like a pious mother? I'm not pious, never was, never shall be. I liked better to keep you down in the mire—yes, I did, I'll own it. I once made an experiment at being a lady myself, and that was enough for me. Yes, I've abused you, Mercy, I know it; I've made you ashamed of my very name a thousand times, but"—and here a fierce gleam leaped into her blood-shotten eyes—"don't *you* pretend to judge me. What do you know of the causes that first drove me wrong? Many a time I've fled to drink to keep myself from going mad with thinking. You talk glibly of your own suffering; if I should tell you what *mine* has been, you'd hold your peace for ever!"

"I do not want to judge you; I do not want to talk of the past at all," said Mercy Dill; and the look on her pale, young face might have melted a heart of stone; "but only to beg you—yes, upon my knees, to have mercy now upon yourself and upon me, and quit the old ways. Will prayers move you?—will tears move you? Speak to me—look at me, mother! I will work for you night and day; I will love you and take care of you. Oh, you will do better, will you not? You will bring no more trouble upon me; you will be glad no longer to keep me in the mire?"

Tears choked her voice. She was down on her knees at Moll's feet, her lovely arms clasping this haggard, sin-stained mother, her lovely face full of passionate pleading. Moll shook her off wildly.

"That'll do, Mercy—I can't bear it. Yes, I'll be better—I will, so help me God! I'll quit drink. You can tell the Mission folks I've made up my mind to reform; they'll be coming round to talk with me when they hear I'm back from the Island. There, get up off your knees. Don't kneel to me; you make me feel as if a hundred devils were pricking at my heart. The goodness was born in you, somehow, just as the badness was born in me. Let me lie down here in the corner, I'm worn out now; to-morrow, perhaps, I'll talk with you again."

Mercy arose to her feet.

"You have promised, mother," she faltered, with a dry, choking sob, "and you *will* keep your word—say that you will!"

"I'll keep my word—be content!" answered Moll, impatiently; and then she helped herself to some clothes from the bed behind the curtain, tossed them on the floor, took off her garments, and laid herself down upon her impromptu couch with a low, unpleasant laugh.

"It's a better bed than an open doorway or the floor of a station-house, eh, Mercy? But time was when I slept on down, and had servants to spread lace and silk over me. Merciful God! how long ago it seems to-night!"

Mercy Dill stood shading the lamp-light from her startled eyes with one slim hand.

"Mother, what do you mean? Why do you talk like that? It is not the first time you have said such things. You must be dreaming."

Moll bounced over on her flat, featherless pillow.

"Maybe, though I ain't much given to dreams."

"If you have been rich in your day, why are we now—why have we always been, since I can remember—so poor? You once told me that my father died when I was a babe. Was it his death that brought us to want?"

Moll shrugged her shoulders.

"No! *I* brought you to want—I only. Don't ask any more questions. I shan't answer them; I'm going to sleep," and she stretched out her gaunt body, turned her face to the wall, and became at once preternaturally still.

Mercy picked up her sewing and went to work again.

She sat stitching away like mad, when the door opened softly, and the face of a woman looked into the chamber. It was a shrewd, kindly old visage, screwed now into an expression of apprehension and alarm. A cap, all awry, surmounted the gray hair; a collar was pinned under the left ear. Miss Affry Black, racked with rheumatism and defective of vision, was the most careless creature on earth regarding her personal adornment. She stepped noiselessly over the threshold, throwing up both hands as her near-sighted eyes fell upon the sleeping figure in the corner.

"Val told me," she whispered, "and he *would* make me come up to ask if we can do anything for you, poor child!"

Mercy looked up with a sad, grateful smile.

"Thank you, Miss Affry—no, you can do nothing. But now that she has come, you will not, perhaps, want me to stay here. She has promised to do better, but how can I tell whether she will keep her word or not?"

Miss Black's funny little face grew intense with sympathy.

"Bless me! have you got that bee in your bonnet? Did you think Val and I would turn you out because of her? No, not for a hundred just like her! Oh, my dear, how hard-hearted we must seem to you! You'll excuse me, Mercy, but I hope the next drop of liquor that goes down her throat will choke her stone-dead—I do indeed!" She stamped on the floor in her earnestness. Miss Black was a person who spoke her mind upon all occasions. "To think that a good, beautiful creature like you should have such a mother!" she went on; "it's abominable! No, whether she gives you further trouble or not, you will stay here, Mercy, and we will be your true friends—Val and I. I, too, have had sorrows, child," and a mist of tears overspread her eyes. "I brought Val up, you know. His father and mother died when he was a babe, and left him to me—bless him! He always was and always will be the best of boys, but betwixt sending him to school and getting bread for us I had my poor hands quite full. Well, thank God! it's over now, and he takes care of me, the dear laddie! Don't sew any more, Mercy. Go to bed, dear, or your pretty eyes will be dim long before their time. If you want anything in the night—if *she* gives you any trouble, you'll call me, won't you?"

"Yes," assented Mercy, "but she will not—she's asleep, as you see."

Miss Black gave the girl a sound smack—a great, loud, loving kiss.

"You brave, sweet, heroic child, may the good Lord watch over you!" she muttered, and then went out softly, closing the door behind her.

Mercy fell to her work again, stitching, stitching till her lamp burned low, and her slender fingers ached, and the long, tired lashes drooped involuntarily over her heavy eyes. At last the final stitch was set in the dainty garment—an infant's christening robe, and a thing of beauty indeed. The Aid Society had no seamstress who could compare in skill and excellence with Mercy Dill. With a weary sigh, she folded up her work, knelt at her nightly prayer—Mercy never forgot *that*—and then slipping out of her garments, she crept into the bed behind the curtain, and in five minutes was deeply and dreamlessly asleep.

In five minutes, also, Moll Dill arose from her corner. *She* had not slept. Raked up in the red-hot coals of memory and remorse, there was no rest for her this night. To shut her eyes was to see the wounded face of a man, pale, aristocratic, blood-stained, staring straight into her own; to open them was to behold the same vision dancing on the bare wall, in mid-air—everywhere. A moonbeam shone through the window; by its light she sprang up noiselessly and dressed herself with feverish haste.

"Oh, cursed be memory!" she whispered, with white lips; "there's but one thing that'll drown it, and that's drink. And good folks wonder that I don't reform! Let them take from me these devil pictures that keep rising before my eyes, these devil voices that keep whispering in my ears, and I'll do it. I'll be a good woman ever after."

She glided softly to Mercy's bed, and looked down upon her by the dim moonlight; looked at the slumbering young face, with the gold-bronze hair tossed about it, and the black lashes clinging close to the pale cheek. Moll Dill clinched her hands suddenly over the sleeper.

"Oh God!" she groaned, "I wish I'd never tried to take revenge through *her*—I wish I'd left her to a better lot—I wish the misery and the want and the shame I've made her suffer were off my soul to-night! They burn me like fire! She was born to be dressed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day—born to be petted and adored, and nurtured like a rare flower, and I have cheated her of it all!—robbed her of her birthright, and for *what?* Well, it's too late now to undo the past. She must make the best of her lot, as I've made the best of mine

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—ha! ha! I thought I was done with remorse, but I'm not—I'm not—it's a hard thing to kill."

She paced noiselessly up and down the little room, now clinching, now wringing her hands in dumb distress. Her black eyes burned like coals; now and then a stifled moan escaped her dry, feverish lips. The soul of the woman was in dire torment. She had not the moral strength to bear it long. That old, wicked remedy which she had used so often to her own destruction, thrust its temptation upon her anew. Snatching up the dress still warm with the pressure of Mercy's young body, she inserted her shaking hand into its pocket, and drew out a little thin-worn purse. Stealthy as a cat, she crept out of the chamber, down the stairs and into the court. The purse contained a little roll of money—Mercy's earnings—all that she possessed in the world. Clutching it hungrily, this woman who had promised to reform, to do better, and whom a score of demons seemed now pursuing, fled out of the dark, silent court, turned a street corner, plunged into the first drinking-place to which she came, and there vanished, like an ill-favored ghost.

CHAPTER III.

BEE'S LETTERS.

THE wind wailed across the silent and deserted playground; drops of rain fell now and then upon the pane; twilight was already gathering. For the hundredth time, at least, Beatrix Sardis, familiarly known as Bee to all her friends and relatives, drew out her tiny, jeweled watch and consulted it anxiously.

She was sitting on the broad window ledge of the music-room at Madame Manners's very fashionable finishing school, curled up in a rather undignified attitude—Bee had very little natural dignity, as Madame Manners frequently told her—watching, waiting, listening; a round dimpled girl, with blue eyes as frank and honest as the day, a big braid of fair hair, a nice skin and delicate hands and feet; a girl with a pure conscience, a faultless digestion and a wholesome hatred of all falsities; a good lover and a good hater, born to the purple and fine linen of life, yet quite unspoiled by the accident; a prime favorite with pupils and teachers alike, and last of all, an heiress in her own right, and the niece and ward of a man known in financial circles as the prince of millionaires—Cullen Sardis, the banker.

"It is actually growing dark," muttered Bee, peering out into the lonely, wind-swept play ground. "Perhaps he will not come to-night, after all."

She arose in a fever of impatience, walked about the room once or twice, brushed some music leaves off the piano, and stopped to put them back again, and finally returned to the window ledge, and to beguile the time of waiting, drew from the silken pocket of her dress two letters, both bearing a foreign post-mark. She already knew their contents by heart, for they had been in her possession the entire day; yet, having nothing else to do, she now prepared to read them once more. Each was written in a feminine hand on exquisite creamy paper, adorned with a motto and a crest.

The first ran as follows:

MY DEAR, DARLING BEE: I wrote you last from the Hotel de l'Europe, Baden-Baden, a nice, long letter, full of all the gossip I could gather at that gay watering-place, for I know you delight in everything pertaining to the great, naughty, frivolous Vanity Fair, into which, happily for you, your unfledged wings have not yet soared. Well, the time of your *début* is near at hand, and *sans doute*, mamma will soon return to take charge of you. Ah, poor mamma! I give her trouble enough, Heaven knows; but what will she do with two unmarried girls on her hands?

We are now at Lucerne, as you will see by the date of this letter. Our grand hotel is filled with guests—German, French, English and *many* Americans. Familiar faces stare at me daily, across the *table d'hote*. What with the dressing, the flirting and the shrill American voices to be heard everywhere, one might easily fancy one's self at Saratoga or Newport. The stone pier where the steamer stops is opposite my window, and I do not think I should feel *very* much surprised to see you marching up from it some day, hanging to papa's arm, and strangling with a superfluity of adjectives at sight of the Righi, the blue lake and the old watch-towers on the heights. It is actually a year, you know, since I last saw your darling face. Ah, I love you very dearly, Bee—better, I sometimes think, than anybody else in the world.

In your last letter, you dear, unsophisticated child, you asked me to tell you something about my lovers. Now, what do you mean by that absurd request? Do you wish to know whether they are tall or short, dark or fair, handsome or ugly, eligible or otherwise? And would you like to hear of them collectively or individually, dear Bee? Madame Manners ought to tell you—no doubt she does, but I fear many good lessons are lost upon you—that curiosity, at best, is a vulgar sentiment, unworthy of one in your exalted position in life. I, being more indulgent, will say, with all due modesty, that my lovers are as "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." They turn up at the oddest times and in impossible places, and give mamma a world of trouble. Poor mamma! One thing has happened, however, to put her in good humor—I mean a little adventure which befell me before we left Baden-Baden; and though you make it a point never to agree with her in anything, Bee, I am sure you will be glad to hear about it.

The Redferns and Van Dorns, of New York, were at the Hotel de l'Europe, also the Bradfords, of Boston, and some nice English people, whose acquaintance we made at the American Minister's in London. Alice Bradford is an old schoolmate of mine, and her brother Fred, when he can spare the time from the study of his guide-book and the cultivation of his weak red beard, still writes sonnets, *sans* rhyme, *sans* reason, to my eyebrows.

The day before we left Baden-Baden, I went with this irreproachable party to ride in the Black Forest. Mamma had a headache, and so I was consigned to that very careful chaperon, Mrs. Bradford, who, knowing the weakness of her son Frederick for my society, left me entirely to *him*.

Ah, Bee, you remember the elfish legends which we used to read of the Black Forest in our nursery days. It is the home of enchanters, gnomes and sprites—a great, gloomy pine wood, where the giant trees stand straight and close, and the dark-green branches meet and lap, shutting out the light of the sun, and where the strong, fresh wind from the Alps rushes to meet one in joyful welcome. Fred Bradford and I lingered somewhat behind the rest of the party.

"Let them go ahead," he whispered; "there's truth in the old saying, that two are company, and three, or more, are none."

One bore is preferable to a half dozen, and Fred's soft nothings are more bearable than Archie Van Dorn's, so I offered no objections.

Into the enchanted Schwartzwald rode we—into its silence and mystic gloom. I thought of the legendary frescoes on the Trink Halle at Baden-Baden, and looked around me involuntarily for the belted, hooded dwarfs, the entranced huntsmen and the fairy sprites in sharp hats and red stockings, who are said to inhabit the place. Alas! none were to be seen. Fred Bradford, with a blue vail twisted English fashion round his hat, and a Murray sticking out of his pocket, was the only enchanter visible in the scene. Suddenly he gave a start.

"Who the deuce is that fellow coming yonder?" said he. "Not one of our party, I know."

Out of the green gloom before us a horse and rider appeared. The first was a fine animal, as black as midnight; the second—well, I caught one glimpse of a blonde, bearded face as he flashed by, and then turned in his saddle to look at me, as if I were something perfectly unique. The next moment he had vanished like the Wild Huntsman himself, among the black tree-boles of the Schwartzwald.

"Well, by Jove!" said Fred, "I ought to know that face. I saw him at the Opera in Paris last Winter—heard a curious story about him, too. How abominably he stared at you, Ethel!"

"So I observed," said I; "who is he?"

"A lord, or count or something—I've forgotten his name. These titled beggars are as thick here at Baden as blackberries in August. Your English friend, Hallam, knows him—he's a huge hand at *écarté*; hinged the Briton of two hundred pounds one night in Paris—Hallam told me so himself."

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Just then I heard a noise overhead which drove the black horse and his rider quite out of my mind.

"Fred, was that thunder?" said I; "the forest is getting awfully dark—it is going to storm. Hurry, do, and let us overtake our friends."

"Pooh!" he answered; "a passing cloud, no more." And, oh, how red his face grew! and how dreadfully unbecoming a red face is to Frederick!

"Hold on, Ethel, I've something I want to say to you. I know what a heart-breaker you are; I know my chance is small enough, but still I'm going to speak."

"Don't!" I warned.

"I must—I will! Like the fellow in the poem, none know you but to love you. You're a born Circe; you broke more hearts at Saratoga last season than all the other belles combined, and I can't withstand you any more than other men. I'm your bird, Ethel—you've riddled me through and through. And now will you marry me?"

Was not this an extraordinary declaration? I gave him the withering look which he deserved.

"Fred, you must be crazy!" said I. "Marry you? Certainly not. I never heard such amazing nonsense! This is what I call an abuse of confidence. I will not ride with you another step!" And I struck my horse sharply, and dashed off at a gallop to join my too indulgent chaperon.

I suppose I made wrong turn in the way; at any rate, I rode on rapidly, but saw no living creature save a native glassman, in a black jacket and sharp-crowned, wide-brimmed hat, with long stockings and enormous trowsers, tied below his knees. Mrs. Bradford and the rest of the party were nowhere to be found. And all the while Schwartzwald was growing darker and wilder. I looked up through the intricate branches, and saw that the sky was as black as ink. A sharp *spirr* of wind filled the pines. The air was full of coming tempest. I was frightened, and so, also, was the beast I rode.

Hoping I might be heard, either by my own party or some forester who would conduct me to a shelter, I lifted up my voice and called aloud. My only answer was a terrific peal of thunder, reverberating overhead and rolling through the lonesome, gloomy forest like the crack of doom. My horse gave a snort of terror, laid back his ears, and was off like a rocket. I could not control him; he was mad with fear. I never experienced so terrible a moment in all my life. I expected to be dashed to death against the treeboles, or dragged at the stirrup, or something equally frightful. And then, in the midst of my terrors, as pat as a hero in a novel, a horseman spurred out of a by-path, dashed straight across my way, and caught my bridle firmly—not Bradford, not any one of our party, but the man that Fred and I had met a little while before in the wood. Merciful heaven, Bee! I shall never forget how he looked at this second meeting, to my frightened, distorted vision. The rain was pouring in torrents, and sheets of blue lightning, darting through the forest, lit up his whole face and figure with a horrible, ghastly, infernal glare. From head to foot he was encircled in flame, and out of it he gazed upon me—a fearful fancy, was it not?—like a pale demon from his native element. As he snatched me from the saddle, I felt a strange creeping of the flesh.

"Courage!" I heard him say in French, "you are safe, mademoiselle."

And then what do you think I did? I am ashamed to write it—I fainted for the first time in my life.

When I opened my eyes shortly after, I found our whole scared and dripping party surrounding me, and in the midst of it stood the man who had stopped my horse, looking very much concerned, but no longer demoniacal. Mrs. Bradford was holding a silver flask of brandy to my lips.

"You have given us a precious fright, Ethel," she cried, crossly; "your mamma will never trust you with me again. But for this gentleman, I dare say you would have been killed outright. How do you feel, my dear? Have you strength to ride back to Baden-Baden?"

Yes, indeed, I had. As I arose to my feet, our English acquaintance, Mr. Hallam, came manfully forward with my rescuer.

"Miss Sardis," said he, "I beg leave to present my friend, Count Stahl, of Saxony. I am sure we are all greatly obliged to him for the service he has done you."

The count made me the deepest, the most deferential of bows, and said some very polite things, to which I responded as well as my confused wits would permit. A count—a genuine, live count, Bee! Now I know that you are, in every fibre of your being, a sturdy republican—that you have none of mamma's passion for titles, yet perhaps you would like to hear how this high-born gentleman looks—this hero who burst upon me in the gloomy depths of the Schwartzwald, all in a blaze of blue light, like a stage apparition. He is tall and blonde, and a trifle past thirty, perhaps. His eyes are blue, and sleepy in expression. His blonde hair is somewhat thin upon the temples, his mustache is carefully curled. He is a cosmopolitan; speaks English with scarcely an accent, dresses faultlessly, has fine manners, and ancestral estates somewhere in Saxony. Mr. Hallam, who seemed to know him well, presented him duly to all the party, and the flutter he made among the Bradford and Redfern girls I will leave you to imagine, my shrewd little Bee. Of course he returned with us to the Hotel de l'Europe. On the way I said to him:

"Your appearance in my moment of need was as mysterious as it was opportune. When we first met you in the wood, your face was set in an altogether different direction."

"True," he answered. "Will you promise not to be angry if I tell you the truth?"

"Surely."

"I was riding in this forest an hour ago, when something flashed out upon me from its darkness—a woman's face, bright, dazzling as the sun—flashed, and was gone again, like some fabled enchantress of the spot. What could I do but turn about and follow it at a distance? I felt as if some spell of the Schwartzwald had been cast upon me; I was without power or volition of my own, and so it was that I chanced to be near you at a time when you needed help; for which I must ever be devoutly thankful."

When we reached the hotel, the count was presented to mamma, and stormed the citadel of her favor at once. She believes that he saved my life, and she is very, very grateful. I frankly told her what Fred Bradford had said to me in the forest about Hallam and the game of *écarté*, and she was highly indignant.

"All gentlemen on the Continent play more or less," she said, severely; "it was disgraceful in Fred to mention such a matter to you."

Bee, all this happened a week ago, and now we are at Lucerne, and the count is here also. Mamma is happy, and I—well, I am quite overwhelmed with his attentions. Alice Bradford and the Redfern girls are mad with envy. I would that you could see my dresses, Bee—Worth's own work, and mamma bought me some exquisite jewels in Paris—a set of pearls, and another of sapphires and diamonds.

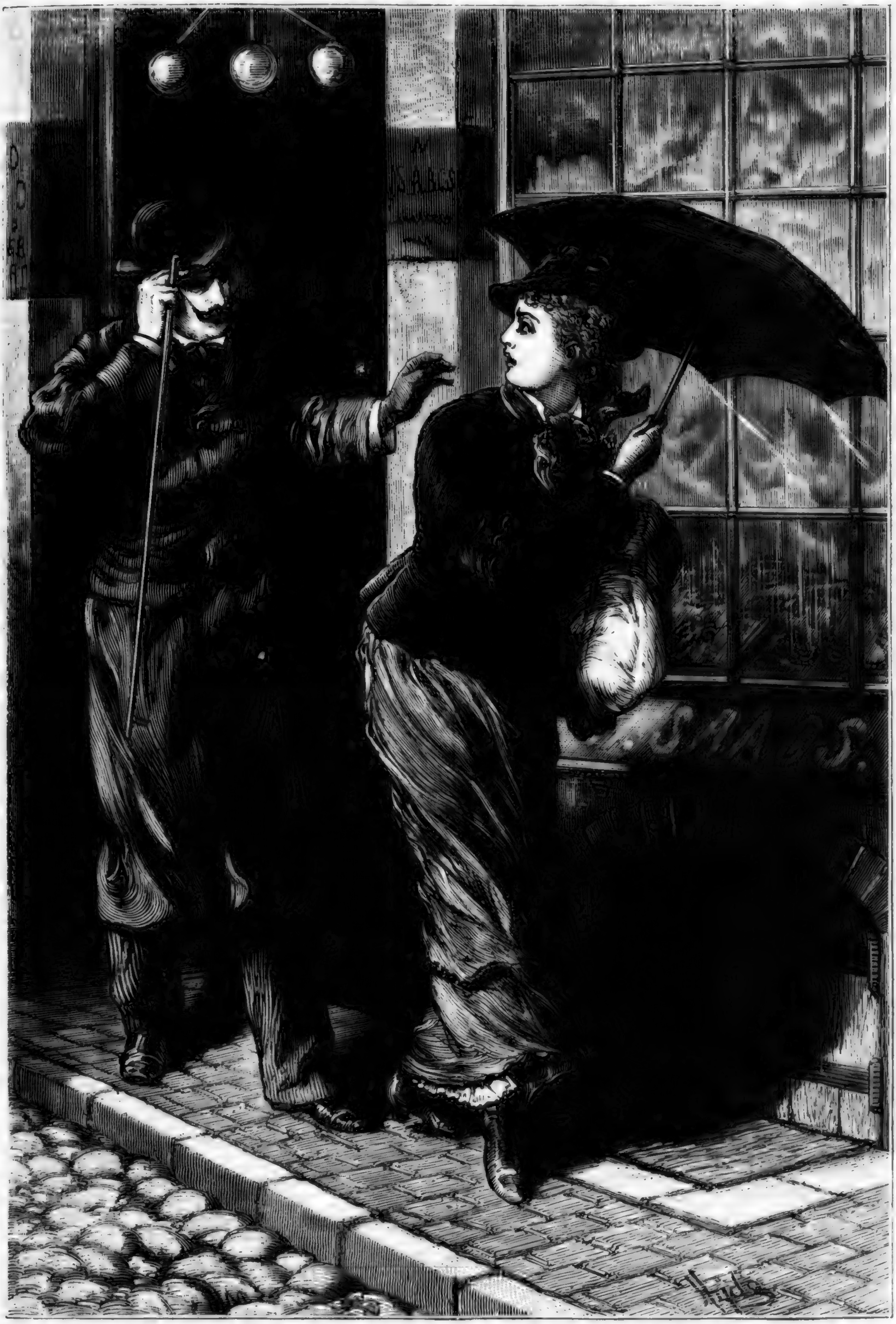
By-the-way, I must not forget to tell you that Lawrence Harding is a guest at our hotel; surely you remember Lawrence? We met him at an inn on the Righi, whither we had gone to see a sunrise, and he returned with us to this lovely lake of the Four Cantons. He is as handsome and *debonair* as ever, but—let me whisper it softly—yesterday we heard strange news, namely, that the Hardings had lost all their wealth. Poor Larry! Of course he will return home at once. Mamma has cut him dead; in her eyes poverty and misfortune are unpardonable sins. Ah, it is a selfish world, Bee. Mamma, too, is writing to you to-day. She says you are to be placed in care of the Vanns until our arrival in New York. Angels and ministers of grace defend you!

However, one must not speak ill of one's relatives, I suppose, and Madame Vann is a kinswoman of ours. As soon as we return, you will, of course, make your *debut*. And now it is time to dress for dinner. Mamma engaged a new maid in Paris; very skillful and very cross—we are her slaves. With a hundred kisses, darling Bee, I am your loving cousin, ETHEL SARDIS.

P. S.—Mamma is determined that I shall give the "cut direct" to Larry Harding, but I cannot, Bee. Heaven knows I have grown heartless enough in the past year, but I am not yet capable of refusing common civility to an old friend, simply because loss and trouble have overtaken him. It is too much. E.

Beatrix Sardis read this long communication slowly, covetously, as if she found great delight in lingering over the delicate lines. At last she folded it, and with a tender whisper of "Darling Ethel!" pressed it to her lips, and bravely attacked the second letter. It was far briefer than the first, and far less loving. Thus it ran:

MY DEAR NIECE: The time has come for you to leave school, and I have advised your uncle to place you in care of the Vanns until my return. Without doubt he will do so. I trust that your sojourn at Madame Manners's estimable establishment has not been all in vain, Bee. You are very different from Ethel, and no amount of culture or training could, I suppose, make you like her; but, at least, you can imitate her as far as possible. I particularly desired madame to repress your natural impulsiveness, your *brusquerie*—to polish your manners, and instruct you in that perfect conformity to the usages of society which is the first requisite of good breeding. You have a very quick tongue, Bee, and an



THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"AS SHE EMERGED FROM THE AID SOCIETY ROOMS INTO THE JAR AND WHIRL OF THE STREET, A MAN STEPPED OUT FROM A NEIGHBORING DOOR AND MET HER ON THE PAVEMENT, FACE TO FACE."

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unpleasant habit of airing your opinions at all times, which, I trust, madame has, before this time, successfully checked. I have written to your uncle in regard to taking you from the school. He is now in New York, but you may expect to see him as soon as the term closes. Ethel is the cynosure of all eyes wherever we go. In beauty, of course, you can never compete with her; but it would be well for you if you could acquire something of her high-bred repose, her grace, her ease, her elegance. Be careful of your complexion, for it is your one really good point. Charlotte Vann will take charge of your wardrobe, and provide you with all that you need. The Vanns are eccentric, but remember they are very well-born, and *very* wealthy. I shall write you again shortly, with instructions how to conduct yourself during your stay at their Newport villa. Meanwhile, I remain your loving aunt,

AMELIA SARDIS.

Bee looked red and mortified as she thrust this letter back into its envelope.

"My loving aunt indeed!" she muttered. "She loves no one but herself. Like Minerva she was born without a heart. And she fears I may shock these eccentric Vanns with my brusque tongue and my *gaucheries*. No doubt I shall, for I will never, never try to become a cheap imitation of Ethel. I hate imitations of all kinds."

By this time the room was quite dark. The wind whistled louder yet through the empty play-ground, the rain fell faster on the pane. Madame's establishment seemed like a tomb now, for the girls were all gone—it was the first week of the Summer vacation—all but Bee, and her trunks stood packed and ready in the hall outside. Suddenly the door opened, and one of the under-teachers stepped into the room.

"Waiting still for your uncle, Miss Sardis?" she said, at sight of the curled-up figure on the window ledge.

"Yes," answered Bee, crowding her letters back into her silken pocket, "I *do* hope he will come to-night, Miss Drexel. The place is as lonely as death without the girls. And then, I have been here two whole years, you know. Of course I long to be off."

"Of course."

The fagged and overworked teacher smothered a faint, envious sigh as she looked at this young pupil, born to a lot of luxury, ease and enjoyment, the sweet and goodly things of which she herself was denied.

"I am like a little bird," laughed Bee; "I long to try my wings, Miss Drexel."

Even as she spoke a loud ring echoed through the house, and then a servant rapped at the door of the music-room, calling out:

"A gentleman in the parlor to see Miss Sardis."

The next moment Bee leaped out of the window, flew wildly along the hall, flung back the parlor door, and rushed with outstretched arms toward a man who was standing there, hat in hand, awaiting her appearance. With a disappointed cry, however, she drew back. It was not her uncle, but only Jacob Phillips, the little, lean, withered head clerk of his Boston banking-house.

"My dear Miss Sardis," he began, "your guardian is ill. He could not come for you himself, and so I am sent to conduct you to his hotel. The carriage is at the gate——"

"Ill!" echoed Bee. "Guardy! Is it anything serious, Phillips?"

"No, no—bless you, no!" answered the little man, nervously; "he met with an accident while out riding yesterday. Don't be frightened, Miss Beatrix—don't. Positively, that is all."

"All! I should think that was enough," cried Bee, stamping her little foot impatiently. "Did the horses run away? Did the carriage upset? Why don't you tell me about it?"

"I will, my dear, if you will give me time. He was riding along some road in the vicinity of the city—coming up from a beach where he had dined—when a stone was thrown at him by some person or persons, unknown and unseen. He was cut in the forehead and knocked senseless. The horses took fright, and the driver was unable to alight and make any search in the vicinity. Neither was there a house near where he could apply for help. He hurried on to Boston with his master, and left the perpetrator of the outrage undiscovered."

Bee's plump little figure swelled with indignation.

"And who could have done such a ruffianly thing, Phillips? Does guardy suspect any one?"

"No, no! Who, indeed? I cannot tell. Now, don't let it disturb you, my dear; your uncle instructed me to be very careful and not disturb you. We will go at any moment you please."

"Immediately, Phillips. Poor, dear guardy! I never heard of anything so dreadful. I will put on my wraps at once."

Madame Manners and her teachers came in to take a kind and affectionate farewell of Miss Sardis. The latter was in a fever of impatience, yet she listened with tolerable composure to madame's lengthy adieu, responded to the kisses of Miss Drexel and her associates, and was finally escorted to the waiting carriage by Phillips, with madame's last words ringing through her ears:

"I trust your estimable aunt may be satisfied with the progress you have made under my care. You will find an admirable treatise on deportment and mental culture in a corner of your hand-bag. I beg you will peruse it carefully."

And then the wheels went round, and in the fast-gathering night Bee was rolling through the streets of Brookline toward Boston.

On the way she plied Phillips with many questions, all pertaining to the attack upon her uncle, but without eliciting any new information on the subject.

"Is guardy confined to his room?" she asked. "Yes, I know he is, otherwise he would have come for me himself. Oh, how slow these horses go, Phillips! We actually do not move at all."

Nevertheless, they reached Bowdoin Square at last, and stopped at the entrance of its big, gray hotel. Phillips helped his master's ward to alight, and conducted her deferentially to the banker's private parlor. He rapped softly, and a waiter opened the door.

"Miss Sardis is here," began Phillips, but Bee, waiting for no preliminaries, dashed into the room, and flung herself into her uncle's arms.

He was lying on a sofa, his head swathed in bandages, a dressing-gown quilted with silk wrapped about his figure, a tiger-skin flung across his feet. A pale, closely-shaven man of fifty or thereabout, with iron-gray hair, a keen eye, a sarcastic mouth, and the arrogant manner which might naturally be expected, perhaps, in a man whose name was a power in the land. The servant in waiting turned up the gas, took up a tea-tray from a round table at the head of the sofa, and departed, leaving the banker and his niece alone together.

Cullen Sardis embraced the girl with some show of tenderness.

"Have you had your tea, my dear?" he asked languidly.

"Yes, guardy, before I left Madame Manners."

"Well, you see why I was obliged to send Phillips for you. I suppose he told you of the trouble which befell me yesterday?"

Bee had already dashed off hat and wraps. She drew a chair to the side of the sofa, and sat down there, looking very bright and sweet and full of solicitude.

"Yes. How strange—how dreadful, guardy! Perhaps it was all an accident—I would be glad to think so, I'm sure. Perhaps some careless person threw the stone without harmful intent. Have you notified the police—have you offered a reward or anything?"

"No," answered the banker.

Bee seemed to think this very odd.

"Why not?" she queried quickly.

"My dear child, I make it a rule to agitate the unpleasant matters which arise in my life as little as possible. Believe me, it is the wisest course. Every man has his enemies, open or secret—especially every man of importance. I have not appealed to the authorities because I am confident it would do no good, and I naturally object to having a name like mine tossed from mouth to mouth in connection with a criminal occurrence. In short, I am not of a revengeful nature, Bee. I do not wish to find my assailant. And *à propos* to this, I have a favor to ask of you, my dear."

"Ask on, guardy."

He shifted his position uneasily under her bright, straightforward eyes.

"Never mention this thing to Ethel or your aunt—they must never know of it—it would cause them needless worry and anxiety. I can trust you, I know—promise me, Bee."

"I promise," said Bee, winking her fair brows, "but how mysterious, and I hate mysteries outside of novels—do not you, guardy?"

"I hate them anywhere. Now give no further thought to the matter. I am not dangerously hurt—the doctor assures me that I shall be out again in a few days. My enemy did not strike so hard as he, perhaps, intended. Let us talk of something else."

"Very well, guardy."

"You have said farewell to Madame Manners, and to-night my ward ceases to be a school-girl and becomes a woman. Well, we must remain here until I recover, and then I will take you to Newport and the Vanns. I have a letter from your aunt which I must read you to-morrow."

"I have one, too, uncle," said Bee, dubiously, "and another from Ethel. Let me arrange your pillows, uncle—I know your poor head must ache."

He waved her politely off.

"No, my servant will attend to it—I shall ring for him in a few moments. You and Ethel are a female David and Jonathan, are you not? Did she write you anything concerning a certain count who is paying homage to her at Lucerne?"

"Yes, guardy. She mentioned that he played *écarté* and pleased aunt Amelia—two things which prejudiced me against him at once. I hope—I *do* hope he will not fall seriously in love with Ethel."

The banker smiled whimsically.

"You talk like the novice which you are, Bee. Ethel would probably desire no better fortune. The highest ambition of our American belles and heiresses is to marry a title. I consider this but a natural reaction from our extreme democracy. For my own part, I would be very glad to see Ethel a countess. She will have a splendid fortune, and her beauty would be an ornament to any court in Europe. You do not yet understand these things, Bee. By-the-way, is not Larry Harding one of Ethel's old admirers?"

"Certainly!" said Bee, "dear, splendid Larry! He was *always* fond of Ethel. Of course you have heard of his late misfortune? Do you think it right of Aunt Amelia to treat him badly because he has suddenly become poor?"

She straightened her pretty figure, looking very sweet and very severe, with all her dimples suppressed, and her round, indignant eyes fixed on the banker. He shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear, your aunt is a lady of excellent judgment. We may safely trust her to act with wisdom under all circumstances. If she cuts Larry, it will be because she has the best of reasons for so doing. Poor fellow! I pity him certainly, for he will now have to work for his daily bread. My dear, I can talk no more—my head will not allow it. I will ring for a maid to show you to your room."

Bee kissed her guardian an affectionate good-night, then left him in the hands of his servant, and went away to her chamber, to think over in solitude and silence the old life at school, and rear a girl's delightful air-castles upon the new life awaiting her in the great, gay, fashionable world wherein her cousin Ethel lived and moved and had her being.

"I wonder where she is to-night," mused Bee, "and what she is doing—my own, darling Ethel! Flirting with that blonde count, perhaps. Bah! No count in existence can equal Lawrence Harding, either in looks or manners, or nobility of heart. And I always thought Ethel liked Larry. She has known him all her life—how could she help it? Ah! what a Circe she is, to be sure! Now that my time has come to see the world, shall I have lovers, too?" She stepped before the glass and looked sharply into its clear depths, then made a grimace at her own image. "You ugly little beast, you are no Ethel! your hair is like tow, your nose is *retroussé*, you look like a milkmaid. You have a great deal of money, and no doubt *that* will bring you suitors, but you are no beauty, as your shrewd aunt says, and you will never be loved as Ethel is sure to be—for self alone. Ethel, dear, here's a kiss for you far away in Lucerne." And she blew a little kiss airily from her finger-tips into the distance, and then went to her happy sleep—to the soft-pillowed, luxurious sleep of the favored children of wealth.

Meanwhile, in an adjoining room, Sardis the banker tossed restlessly on his couch, his wounded forehead aching as if a pitiless, red-hot hand was clinched upon it, his brain tormented by thoughts which he would have been very reluctant to disclose; and not so very far away, in a low, back chamber of a dingy West-end court, gold-haired Mercy Dill, the little sewing girl, with tired fingers and weary heart, sat stitching, by the light of an oil lamp, through the long, dark, desolate hours.

CHAPTER IV

AT LUCERNE.

THE sun was rising upon Lake Lucerne. A light breeze rippled the blue water—the purple shadows of the mighty hills stretched long and wide across it. On the snow-white range of Alps the early morning light lay like a flood of molten gold.

The old town with its big hotels, its narrow streets and little shops, full of wood carvings and crystal ornaments, was still fast asleep in a curve of the shore, with grim Pilatus and the Righi guarding it like sentinels. Few of the guests sheltered in its hospitable bosom had taken off their night-caps as yet. The long quay, shaded by chestnut trees, looked altogether silent and solitary. A little steamer at the stone pier lay as if oblivious to the name and needs of the tourist. In fact, the only object which seemed thoroughly alive in the picture, was a single row-boat skimming along the blue lake with two persons seated *tête-à-tête* therein.

The first was a man—*not* a Swiss boatman—young, nut-brown, handsome, with a pair of gray, knowing eyes, a *débonair* manner, and a well-knit, symmetrical body, a trifle over five feet ten. The other was a girl, an American, and

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beautiful with a beauty which can only be found in a nation that unites in its women all the types of loveliness in the world. With a gray, fleecy wrap thrown about her shoulders, and the wind ruffling the gray plumes on her Gainsborough hat, she sat gazing across the lake to the snow-clad Alp range standing up against the opaline morning sky.

Her face was of the orthodox Greek contour, the skin like pearl, without blemish, without color. A low brow, a curved, high-bred mouth, superb eyes of deep, velvety brown, an abundance of darkest, richest chestnut hair, dressed in the latest fashion, and a figure beyond all praise; the bones well covered by the firm, white flesh, no unpleasant angles anywhere, the head set upon the creamy throat like a piece of sculpture. This was Ethel Sardis, a belle who had been "out" rather more than a year, and broken more hearts in that time than all the veteran beauties of her set.

One hand bare, milk-white, and flashing with costly rings, she was trailing in the water over the boat's side. She looked at the lake and the distant snow-peaks; *he* looked only at her.

"Beautiful!" she sighed, at last.

"Heavenly!" he answered, and she knew only too well that he was not speaking of Lucerne. A faint color stained her cheek.

"I suppose you know from your guide-book," she said, "that this Lake of the Four Cantons is the loveliest in Switzerland. Turn your attention to Mount Pilatus, Lawrence; how grim the old giant looks this morning!"

"I don't care much for Pilatus, thank you," answered Lawrence Harding, lifting an oar, and letting the water drop off it like strings of pearls; "in fact, I haven't thought of a view since the day I met you on the Righi."

"Barbarian!" laughed Miss Sardis, a little nervously. "Really, Lawrence, we must go back now; mamma will be greatly shocked when she finds I have been boating with you at this unearthly hour. Outraging propriety is a crime which she is slow to forgive even in her nearest and dearest."

"Don't hurry," pleaded Harding, contracting his handsome brows in an unconscious frown; "it is early yet. Mrs. Sardis will not wake for two hours to come. She ought to consider that we are not chance acquaintances, Ethel, but old friends."

"She does not—she will not!" answered Miss Sardis, mournfully; "but because we *are* what you say—old friends—I want to tell you how sorry I am for your losses, Lawrence—your trouble. I am sure it is very, very hard. What *will* you do?"

"Earn my bread by the sweat of my brow," he answered, lightly; and then, growing suddenly grave, "I will go to work, of course. I have others to think of beside myself: my mother and sister, you know. Born and reared in luxury, loss of wealth will fall heavy upon *them*. For my own part, I do not much mind it. A strong, tough fellow like me ought to bear any thwack of fortune with philosophy."

"When do you return home?"

The blood leaped into his dark, debonair face.

"You wonder why I am not already on my way to Paris? I ought to have left Lucerne yesterday when the news first reached me, but I could not. Did you ever hear of such idiocy?—I could not! My pleasuring is over, perhaps, for ever. I am needed in the other hemisphere, and have not an hour of time nor a dollar of money to waste in this one, and yet, here I am, Ethel?"

He was resting on his oars now, and something in his voice and look made her heart beat fast.

"Lawrence," said she, "mamma treated you very badly last night, and it was to compensate you in a measure for her unkindness that I consented to this morning row, but remember, you promised that you would not talk nonsense—that you would avoid all personal remarks which are both stupid and unprofitable. Tell me, is not Alice Bradford absurdly pretty—like a subject after Greuze? And did you notice the dress she wore on the balcony last evening—a blue faille trimmed with Spanish lace—she was lovely in it."

Harding laughed somewhat savagely.

"Faille! It might have been sackcloth and ashes for all that I saw. As for her beauty, I never discovered it. One thing, however, did *not* escape my attention last night, Ethel, and that was the marked attention which your titled adorer Count Stahl pays you in company—the air of appropriation with which he regards you—curse him!"

Lawrence Harding was a well-bred person—these last two words escaped him unawares.

Ethel drew up her haughty young figure.

"Yes," she answered severely, "the count is very attentive—he is also very polite—I am sure he *never* swears in the presence of ladies."

The victim colored darkly under this rebuke.

"No, I suppose not, I beg a thousand pardons, Ethel, don't be angry with me. If he does not swear, he has other vices quite as formidable—for instance, a weakness for absinthe and such recreations as *écarté*, *loo* and *lansquenet*."

"Lawrence!"

"Fact! He is no stranger to me. I made his acquaintance in Paris three years ago, just before the death of his countess."

Ethel gave a start.

"His countess!" she echoed, blankly.

"Yes. Do you not know that he is a widower?"

"Certainly not."

"I wonder he has not mentioned the fact to you before this. His wife was beautiful and young, a Russian, I think I saw her dancing one night at a ball at the Tuileries. She was the belle of the evening—a creature with a sort of Amy Robsart face. The next morning she was dead."

The dabbling white hand in the water grew suddenly quiet. Miss Sardis looked at her companion with big, startled eyes.

"Murdered, some people thought," went on Harding quietly. "Ah, you shiver—it's an ugly word. Others believed it to be a case of suicide—as, no doubt, it was. A maid found her lying in her ball-dress on a couch in her own boudoir, with an empty laudanum-bottle in her hand. The affair occasioned a great deal of talk in Paris, especially as a valet of the count, whom it was surmised might know more of the matter than anybody else, disappeared on the night of the countess's death, and was heard of no more. The count himself mourned his wife wildly—she had brought him a large fortune and was scarcely more than twenty years old. But he seems now to have fully recovered from his loss."

"That is the way with all men," remarked Miss Sardis, cynically. "They die and worms eat them, but not for love. I did not suspect that you knew anything about his private history. Certainly neither of you showed any signs of a previous acquaintance when you met here at Lucerne."

Lawrence shrugged his shoulders.

"I fancy it's a case of natural detestation betwixt us. The count regards all your male friends with jealous suspicion, and as for me, I felt no particular pleasure at meeting him again."

Miss Sardis kept her brown eyes fixed on the frowning steep of Pilatus.

"Tell me about that dead countess," said she, "what was she like?"

"Personally?"

"Yes."

"A blonde of the palest type, blue-eyed, fair-haired—not in the least like *you.*"

"And she danced at a ball the night she died? Poor thing! Do you think the count's valet *killed* her, Lawrence?"

His handsome face grew grave.

"No, she committed suicide without doubt. It was a bad matter altogether. After her death a story was afloat in Paris, so foul that it seems sacrilegious to speak of it. Some people gave it credence; others who had known the unfortunate lady best, declared her to be as pure as she was fair, and rejected the calumny with scorn and indignation."

Ethel withdrew her gaze quickly from the mountains, and fixed it on Larry Harding. She was destined long to remember this morning on the lake, this conversation in the little row-boat.

"Tell it to me!" she commanded, recklessly. He looked a trifle disconcerted.

"The countess was accused of cherishing a secret passion for her husband's valet, and her unhappy death, as well as the fellow's disappearance, was attributed to that culpable passion. Bah! to mention the matter, even now, makes me feel as if I had struck her helpless dead body."

Neither spoke for a little space. The water rippled about the boat, the sun rose higher above the lake and the mountain tops.

"I can understand," said Larry, at last, with a carelessness that was scarcely natural, "how interested you feel in everything pertaining to your titled admirer, Ethel. Good heaven! what a mania fashionable Americans have for titles! Among all the follies which the nation has developed, I know of none more absurd than this."

His ill-concealed jealousy and anger did not altogether displease her, perhaps. She gave him an arch, bewildering smile.

"How cross, how disagreeable you are this morning, Larry! Did you ask me out here only to quarrel with me? We part so soon, that I think it is scarcely worth our while to be angry with each other."

His gray eyes filled up with a great light.

"Angry with you? That can never be, Ethel—whatever you do, you can never make me that. I wish to heaven you could—it would be better for me, I dare say."

"Lawrence, I beg of you, *don't* be sentimental," said Miss Sardis, with a feigned yawn. "Let us talk of Swiss scenery, of pre-Raphaelitism, materialism, socialism—any *ism* under the sun, but *do* let us avoid sentiment. I like you best when you are sensible."

He bit his lips—to keep back the rebellious words, perhaps, which rose up to them. Under Miss Sardis's restriction the conversation began to flag. Neither of the two seemed interested in any of the topics that she had proposed. But if speech is silver, silence, saith the proverb, is golden; and outspoken sentiment could scarcely have been more eloquent than the dumb language of Lawrence Harding's gray eyes. Ethel was very careful not to meet their look. She kept her attention fixed upon the scenery, though I think she heard little of

"The water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds"—

saw little of Pilatus rolling off his misty nightcap, the blue lake, the gashed cliffs, the distant pine-tops, the splendor and glory of the morning. Perfect silence reigned around them—perfect beauty. They were alone together—the banker's beautiful heiress, and the man, impoverished, overwhelmed by misfortune, who was wasting precious hours at Lucerne when he ought to have been elsewhere—hovering about the enchantress, like a moth about a flame, powerless in the spell which she had cast upon him. Ethel's hand had fallen listlessly back into the water. A little breeze stirred the rings of chestnut-black hair that curled lovingly about her low forehead. How royally beautiful she was—verily, there was no fault in her. A faint perfume from her garments was wafted to Harding's nostrils. The place, the time, the proximity, and, more than all, a consciousness that the present opportunity might never be repeated, rendered him desperate.

"Ethel," he began, "when I asked you last night to row with me on the lake, did I promise not to make love to you?"

"Yes," she answered, promptly, "you did."

"I am going to break my word. Good heaven! how can you in reason expect me to keep it——?"

She started up in the boat.

"Stop, Lawrence! I forbid you to speak one word. I will not listen to you. I will not stay here a moment longer. Take me back to the pier at once. I will never trust you again—never!"

Her anger—her imperious manner, acted upon him, as she meant it should, like a *douche.* The blood ebbed out of his face.

"Sit down," he said, in a constrained voice. "You will upset the boat. I beg to be pardoned. I ought to have remembered that the last twenty-four hours has fixed a great gulf betwixt us—that a poor devil like me can no longer be considered your equal—has no longer any rights—that under the new order of things it is presumption, indeed, for me to address you, save as a stranger. Be at ease, Miss Sardis—we will return immediately. Heaven forbid that I should keep you here a moment against your will."

Whatever Miss Sardis may have thought of the pain and passion and reproach of this speech, she answered not a word. To be sure, the beautiful face under the gray plumes of the Gainsborough hat looked positively colorless, but then, Ethel was always pale. Away flew the boat over the blue water to the shore. Not another syllable was spoken by either of its occupants. With long, steady, practiced strokes, Lawrence pulled for the quay. As he reached it he saw a man walking back and forth under the chestnut trees, watching the little craft and puffing at an early cigar. Miss Sardis saw him, too. She avoided Harding's eyes and sprang ashore with an air of proud indifference. The person with the cigar threw down his weed and advanced eagerly to meet her—a tall man, elegant in dress, *distingué* in manner, fair, with sleepy blue eyes that could be sharp enough when occasion required, a waxed mustache, a heavy under-jaw, and blonde hair worn somewhat thin on the crown and temples—Otto, Count Stahl.

"Miss Sardis is abroad early," he said, in excellent English, and showing a glitter of white teeth under his flaxen mustache.

"And Count Stahl, also," smiled Miss Sardis.

"Ah, I could not sleep. I came out here to walk the quay alone, and—think of you. How happy is this American, Mr. Harding. A solitary row on the lake at this hour is a mark of favor which not every worshiper at your shrine can hope to obtain."

She was a girl of spirit, and she stared at the speaker in cold surprise.

"Mr. Harding is an old friend of mine—I have known him for years. It is plain that you have little acquaintance with our social life in America, or you would not lay so much stress on such a trivial matter."

XUM

Though she spoke bravely, her heart quaked. He would tell her mother; and of the latter's opinion on all points of propriety Ethel stood in wholesome awe.

"I fear I have offended you," murmured the count, making her a deep, deferential bow. "Ah, how unhappy I am, and how fortunate is Mr. Harding in being your friend. Will you allow me to escort you back to the hotel?"

She glanced around for Lawrence. He was talking with a Swiss boatman on the pier. She hesitated a moment, but he did not turn or look; he had abandoned her to the count.

More piqued than she cared to own, even to herself, she walked away to the hotel with her titled admirer, and leaving him at the entrance, fled to her own room, flung off her hat and wraps, and made herself ready to appear before her mother.

As a Swiss clock on the mantel struck the hour of nine, Ethel stepped to the door of a chamber adjoining her own, and knocked.

"Enter, mademoiselle," cried the voice of Mrs. Sardis's French maid, Finette, and mademoiselle obeyed.

The apartment in which she found herself was the finest in the hotel. Wherever she went, the wife of the rich American banker was always careful to secure the best rooms in advance. She was sitting now at her dressing-table, absorbed in the mysteries of the toilet. What those mysteries were, only Finette could tell. If there was one thing above all others over which Mrs. Sardis deeply and persistently grieved, it was the fact that all flesh, however powdered, painted or enameled, *must* grow old. An elegant *robe de chambre* fell around her languid figure, which was, like her complexion, fearfully and wonderfully made. She was a slight woman, with a thin, aquiline nose, arched eyebrows, darkened with mastic, handsome eyes, with a shadow about them suggestive of belladonna, and a coiffure of rich, dark hair. A queen of the *haut ton*, thoroughly ambitious, knowing well the power of her own wealth, with a will like iron, and a body scarcely equal to the demands which that relentless despot, Society, made upon it—that was Mrs. Sardis.

"I have slept very badly, Finette," she was saying, fretfully, as Ethel entered; "you must increase my dose of chloral to-night—a little, a very little. Loss of sleep is absolutely destructive to one's looks. Good-morning, Ethel; be seated, my dear. You find me still suffering from the fatigue of that terrible trip up the Righi. I really am not equal to these things. How fresh you look, *ma belle*—how bright. What have you been doing?"

Ethel leaned over the dressing-table, toying with a flask of costly perfume.

"I have been out, mamma," she answered, "on the lake—rowing with Lawrence Harding. It was delightful, I assure you."

Mrs. Sardis transfixed the speaker with a Medusa stare.

"Ethel!"

Ethel flung back her deer-like head. They were alike, this mother and daughter, only one was young and beautiful, the other forty and in ill-health.

"Mamma, he is an old friend, you know, and I wanted to see the lake at sunrise; it was glorious. I wish—I wish you could have been with us."

The utter falsity of these last words was so patent to Mrs. Sardis that she did not deign to notice them. Her thin lips put on a certain hard expression, very unpleasant to see.

"I am surprised at your imprudence, Ethel," she said, coldly. "Of Beatrix, for instance, I should have expected nothing better; but *you*—it is incredible! I beg you will cease calling Mr. Harding an old friend; I do not care to hear him distinguished in that way. It is amazing that a man who has lost his entire fortune in another hemisphere, can linger on at a place like this, day after day, for no apparent reason. His manner toward you annoys me greatly. The count has noticed it—so, also, have all the other guests at the hotel."

Ethel's color came and went.

"I remember," she answered, dryly, "of hearing papa once say that he owed a debt of eternal gratitude to the Hardings. In some crisis of his business life—some tempest which threatened to engulf him financially, they came to his help—saved him, in fact, by their timely assistance. Do *you* remember it, mamma?"

The freezing Medusa stare was bent upon her again.

"No!"

"And yet your memory is excellent regarding most things, mamma."

Mrs. Sardis's thin, high-featured face grew a trifle more chilling. This queen of society was too well-bred to exhibit anger in any of the vulgar ways common to inferior people. She leaned back in her chair with an air of perfect repose.

"Finette understands very little English, therefore I need not hesitate to talk plainly to you, Ethel. Lawrence Harding's marked attentions expose you to unpleasant gossip. With loss of fortune, he cannot, of course, retain his place on the social ladder; he must sink at once to the level of common working people. Only yesterday, Ethel, I instructed you to treat him henceforth as a stranger, and you obey me by stealing away at the unearthly hour of sunrise to row with him alone upon the lake! Consider what the count will think of such a matter—our ideas of propriety differ greatly from those of Continental Europe. Ah, how admirable is the French method of managing girls! Would to heaven it prevailed in America; it would be a blessing, indeed, to mothers and chaperons. I have done my utmost, Ethel, to mold your character aright, to make you an ornament to society, a woman after my own heart; but should a daughter of mine so far forget herself and me—which, of course, is altogether impossible!—as to contract an imprudent marriage—a marriage that I could not approve, I would disown her, cut her off, as the English say, with a shilling—leave her to beg or starve, or, what is quite as bad, to grow ugly and old in poverty and regret. Passion was not made for drawing-rooms, and I have no patience with the parents, either in fiction or real life, who would forgive their child such offenses against themselves and society. I would leave my wealth to charities—scatter it to the four winds, but not one dollar should a daughter of mine receive who dared to marry against my wishes. Are you listening, Ethel?"

All this was said, not with any warmth or haste, but in a cold, measured, deliberate voice, more appalling than anger. Ethel's pearly face seemed to grow a shade paler.

"Yes, I am listening, mamma."

"Very well. Be wise, *ma chère*. You have great beauty—you are heiress to a superb fortune, and if you can content yourself with ordinary suitors you have profited little from all my teaching. Men *will* fall in love with you, of course—ordinary men, but you should treat them as their presumption deserves. Recall the long list of American girls who have won titled husbands by means of less loveliness and certainly no greater wealth than yours—why should you not do the same? I have sought to fit you not only for our best American society, but for the splendor of courts, Ethel. You were not born for the treadmill of common life, but for luxury, adulation, sovereignty, display.

"And there is not a person in this house who does not see that Count Stahl is your slave—that he is ready to lay a coronet at your feet. And he has vast ancestral estates in Saxony, and a hotel in Paris. He is cultured, elegant, handsome, and you owe him your life. My love, again I say to you, be wise."

Ethel winced. She had been carefully trained, indeed—this glorious, dark-eyed heiress—carefully innoculated with her mother's ambitions, and taught to measure both people and things by that mother's standard. The impress of the one had been stamped upon the other—to how fatal an extent the future alone could tell.

She turned to the window, and looked fixedly out upon the blue lake.

"Forgive me, mamma, I will not offend you again—in this way, at least."

"I am sure you will not, you have too much good sense, Ethel. I have always found you tractable, not at all like Bee. Let us say no more about it, *ma belle*," said Mrs. Sardis with an air of great magnanimity. "Come, you must breakfast with me—I still have many things about which I wish to talk with you."

So it chanced that Larry Harding, wandering disconsolately about the hotel, glancing up at the balconies, peering into the reading-rooom. and the conservatory which opened from the dining hall, eyeing every lady that came and went in the range of his vision, saw no more of his enchantress. In a fever of wrath and pain and impatience, he cursed himself a thousand times for his folly, and made ready to start at noon for Paris.

"I'm off!" he announced to Fred Bradford, as he encountered that florid Bostonian on the stair.

"Quite as well for you," answered Bradford dryly. "You haven't a chance with the Sardis. The count is safe to win there—confound the titled beggar!"

"What! has she refused *you*!" said Lawrence, struck by the suspicious wrath in the other's tone.

"Yes, that she has—ages ago, at Baden-Baden. Nothing but a title will do for her, or, perhaps, I ought to say, for that mother of hers. Well,

'Those who have nothing left to hope
Have nothing left to dread.'

Go home, Larry, forget her, like a sensible fellow, and make another fortune as soon as you can, and if you want help at any time—well, remember me!"

Harding wrung the Bostonian's hand.

"A thousand thanks. Yes, I'm ready to go, Bradford, as soon as I can see her again—as soon as I can say good-by to her. I can't leave without a word, it would scarcely be polite, would it? Where is she—do you know?"

"Shut safely from your sight, I'll be bound," replied Bradford, with a shrug of the shoulders, "don't be foolish, Larry—it will do you no good—you are wasting time and patience in vain. You've got the disease hard, and I pity you, by Jove! I do, for you see I know how it is myself. Had not you better leave your *adieux* with me. I'll repeat them to her verbatim."

"I can't, by heaven! I can't, Bradford! I must speak with her myself—once more, at any cost. Yes, I know I am inconceivably mad, but it's useless to reason with me. I will have one parting word with her if I wait a week for the opportunity."

In spite of his rebuff of the morning he was firm upon this point. Noon came, but Miss Sardis had not yet made her appearance, and Larry Harding did not start for Paris. The dinner hour sounded. He hurried to the *table d'hôte*, and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing her glide into an opposite seat, with the count on her left hand and Mrs. Sardis on her right. She was dressed in rich, severe black—a color which enhanced the marble whiteness of her skin, and gave her a statuesque look. A single half-blown blush rose was fastened by a cluster of diamonds to the lace at her throat. Some lines of Tennyson's rushed madly through Harding's memory:

"A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this:
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

Not one of the trio deigned him so much as a glance. As for Ethel, she was talking to the count in a low, engrossed tone, very exasperating to a rival's ear. And he, flushed, triumphant, in the seventh heaven, evidently, devoured her with his sleepy eyes and hung with an air of unutterable devotion upon her words. No one could look at Otto, Count Stahl, and doubt that the fair American had added him to her long list of slain.

"Good God!" thought poor Larry, growing desperate and profane together, "she acts as if she really liked to talk with the man—as if she was really content to receive his adoration. What's in a name? Much—very much, I begin to suspect. As for him, he has forgotten that poor little countess in her corner of Père Lachaise as utterly as if she never existed."

A band in the dining-room was playing an air from *La Favorite*. The fountain there splashed merrily, as was its custom during the dinner hour. From the adjoining conservatory the odor of flowers drifted out, and a clatter of forks and spoons, a buzz of French, German, English and Italian tongues, made a discordant undertone in the music. In the midst of this small Babel, Alice Bradford, a pink and white Boston belle, touched Harding's elbow.

"He is very devoted, is he not?" she whispered, maliciously—"the count, I mean—he has the air of a *fiancé*. Of course it will be a match. Is it not ridiculous—the way American mothers with marriageable daughters rush about Europe, holding out to foreign noblemen the bait of a fortune? Men rave wildly about Ethel, but do *you* think her so beautiful—so uncommonly beautiful, you know?"

She asked the question anxiously, for she had a decided weakness for Larry Harding—this handsome, brown fellow, whose fortune had been swept away from him in a single day, and who was struggling helplessly in Ethel's toils. Larry poured Miss Bradford a little glass of Rhine wine.

"I think her the fairest woman living!" he answered, frankly. "I doubt if there is another like her in all the world."

Miss Bradford looked greatly piqued.

"If she is handsome, she is also heartless," she rejoined, tossing her blonde head. "Wealth and style are the gods these New York people worship. If Boston is all culture, New York is all money. I never knew a more cold-blooded creature in my life than Mrs. Sardis. She would sell her own flesh for what she calls prestige in society. I suppose Sardis *père* is very, very rich?"

"Enormously so. He has a banking house in New York and another in Boston, and no end of other interests all over the country. Without doubt our friend the count has already made himself acquainted with these facts."

It was a purgatorial dinner, but, like all earthly things, it came to an end at last. The guests arose, and Ethel Sardis turned to pass out of the dining-room just in advance of Harding. Would she not deign him a word, a look—give him the opportunity of saying good-by, at least? No. She had received her instructions, and she meant to obey them. But as she reached the door the half-open blush rose at her throat fell suddenly to the floor. Harding picked it up.

"Ethel, pray let me speak to you—one moment—only one!" he whispered, passionately.

With an annihilating glance, Mrs. Sardis stepped before him.

XUM

"Come with me to my balcony, Ethel," she said, quickly, "the count wishes to show us some views of his castles in Saxony."

With a pale face, Harding drew back and watched the trio vanish in the crowd; then he fastened the blush rose in his buttonhole, and, taking Fred Bradford's arm, went out to smoke a cigar upon the quay.

He had walked its length for a half-hour, perhaps, back and forth under the chestnut trees, talking quietly with his friend, when Count Stahl appeared, sauntering toward the two men, flourishing in his gloved hand a light walking-stick. As he passed Harding his sleepy eyes fell suddenly on the rose in the latter's buttonhole. A white heat flashed across his face. He turned back instantly and confronted the American.

"That flower belongs to Miss Sardis," said he; "have the goodness to give it to me."

Larry Harding took his cigar from between his lips, and measured his rival with cool surprise.

"Your demand, my dear count," he answered, "is not only grossly uncivil, but it is abominably impudent."

"Thief! you have stolen the rose! You will give it to me, or I shall chastise you as you deserve!" fumed the count.

"Softly," said Larry, an unpleasant gleam leaping into his gray eyes; "you are a little careless, are you not, in your choice of words? I regret to say it, I'm sure, but it is scarcely possible for me to oblige you."

"Hound! You will not give me the rose?"

"I would see you hanged first!"

The count snatched violently at the unlucky flower. With one hand Harding warded him away. Drawing furiously back, he then struck at the American with his walking-stick. Like lightning Harding wrenched away the weapon, and with one blow laid its owner prone and senseless on the dusty quay. Then breaking the stick in pieces, he placed the fragments on the count's prostrate body, and, as a crowd began to rush from the hotels to view the fracas, he took Fred Bradford's arm and walked coolly off under the chestnut trees.

"Come along, Lawrence," groaned Bradford, "and make your will, old man. The count is a dead shot, and he'll challenge you within the hour!"

CHAPTER V.

MERCY AGAIN.

"You are a careful needlewoman, Miss Dill," said the matron in waiting at the rooms of the "Sewing Women's Aid Society"; "we sell your work readily, because it is so well done."

She put down the tiny infant garments, exquisitely tucked and stitched and frilled, and counting out some money—absurdly disproportionate, it seemed, to the amount of labor in the pretty things—passed it to Mercy Dill.

"How are you getting on, my dear?" she asked, with so much genuine sympathy, that the tears sprang involuntarily to Mercy's eyes.

"Tolerably well, thank you," she answered, in a low, pained voice that told its own story.

"You poor child!" sighed the matron; then she folded up a bundle of fresh material. "Six pillow-shams to be embroidered with initials, Miss Dill—six slips and two christening robes."

And Mercy took up the parcel, and with her hard-earned money in her hand, passed through a little crowd of waiting fellow-workers, and descended the stair to the street.

The wet, dreary day was already dying. The east wind blew in from the harbor, sharp as a knife. The pavements were slippery and thick with mire. A penetrating drizzle enveloped everything, and a dark, stormy night was fast gathering over Boston City.

Mercy Dill's jacket was threadbare with age and constant usage; a cheap vail mercifully shrouded the defects in her hat; her cotton-and-wool dress was whole and clean, but that was all that could be said of it; she carried a cotton umbrella belonging to Miss Affry Black, and her bundle proclaimed her to be a work-girl. Yet, in spite of all these things, two out of every three persons that she met turned to look after her in amaze and delight. Her marvelous grace and beauty, and a certain unconscious air of breeding, as strange as it was natural, glorified her poor dress, and made imaginative people feel as if she were some princess in disguise.

In passing back and forth with her work, Mercy was sure at all times to receive admiring glances in plenty; she had become used to them—hardened to them, one might say; the poor and desolate *must* harden themselves to many unpleasant things; but this was all. Beyond the bold glances of men, and the inquisitive stare of women, Mercy had hitherto walked the streets unmolested, bearing to and fro the neat bundles that meant bread and shelter for herself and the wretched mother who was, alas! her reproach and shame.

On this gruesome, stormy afternoon, however, a new and strange thing was about to befall Mercy. As she emerged from the Aid Society rooms into the jar and whirl of the street, a man stepped out from a neighboring door and met her on the pavement, face to face.

The door itself was dingy and old, and surmounted by three faded gilt balls and the name of "M. Isaacs, Pawnbroker," in half obliterated letters. The man who sprang from it like a black shadow, straight into Mercy Dill's life, was of medium height, lissome, elegant, dressed like a tailor's lay-figure—in fact, a person whom one would naturally feel surprised to meet in an obscure pawnbroker's shop. His face was swarthy and much pitted with small-pox. The cheek-bones were sharply defined; a black mustache curled up from the corners of his mouth; his black eyes, set under brows that met above his aquiline nose, were as brilliant and deadly as a serpent's.

He stared fixedly at Mercy Dill for a moment, and something dropped from his lips—two foreign words which she did not understand. The look, however, was enough. With burning cheeks and indignant heart, she darted past him and vanished in the crowd. Swift as lightning he turned and followed her.

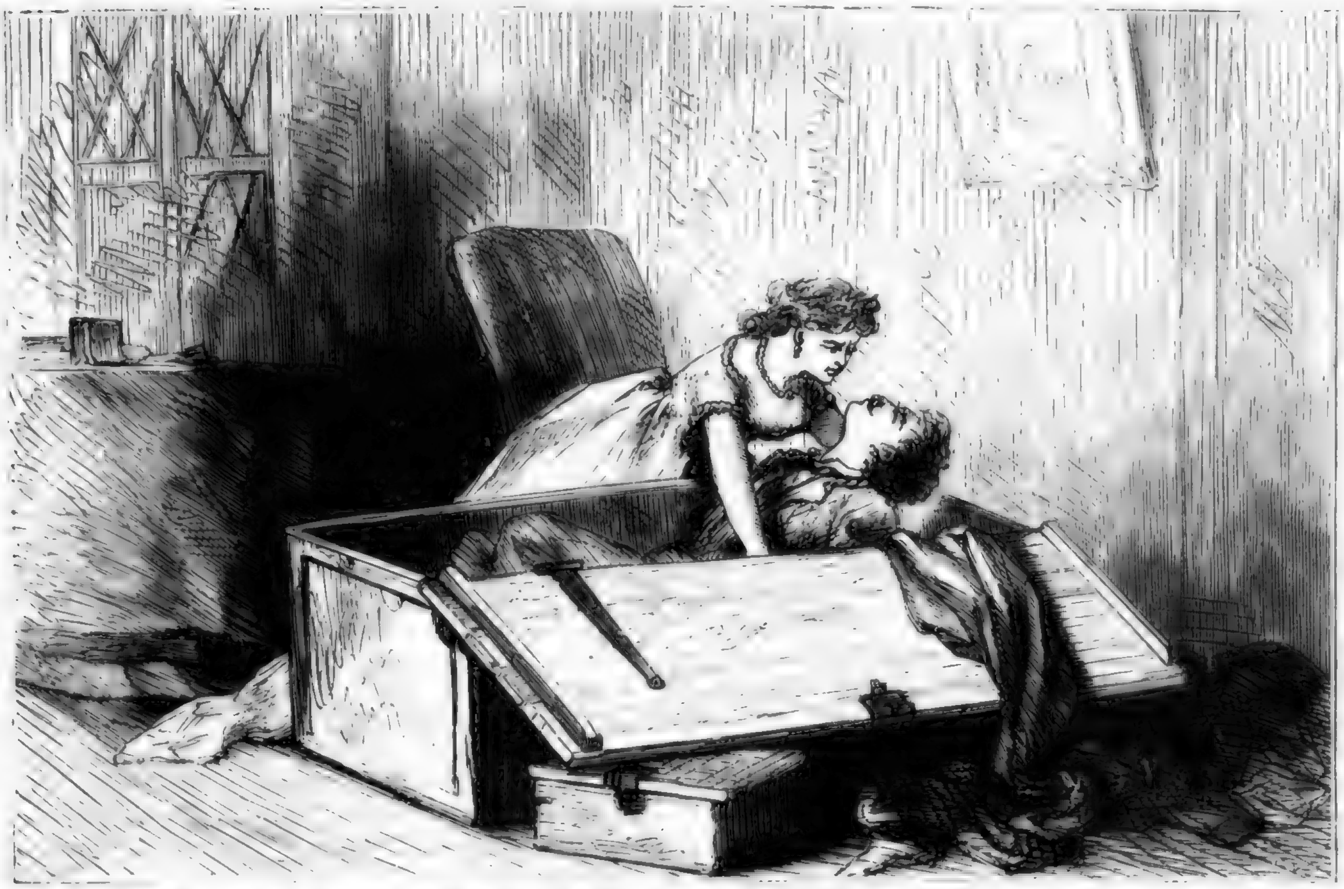
(To be continued.)

THE AGE OF TREES.

The longevity of various trees has been stated to be, in round numbers, as follows: deciduous cypress, 6,000 years; baobab tree of Senegal, 5,000; dragon's blood tree, 4,000 years; yew, 3,000; cedar of Lebanon, 3,000; olive, 2,500; oak, 1,600; orange, 1,500; Oriental plane, 1,200; cabbage palm, 700; lime, 600; ivy, 600; ash, 400; cocoanut palm, 300; date palm, 300; larch, 300; pear, 300; apple, 200 years. The Brazil vine palm arrives at the age of 150 years; the Scotch fir gets its growth in about 100 years, and the balm of Gilead in about 50 years.

There are some people who, though very amiable in the main, and obliging in their offices to others, have yet that most unhappy propensity of being gloomy over everything.

XUM



FACTS IN THE CASE.—"THE LACE OF HER ROBE TOUCHED THE CORPSE, AND SHE, WITHOUT TEAR OR SIGH, KISSED THE DEAD MAN'S LIPS."

FACTS IN THE CASE.

PART I.

"I MEAN, colonel," said Stephen, smiling, "that there are many persons to whom one may not show kindness; that to these, benevolent actions are but tacit inducements for them to forget their positions—to aspire, in fact."

"Stephen," cried the colonel, "you are getting, believe me, into trouble. Is this an accusation? Remember, I must have proofs as well. Come, lay aside all deceit and answer frankly. I know that you dislike him, but bear in mind that Noy Pemberton is my friend."

"I have said nothing that I am not ready to prove, colonel."

"You have said nothing," was the sternly given answer. "You have implied much."

"Nothing that I am not ready to prove," was repeated with a deprecating gesture.

"Can you prove to me my dishonor?"

And the man who asked this was the master, he who replied the servant. It was almost incredible.

"Sir, hear me," resumed Stephen. "I have commenced a bad affair, and I must finish it. Whenever Mrs. Wycherly returns home, even if you are with her, and the hour is late, Mr. Pemberton is always there to lead her from the carriage."

"He waits for me; he does his duty. At any moment of the night or day I may have orders for him."

"Good. Not a day passes but Mr. Pemberton goes into Mrs. Wycherly's boudoir."

"Mostly it is I who send him."

"At night?"

"At night!" cried the officer, starting up, a deathly pallor creeping over his face.

"Yes, at night. Mind, sir, I have never seen him enter. I only assert that I have met him leaving there."

"When?"

"The last time? Just two hours since," looking at his watch. "At five this morning. It is now seven."

"Man!" Colonel Wycherly's nervous grasp closed about the valet's arm. "Do you understand your risk? If you lie—if you lie——"

"But I do not lie, colonel. You should know that. I have served you well and faithfully. I have proved my devotion. Go back to the past. Is Stephen Yaxley the wretch you would wish to believe him? Sir, what have I to gain by this? Nothing. You will hate me for the knowledge forced upon you. I——"

"Silence!" His master spoke very calmly. The first time that Mr. Pemberton is in my wife's room after midnight, seek me. I shall judge for myself."

"And if I have spoken truly, colonel?"

"If you have you shall be well rewarded for—the whole affair."

"There! See how you misjudge me, sir; how you wrong me. Why, I would sooner take one of these," he was replacing the razors as he spoke, "and cut my throat, than tell you a falsehood about such a thing as that."

"It would be the wiser course, I assure you."

"Events will justify me, colonel," with the self-assurance of one confident of the future.

Colonel Wycherly was a man of thirty-seven; his wife had not yet reached her twenty-second year. Theirs had been, seemingly, a happy union. Fame had mated with beauty, wealth with wealth. The husband believed himself beloved. Confess, then, that the shock was rude, when, after two years of marriage, he found the pretty picture of his home-life all blurred and blotted.

He who played the informer had been from boyhood in the colonel's service. His claims were strong and great. Side by side with his master had he stood during many a bravely battled campaign. Throughout the weary Mexican wars had he rung a cheery charge, giving oft and again his all—his blood. A soldier, he had honor; a servant, he was still a friend. He it was who worked for a reward.

XUM

On Wednesday morning, the 29th of November, 1857, the colonel left New York for Washington, to be absent a week, at least. The night of that same day he was stealthily entering his own house, with Stephen Yaxley on guard to ward off detection. It was long past midnight when Colonel Wycherly knocked at his wife's chamber door. Stephen, worthy soul! who had been dismissed with a gesture, secreted himself at the further end of the long hall. It was but just that he should behold the success of his little scheme.

A silence, seemingly yet more profound, followed the husband's summons. That was no evidence of wrong-doing. He knocked again. Then madame's clear tones were heard.

"Who is there?"

"It is I."

The man's voice trembled with emotion.

"Sarah!" calling to her maid, who always, during the colonel's absence, slept in a small room adjoining. Then in the same unmoved manner—"In one moment. Sarah is dressing."

He without waited patiently—waited and trusted—with such an agony eating at his heart as heaven alone could know. Directly the door was opened, and, with a long, eager look about him, he entered. There was certainly no one there. Madame's bedchamber was a luxurious apartment. The feeble glimmer of a taper threw a shadowy light to the gorgeous coloring of the painted groups upon the ceiling. The bright coal fire shot out its ruddy rays over velvets and silks, mirrors and costly laces, and all else that made the place a dream of Eastern splendor. Clearly Mrs. Wycherly's tastes were far from simple. One might never have divined that, for the priestess of this temple was a woman so young, so fair, and so prettily child-like looking, so pure in her white robe, and with such a winning grace, half nestling upon the pillow of the lounge, that to nothing could she be likened but that snow-white dove in its golden cage of which old Chaucer rhymes. All that was fresh, and lovely, and good, looked at you from her blue eyes; all that was gentle, and truthful, and honest, spoke to you in her low voice. If the ghostly hand of a horrible fear lay on her heart, the other's keen glances might never reach there.

"Up yet?"

"Yes. I have hurt my ankle, else I would have opened the door to you."

"You are suffering, then?"

"Not at all; that is, not much. I will be well to-morrow. I did not expect you this evening," avowed madame in her softest tones.

"Yet I am here," kissing the little hand extended to him. "Beatrice, I wished to see you; it was of vital importance that I should see you—and *now*."

"Did you not start for Washington?" asked his wife.

"I will tell you later. Will you hear me?"

"I listen."

"Are we alone?"

"Sarah is in the next room."

He might have known that, for the door stood open, but he must go to it.

All was well, however. Patient Sarah's deferential smile met him when the quick survey was over. Re-entering his wife's chamber, he seated himself in the great *fauteuil* beside her.

"Beatrice, can you not see that I have been guilty of a gross injustice toward you—that I have been jealous?"

As an honorable man, he offered his self-accusation in atonement for the wrong that he had done her love, then paused to watch the effect. Not a tremor moved her.

"May I know of whom?" she coldly inquired.

"Of Noy Pemberton. Do not speak. Hear me first, Beatrice; I believe that he loves you."

"I know it," she admitted, with as much composure as though the passion of her husband's secretary in no way concerned her.

"You know it?" cried the colonel.

"Yes. He told me so."

"When?" with a grim setting of his lips beneath the heavy mustache.

"Last night."

"And you aswered him——"

"As I should have answered him." Very haughtily now.

"The villain! Ah," drawing hard his breath, "he shall remember this!"

The man's anger was terrible. Surely no guilty woman would have dared to brave it.

"Sir," said she, "I am to be trusted. He will never again cross our path. I am convinced of that. His folly, his madness led him to this. You can do nothing without creating a scandal. Let his punishment fall as it must fall. Before to-morrow noon he will have quitted the country. Be guided by reason in this. I ask it," looking up very pleadingly in his face.

"Little one, you do not know what you demand. You have acted as a noble woman should act. You have done your duty. I can exact no more. Leave the rest to me."

"Promise that you will do nothing rash."

"Yes, I promise."

"Tell me, then, of what were your suspicions just now?"

"I am heartily ashamed of myself," with a little laugh. "I was jealous."

"You have already told me that."

"I will confess the rest to-morrow. Forgive me, darling. One kiss—there. I shall be in the library all night—letters for the foreign mails. God bless you!"

Stephen, waiting in the hall, followed his master to the library.

"I have known you so long," the gentleman spoke very sternly, "so long and so well, that I am loath to ascribe what you have said to aught but over-zeal in my service. You have *never* seen Mr. Pemberton leave my wife's apartment!"

"Sir, I'll swear it!" cried Stephen, hotly. "I saw him enter there not an hour ago."

"You are mistaken. At all events, if he went to her room, Mrs. Wycherly knew nothing of it; there is Sarah, remember. In future, let discretion temper your devotion. Bear in mind my counsel. You may go."

Had Colonel Wycherly been a man of impulse he would have dismissed his valet there and then. Yet even as it was, and in spite of all proofs to the contrary, he encouraged the conviction of Stephen's purity of purpose. A secret fear, a prompting it might have been, led him thus tacitly to ignore all evil intention. What was this fear, this prompting? Nameless, indeed, but yet imperious, for through it this brave man's love and honor lay trembling in the balance.

"Stephen may have spoken truly; there may be some disgraceful affair between Sarah and Noy; that would account for the fellow's seeing him. To-morrow will tell."

"I promise that they shall not cheat me again!" wrathful Stephen was vowing as he left his master.

The valet's smooth, colorless face, and sharp, gray eyes were not attractive. Assuredly it had been undoubted bravery that had endeared him to the colonel, not his comeliness. Of this bravery he had given evidence when, without compulsion, he had repeatedly dared dangers before which another might have quailed, and to the true, soldierly heart of the master spoke the gallantry of the man.

"I promise that they shall not!"

Ah, it was hatred here, and Mrs. Wycherly had earned it by her unconcealed, yet inexpressible, aversion to the spy, an aversion shared by Sarah, who had mercilessly flouted at his love-suit.

Let us see how the promise was kept.

Sarah entered her mistress's chamber as the colonel left it. Mrs. Wycherly, starting from the lounge, approached, and so stood the two women, listening to the retreating footsteps.

"At last!" exclaimed madame. "Quick, girl!"

And into the adjoining room. There, upon a large chest, was a careless gathering together of dresses. These were quickly thrown aside. Beatrice unlocked and raised the cover; then came a low cry of horror. The chest was a coffin! Within it lay a man, and he was—dead!

Despair! Heaven forbid that we should know it as it came with awful terror to those wretched women—a terror beyond the power of words to paint.

"Madame," ventured Sarah, "the colonel must not know this."

"It would not matter. I loved him!" was the answer, given in woful desperation.

"Is dishonor nothing?" cried this Abigail in her selfish sorrow. "To-morrow all the country will know that a man was murdered in your chamber. It is your honor this will touch—your family honor—not your love."

And with such reasonings she won the other. Sarah's firmness and courage and wonderful fortitude were their salvation.

"The day is breaking," said she; "go to your room; I will attend to this—trust me."

Then she closed and locked the chest, replacing the dresses in all their studied confusion, the better to conceal it.

The following night a woman knelt beside it; a woman cold and calm, with precious gems gleaming amidst her yellow hair and glittering about her white neck. The lace of her robe lay in frosty folds upon the carpet, the lace of her robe touched the corpse, and she, without tear or sigh, kissed the dead man's lips.

"My beloved—oh, my beloved!"

The lid was lowered, the key turned, and so parted on earth a guilty wife and he who had given his life for his sin.

* * * * * *

Ah, these women of the world! Never had Beatrice Wycherly's wondrous beauty appeared so dazzling as upon that night; never had her husband's pride and secret satisfaction grown greater.

"My darling, there can be but one Beatrice!" said he, with a foolish fondness threading every word.

Through God's mercy, let us hope it; for alone in her room, away from the glare and confusion of the ball, this unfortunate tore the flowers from her hair, the necklace from her throat, and in half-stifled cries poured out her agony. Then like a blessed balm came the healing mercy of tears. Upon her knees she prayed, and through prayer comes pardon.

"Where is it?" she asked, rising and coming toward Sarah.

"Gone!" the other spoke below her breath. "My step-brother, Mark, has taken it."

She told all. Mark might be trusted; she would give her life for that. The body was before this in the river. Bah! danger was now past.

Certainly, before the excitement consequent upon his disappearance had died out, the body of Noy Pemberton drifted ashore, and men's minds were full of wise conjectures. So master and man had been cheated: the one of his vengeance, the other of revenge.

To husband and wife came the startling announcement. Divine, now, whose was the sorrowful wonder—whose the heart-sick anguish.

Part II.

One month later, a roystering party of gentlemen's gentlemen were merry-making at their club—this parody upon grand life being held over a wretched little shop in a side street of the city. As the night advanced, one by one had they gone their way, until of the jovial group but two remained—Mark Neesham and a friend.

The shopkeeper, upon whom devolved the enviable duty of serving these "lesser lights," and who had received the gracious permission to drink the health and prosperity of the club, sat sipping his brandy and offering his scraps of conversation just as his patrons needed them, thus alternating pleasure with interest. A nice point was being discussed, for, cried Mark, in answer to some assertion of his comrade:

"Nonsense! I tell you that some servants are freer than their masters."

By which imprudent speech one may readily perceive that the liquor had not been neglected.

"You talk like an idiot," politely retorted the other.

"Do you deny it?"

"Certainly he does," declared the good-natured shopkeeper.

"He is a fool, then. Do you suppose that I cannot get drunk as long as my money lasts?"

"Ah, there it is! And how long will it last?"

"As long"—raising his glass to the light—"as long as Mrs. Wycherly has a shilling. To Mrs. Wycherly's health!"

"It is worth while having a sister in such a service," enviously sighed his friend in livery.

"My sister is a good girl. Let us drink my sister's health. Her death, however, which would be a matter of profound regret, could not affect my prospects. To be honest about it, I am somewhat cared for—feared, maybe."

And in a similar strain he continued, until, enraged by his companions' laughing taunts, he sprang to his feet.

"Will you believe me if, in spite of the hour, of the snow, and of the cold, Mrs. Wycherly should come here—here to this place—and drink our healths?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the shopkeeper; "that brandy is good."

"Yes, it is good," assented Mark. "Will you give me one hour? Wait for me."

He was buttoning his overcoat.

"Where are you going?"

"To fetch her. Be still about it, now." And he was gone.

"He must be drunk," sagely concluded the remaining gentleman in livery.

"We will wait, however," decided the host.

Before the hour had expired, Mark returned.

"Well?"

"She is here." He filled a glass. "My mistress's health!" he said; then reclined in his chair with an air of conscious importance.

At that moment the door opened; a woman stood upon the threshold. The two men fell back in astonishment, for she who now advanced toward them was none other than

XUM

MY KITTEN AND I.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 103.

Mrs. Wycherly. Her face was very pale, as pale as the great snow-flakes which had fallen upon her cloak.

"Gentlemen," said she, with a singular smile. "I have brought a bottle of old wine; will you drink to me?"

Mark Neesham held out his glass with an insolent laugh. As for the others, they acted like men in a dream. Mechanically obeying, they raised the brimming goblets to their lips.

"Is it real?" quoth the shopkeeper, much as though he had firmly looked to see the liquor changed to fire, or some such *diablerie* take place at the touch of the giver. But success gave courage; again and again were the glasses filled. Madame, after proposing the health of her companions and sipping at her wine, waited patiently near the rusty stove in the corner of the room—not alone—Sarah was with her, quick-witted Sarah no longer, but a frightened creature, all her mastery of self-control gone to the grand lady who had wept and trembled when the other knew no fear.

"I shall wait for you, Mark," called the mistress, but no answer came.

Then followed a crash of broken glass. Looking around, there stood Mark, leaning forward upon the table, his face ghastly, his lips convulsively trembling, yet powerless to frame one word. His eyes alone—like human eyes behind a mask of death—were calling to that woman who had so tricked him. Yes, tricked him, for his fellow-revelers lay sleeping heavily in their chairs, and he knew it—knew that Beatrice Wycherly had cast off her chains—that the liquor they had drank was drugged!

Mrs. Wycherly arose, her flashing eyes fixed full upon him. "Do you know me, wretch? Will you repeat this drunken insult?" The blank stare followed every movement. "Do you understand me? I intend to kill you!"

"My God, madame, have mercy upon him! He is my brother!" cried Sarah.

"He is but your half-brother," answered madame, finely marking the distinction. "Besides, he is a villain who would betray us. Remember that. The wretch would hang us!"

"Oh, Mark, Mark!" sobbed the girl, for her mistress had held the candle to the table-cover, and the eager flames were already dancing and leaping about the men.

"Come!" She caught Sarah's hand and dragged her from the room, locking fast the door after them.

"They are on fire!—on fire!" gasped the maid.

"They are dead!" spoke the mistress through her shut teeth. "They drove me to it. We are free now!"

Driven, in truth, to a mad desperation—hunted and harried and utterly reckless—innocence gone, humanity gone, and this unwomanly remorselessness underlying the womanly love in her nature, now springing to light in all its hideous ugliness.

"Our secret will die with them."

"My brother! My poor——"

"Another word and I will murder you! You may believe that *now*."

Then on through the blinding snow-drifts—on, on. Hurried glances and broken cries, menaces and sobs, with away behind them an angry glare lighting up the wintry desolation; a sound of many voices, a crash of falling timber. And this was what Heaven saw and knew upon that night of woe and crime.

Three men hastened to death by the accident of fire. A natural verdict, and one with no charm of novelty.

The women had returned home without exciting suspicion. The colonel was absent, consequently there was no one to question them. Their secret lay buried with the dead. But remorse, remembrance, were they nothing? Shame, misery and dishonor, that was what the present gave, the future promised.

And the agony of fear in which they lived: Fear of the dread retribution, which must as surely follow sin as night must follow day. And thus it came: Mrs. Wycherly, summoned to the library, three weeks later, found there the colonel and Stephen Yaxley. As she entered, her husband locked the door.

"I wish you to hear this man," he said, briefly.

She foresaw it all. She stood before her accuser and her judge. Spoke the former:

"It has been troubling me for a long while, madame; so troubling my conscience that I grew to fancy myself a murderer. I could not do it, you know," with a respectful deference.

"Could not do what?" asked Mrs. Wycherly, haughtily.

"Could not keep his secret—poor Mark's secret——" pausing irresolutely.

"Tell it," commanded the colonel.

As for his wife, she neither moved nor spoke, but her eyes were fixed upon the valet, who, looking into them, dared brave her vengeance.

And he told it—the story of the chest and of its ghastly burden borne away by Mark—sparing nothing in the telling, finding apt words to paint the awful picture of a life and love brought to this fearful ending.

"I got it from Mark," he declared. "I got it from him once when he had been drinking. He wanted money, and you were not at home, madame, so he fell into a rage; and what with one word, what with another, I put together enough to form an open accusation when he grew sober again. He could not deny it; indeed, no."

A RUNNING FOOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 103.

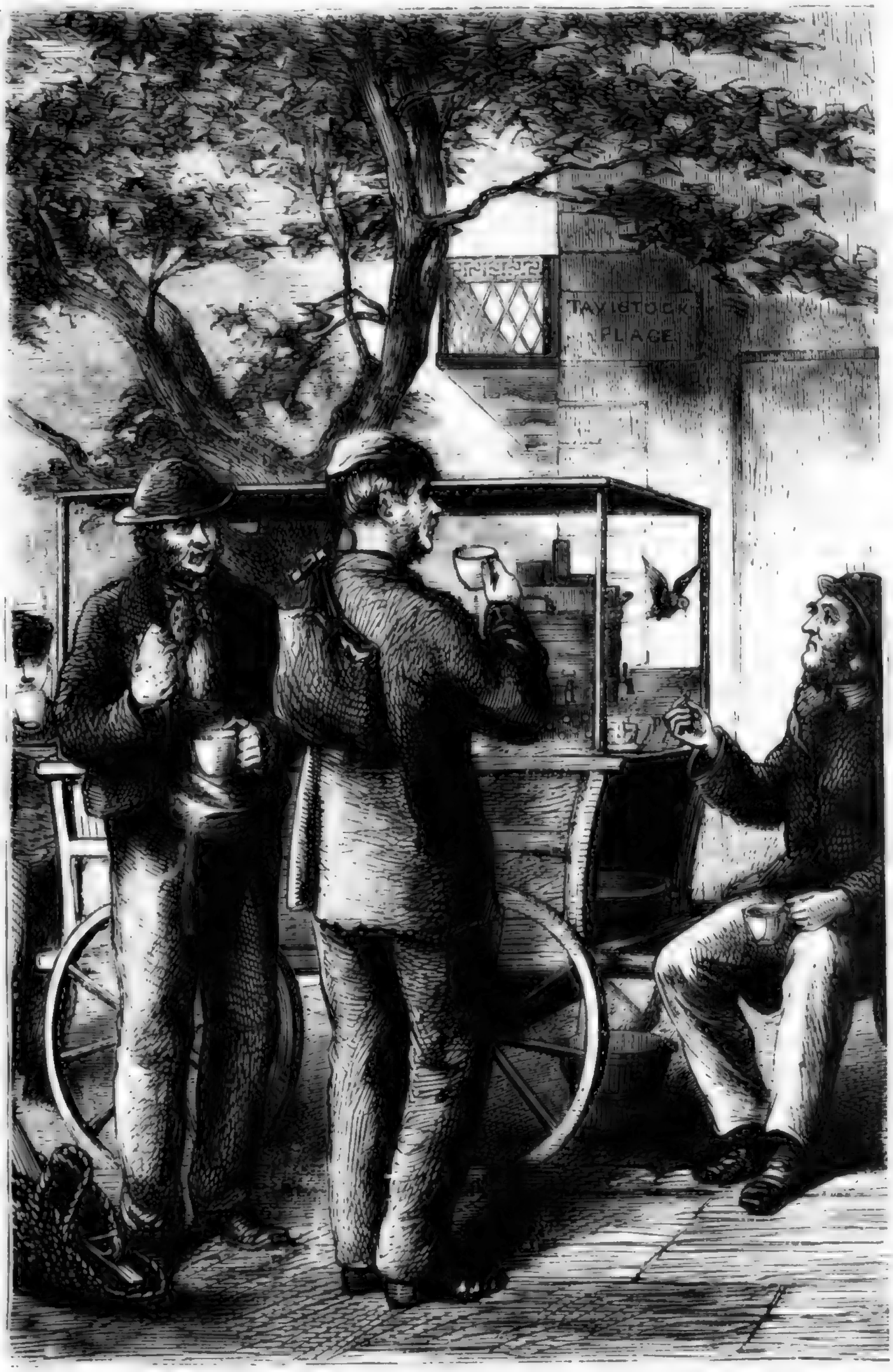
"Send that man away; I will not speak before him," said Mrs. Wycherly, very tranquilly. She did not raise her eyes to the smooth, false face; she would not read the illy-concealed triumph peering out from its flimsy covering of sorrowful regret.

"Go then. Wait in the next room." Then to his wife, when they were alone, "Has he lied?"

"Tell me first—It was he, and he alone, who excited your suspicions?"

"You are right."

"The conviction flashed upon me when I heard him call *that name*."



PATRICK CORBETT AND MRS. DICK.—"PATRICK USED TO FEED DICK FROM HIS HANDS" SEE PAGE 103.

"Has he lied?" with an unbroken calmness.

"As the Lord hears and will judge us—No!"

A stillness as of the grave followed this awful confession. She who had made it stood like one who, having done with life, could speak with cool indifference of the guilt now dragging her down to an eternal night. The colonel was leaning against the mantel. His eyes were closed, but not a muscle of his stern face quivered.

"Shame!" His lips formed, rather than uttered, the word.

"And also crime!" continued she, unmoved.

Then followed in a dreamy monotone the recital of all that had happened from the night when *that* lay hidden not ten yards from him, to the time when Mark Neesham's drunken boast had given to his fellows the spectacle of her abject serfdom. With a calm despair she spoke of her guilty passion. Unfalteringly she called to mind this and that—a thousand nothings—holding them up before him in witness against herself; threads of evidence finer than silk, yet stronger than steel.

"Do you remember that I told you he would never cross our path again? It was because I intended to leave you for him. See how I loved him. I am content that you should know this. The recollection of—all—my—sin is unsupportable. I was weary of it then—I am weary of it now. Do with me as you will. Nothing can be worse than this."

And she was his wife! The man paced the room with clasped hands. This was no moment for idle grief. Shattered hopes and shattered happiness could not be heeded now. Away off—in the future—somewhere—a time of rest might come. Until then she was his—this murderess. She bore his name. *His*, the world called her. Ah, the keen satire of such ownership! So no disgrace must come to her. Why, they would hang her—these men who couldn't know a woman's heart! The pretty, yellow hair would be cut and the blue eyes bound; a short shrift uttered, and then—away into space Ralph Wycherly's beautiful wife, and away to the Great Judge a woman's sin-laden soul! That should not be.

"Go to your own room," he said, never looking toward her. "I will save you."

Mechanically obedient, she left him. Indeed had she spoken truly. The matter of her life was to her a matter of no moment.

PART III.

COLONEL WYCHERLY and Stephen were alone together all the night. The next morning Sarah Neesham was summoned before them. To her were certain propositions and conditions offered, and by her were they accepted without one dissenting word. Before the day was done the officer had resigned his commission and dismissed his household, retaining in his service but the valet and madame's maid. Before another day had gone the great house was dismantled, doors and windows closed and barred, while the Wycherlys were speeding off to that lonely old place which, hidden in the heart of a dismal forest, yet reared its granite grandeur in grim defiance of Time's buffetings.

A home it might once have been—a prison it was now, certainly, and the prisoner was the master's wife. A lonely life in saddest truth! No friend ever crossed the threshold, no fresh voices broke the gloom. A little garden lay upon the western side. On this opened the windows of Mrs. Wycherly's parlor. You see, they were cut off from the main building. Here, through the long, long days, would she sit listening in a dreamy way to the whisperings and moanings among the leaves overhead, until, listening thus, she grew to believe that they were whispering of her crimes. These were the voices that she heard. Only these, and Sarah's despondent, sighing tones, which well-nigh maddened her. Her husband she had never seen since the day he brought her to this home, many months before. Once only had she sent Sarah to him.

"Tell him that I am dying," she said. Say that to him and he will come."

And Sarah, seeking her master in his study, had delivered the message.

"Does she lack anything?" asked he.

"Nothing, sir."

"Attendance?—comfort?"

"Ay, sir, comfort. Colonel, it would touch your heart to see her. She is dying for lack of mercy only."

Colonel Wycherly wheeled about in his walk, to face the pleader.

"How dare you talk to me of mercy? *You—you*, an accomplice in the crime!"

"You have punished us," she muttered, sullenly; "you have kept us face to face with our wrong-doing through all this weary time. God's air and God's light you have not taken from her, but no less truly have you brought her to this sore strait."

"Not I," he interrupted. "Grief, remorse, it may be, not I. Go, now. If she has sent you, take this word to her, That if I comprehended her aright, she will give Death a joyous welcome."

Had the maid been clean-handed, she might have battled and conquered; as it was, she went her way mighty downcast and rebellious. In the hall she met Stephen Yaxley, who had evidently been on duty, that is to say, had done his utmost to sift the weighty matter which had brought Sarah into the enemy's camp.

"Good-evening, miss," said he, with wondrous civility, "Did you find my master?"

"Viper!" and she flaunted past him.

"Now, see here!" his long, lean hand upon her arm; "as a matter of conjecture simply, don't you fancy that you might have acted wiser?—in being more tender-hearted toward me, of course—Lord, the trouble it would have saved! I almost think that all this is a judgment upon you, Sarah, for your obstinacy. Why, I would have had a stiller tongue than poor Mark—for your sake—then."

"Let me go!" The woman struggled to free herself. "I tell you that I would rather know that Mark is dead—rather be what I am——"

"What are you, Sarah, dear?"

"A poor lost soul; a wretched, wretched soul."

She was sobbing now. Mark's name brought with it bitter memories.

"Shall I tell you what I think, my girl."

No answer.

"Well, I am convinced that you were as guilty as she was in that affair, for——"

With a cry, a wild anguished cry, she burst from him. He stood staring in blank amazement at the fast receding form.

"A pricking conscience," he concluded. "However, it was no less a murder because 'twas done in a chest, and one is no less guilty because the other aided. Seeing these things, I humbly thank heaven that I am an honest man."

From which conclusion it was evident that the *honest man's* conviction of Sarah's complicity regarded one fact alone. Had his knowledge included the tragedy at the little shop, it is but fair to presume he would have made merchandise of his information. As it was, he knew enough to secure himself a comfortable home, high wages, and the easy life of a country gentleman. He knew enough, as well, to understand that these were but tacit bribes to silence, and proved his wisdom by accepting them.

Mrs. Wycherly's illness had been nothing of importance. A physician had been called to her, and he, leaving his patient that night, came to the master of the house, as was his wont. Of course he had no suspicion of the existing state of affairs; therefore, in answer to a question, he declared with due solemnity:

"Colonel Wycherly, your wife may not live four-and-twenty hours."

Truly, this was a game at which Death held the winning card. Science could do nothing. Ah, well! in the heat and flush of anger you may be very determined; in the silent treasury of wrongs you may mark your scores and promise payment, and, it may be, cancel your debts; but to live with that dread presence hovering near you, to feel that *it* stands between you and one who has been the heart of your heart, the soul of your soul—has been! ay, and *is*—for love can never die—to feel this, and say "I will not!" Could *he* do it? Ralph Wycherly hid his face.

"My wife!" he murmured; "my darling! dead!"

And he had counseled her to welcome death joyfully!

Midnight had just sounded when Sarah Neesham, turning from her mistress's bedside, started back with a little cry.

"Oh, sir, at last!" For standing beside her was the colonel.

He silenced her by a gesture.

"Beatrice!"

The hollow eyes were raised to his.

"At last!" she whispered. The echo of the other's words.

"Beatrice, my wife!"

He kissed her brow and lips and poor frail hands. It was his pardon that he brought her, and in this wise he gave it. She looked up with a gasping smile that grew into a sob.

"You forgive me? Ah, you are good—so good! I am very lonely. You will—you will——"

"You have brought life back to her," said Sarah.

"Hush! There!" sitting upon the bed and raising his wife in his arms so that her head rested upon his shoulder, "There!"

Sarah, busying herself about the chamber, in a few minutes returned to them.

"She is sleeping," she said.

He raised his hand in warning. Directly she again drew nigh.

"Heaven will reward you, sir. You have brought her perfect happiness. She lies there like a child."

An hour passed. Sarah came back noiselessly to him.

"Sleeping yet!"

"No," he answered very solemnly; "she is dead."

He laid her back upon the pillow, and folded her hands and closed her eyes. Touch her face, kiss her lips, smooth her pretty yellow hair; he might do that now. He had avenged, yet he had loved; how well none more might ever know. Not even the knowledge of her guilt might bar the way to her, Suffering had cleansed, death had purified her. His work was done. Another, and a wiser, heard her pleadings now. Before the Great White Throne went up her supplications. Dared man be merciless?

When the last bitter strife rent our homes and hearts, Colonel Wycherly regained his command. Stephen Yaxley never quitted his master. This devotion almost redeemed the man's baseness.

"He will find distraction at least," thought the ugly valet, pityingly.

But it was death the colonel sought, and he found it upon the battle-field. Stephen, remembered in his master's will, betook himself to foreign lands, and lived like a gentleman, until the destiny which had been tracking confronted him suddenly. An unlucky quarrel—a well-aimed blow—a body found on the highway—a careless burial—and there you have the mortal exit of trusty Stephen Yaxley.

Sarah Neesham lives yet; a woman grown old before her time; one full of fears and nervous fancies; not poor, yet almost friendless. That secret which has marred her life and made her misery weighs heavily upon her soul. They are gone now—her old employers. To one who has, as she is pleased to believe, earned her gratitude, has this revelation been made. No confidence is violated, no promise broken. The names are false; incidents alone are given. That they *are* facts, a guilty creature testifies.

MY KITTEN AND I; OR, CHRISTMAS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

You have eaten your supper of milk, my pet,
And wash'd your funny, gray face;
Now roll yourself in a silken ball,
In your old accustom'd place,
And sing me a song by the cheerful fire,
Never an octave lower or higher
Than the rustling song of the flame;
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Like the low, merry song of the flame

We are happy to-night, my little gray pet;
You on your tassel'd bed,
And I with my pen, my paper and book,
And many queer dreams in my head.
Then play me a tune on your two-string'd lyre,
Never a single note lower or higher;
It has the soft flutter of wings;
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Of little, invisible wings.

'Tis Christmas Eve, my little gray pet,
Though we hear no merry bells chime,
But the patter of rain on the shingly roof,
And the roar of the rocking pine.
Then sing your low song by our Christmas fire,
Your merry refrain, never lower nor higher
Than the murmur of soft, fine rain;
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Like the low, dreamy song of the rain.

A RUNNING FOOTMAN.

THIS is the motive power which preceded not only electric telegraphs, railways and post-offices, but stage coaches and carriers' wagons for all purposes of communicating intelligence. The idea was evidently taken from the god Mercury, whom our picture somewhat resembles.

The dress of a running footman was a light black cap with a large feather, a jockey coat, white linen trowsers, with a pole about seven feet long—on the top of the pole was a hollow ball, in which he kept a hard-boiled egg, and a small quantity of wine, to serve as refreshment.

Sometimes these men have traveled sixty miles a day, and many have gone at the rate of seven miles an hour for several consecutive hours—this exhausting work, however, soon told upon the constitution, and after three or four years' active service they generally died of consumption.

The last English nobleman who employed one of these men was the infamous Duke of Queensbury, who died in 1810. They were employed by the Austrian nobility down to the close of the last century.

Our print is taken from a sign in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London, the public house being called The Running Footman.

PATRICK CORBETT AND MRS. DICK.

PATRICK CORBETT kept a coffee-stall beneath the pleasant shade of the lime-tree in Tavistock Square, London. It was a substantial stall, traveling well on four substantial wheels—in fact, a double wheelbarrow, with a roof that really kept the bread dry and the coffee warm on the second floor, and a nice ground-floor, resting on the axletrees, that was dark and cold, for the bread and butter kept in reserve as the customers kept clearing the supplies away from the top story.

Patrick Corbett was a kind-hearted man, and never drove away the sparrows that used to swarm about to gather up the crumbs, when the customers had departed. And Patrick was well rewarded, for a pretty sparrow fell in love with him. I say a pretty sparrow; for, in a letter written by Cornelius Nicholson, Esq., of Bernard Street, Russell Square, who, I believe, had seen this sparrow, it is described as distinguishable from the rest by having a peculiarly shaped crest, and a very few dark feathers behind the nape of the head.

Patrick loved this sparrow quite as much as it loved him, and they soon became so familiar that, as soon as the shop was open, "Dick," as Patrick named his friend, was the very first customer, who paid nothing, and expected extra attention; for Patrick used to feed his Dick from his hands, and hold a cup of coffee whilst Dick sipped from it. Friendship without guile—how pleasant to think of it!

Dick grew more and more familiar with Patrick—used to kiss him, perch on his finger, and chatter impudently with such of the customers as had good-tempered faces and kindly voices. Oh, Dick was the life of the party, and very likely drew customers to the shop, for workingmen delight in such simple, truthful love as this.

Patrick never considered whether his pet was a lady or a gentleman, until one morning she brought with her a brood of little sparrows to be fed, and poor Patrick, out of his very little, found bread and butter and coffee for them all. He professed never to *give* credit, and with the sparrows he kept his word, for they took what they wanted, and never thought of payment. Yes, Patrick had to feed the family, but he was well repaid by the fun it afforded him to see them learn to fly.

But they had scarcely grown up to full sparrowhood, and taken their independent places in the great lime-tree chapel, when Dick — whom we now call *Mrs.* Dick came with another lot of little downy things, looking all beak and wool. and filling one with wonder how, when they had once got out of the nest, they should ever fly back to it. Well, to tell the truth, they did *not* always fly back to it, and this gives occasion for a painful episode.

Once Mrs. Dick came down with three very small children to partake of Patrick's hospitality, and, of course, they were welcome—oh, to be sure!—but, to make a visit complete and pleasant to all parties, we must not only come, but *go.* Now, one of the little ones was too weak to go; it could not rise upon the wing, and Patrick, in pure kindness, put it in a basket in the cool, dark ground-floor, over the axletrees, and there he fed it, and at night he carried it home and fed it again; but next morning the poor little thing was dead.

The episode is not ended yet, but I stop to observe that little birds taken out of their nests, or caught when very young, generally die at daybreak the next morning. I could tell you the reason why, and all about it, but I only make this observation while the matter is on my mind, in order to implore you *not to take little birds at all.*

Well, to go on with the story, Mrs. Dick came next morning to demand her child, and Patrick could not give it her. Oh, if he could have whispered but one word in her ear, he could have told her the truth, and she would have been at peace; but, poor thing! she thought Patrick had *robbed her of her child*, and SHE LEFT HIM!

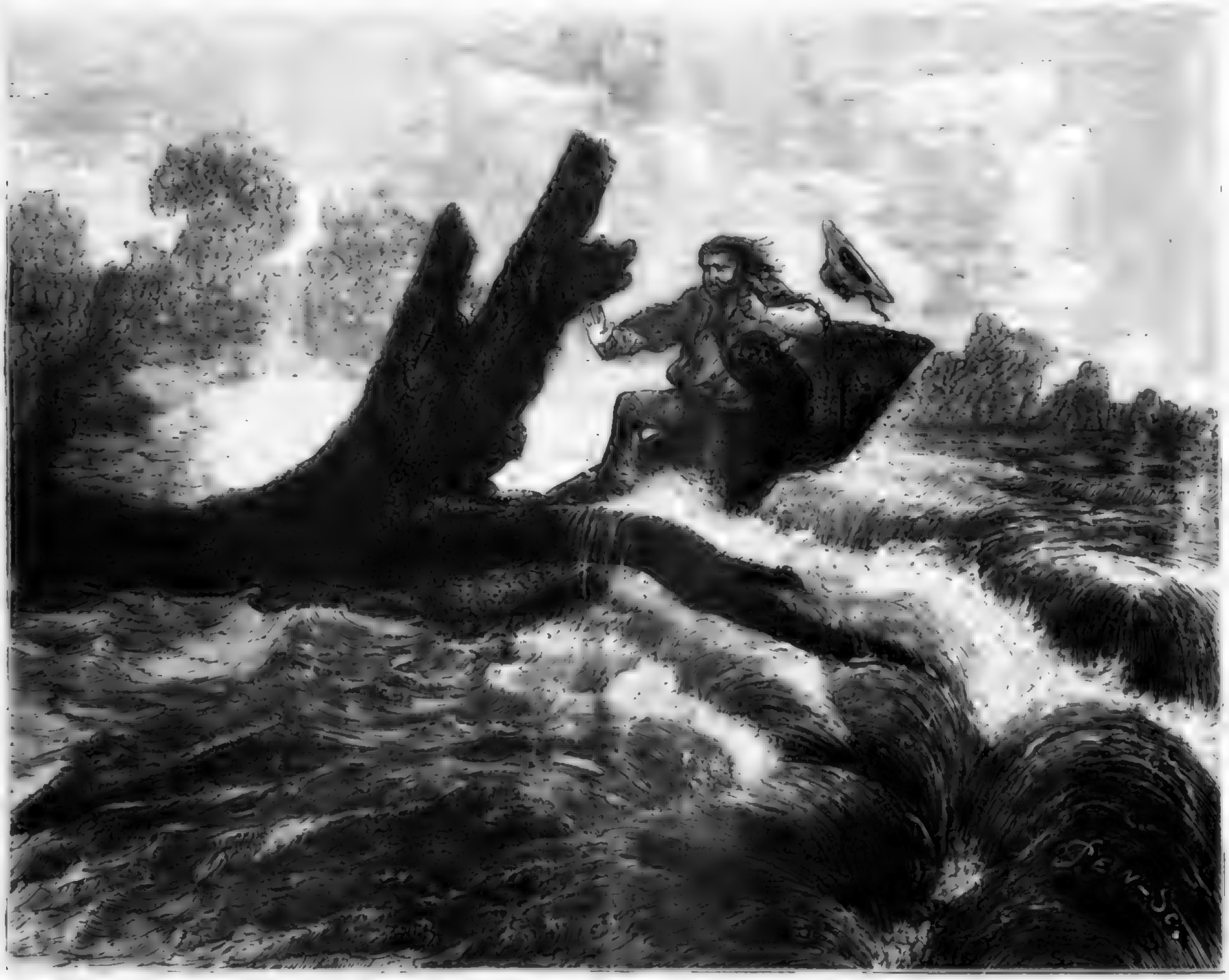
Now, who was most to be pitied—Patrick, or his long-tried pet?—neither of them to blame, yet one suspected and the other suspecting. Blessed, healing power of time and forgetfulness! Patrick never forgot the bird, nor did she forget him, but they both forgot their sense of injury, and, in three months' time Mrs. Dick again appeared, blithe as ever, with a troop of youngsters.

Thus the friendship lasted over four years, during which time Mrs. Dick had shown Patrick no less than sixty of her children. At times, when Patrick was late in arriving at the lime-tree, and Mrs. Dick had no children to keep her at home full of anxieties, she used to go and *meet him*, and, at a distance of two or three streets off, would alight upon the great, double-sided barrow, and chirp merrily until it arrived in its place, and the shop was opened.

Patrick Corbett has gone to his rest, but likely enough Mrs. Dick is alive still, and it is just possible that she remembers him, and regrets that, against one so kind and true, she should ever have entertained a suspicion.

We should never suspect those we have tried and found faithful, nor keep silent when one candid word may dispel illusions that else would darken and embitter all our lives. It would be something, indeed, if friends, who differ about a matter that cannot be cleared up, would agree on both sides to forget it, and try to be friendly with each other.

Hitherto we have had to draw our anecdotes of the saucy sparrow from English books and papers, but he is now so thoroughly naturalized here, that we look with interest for instances of his well-known characteristics, and will be happy to chronicle them in our columns.

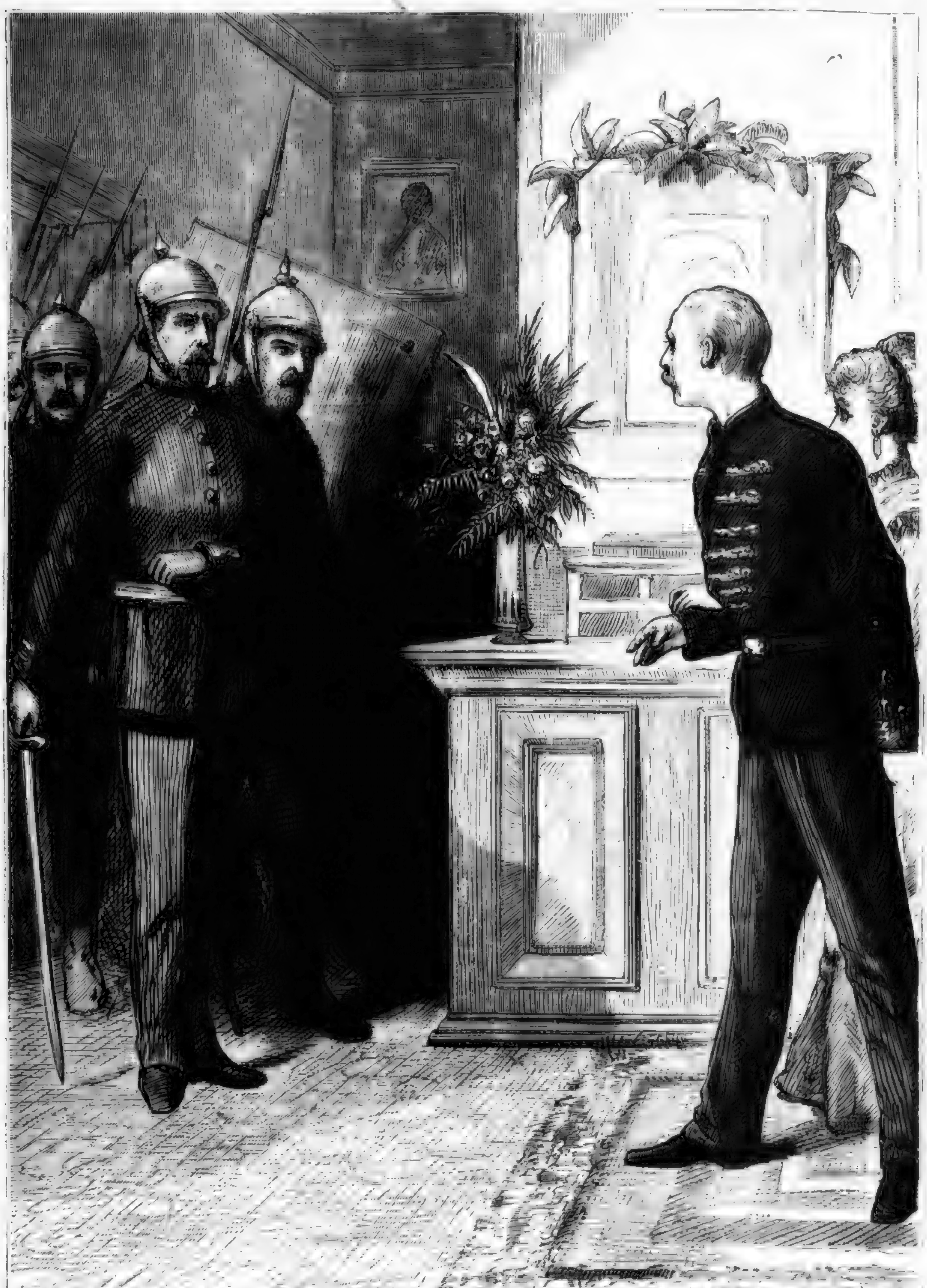


THE RAPIDS OF QUILLABAMBA-SANTA-ANA, PERU.

THE RAPIDS OF QUILLABAMBA-SANTA-ANA, PERU.

Beyond Sipa, vegetation begins to languish, and the banks of the river are barren. Instead of forest-trees, garlanded with vines and climbing-plants, which undulate like drapery with every breeze, we had before us only sandy shores bordered with reeds and brambles. These sands extend as far as the eye can reach: the compass gave us the true reason of this change in the decorations of nature.

The river, after making a bend of sixty miles eastward,



FOR LOVE OF YOU.—"UNDER THE SHOCK OF A BRAWNY SHOULDER THE DOOR OF SIBELLE'S BOUDOIR BURST INWARD, AND A DOZEN OR MORE FACES, SURMOUNTED WITH SPIKED HELMETS, PEERED INTO THE ROOM."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

turns toward the west, and the vicinity of the Cordilleras, which it approaches, accounts for the domination of the mineral over the vegetable kingdom.

About mid-day, when the boats of my companions had got ahead of my own, I reached a spot where the Quillabamba-Santa-Ana, barred by two islets of sand and flinty rocks, separated into three arms of unequal length.

Unfortunately my boatmen took the branch along the left bank, where the current flowed at eight knots an hour. Our craft, swift as a racehorse, threaded the narrow strait, across which lay the trunk of a *Siphonia elastica*, uprooted by a freshet.

The giant tree, fallen from the solid ground, upon one of the islands, formed a dike to the current, dividing the mass of the water into foam and spray. Our boat, drawn onward at a furious rate, engulfed itself between the great stumps and rocks, where it stuck as if in a vise. The shock was horrible; my two men threw themselves into the water, and either swimming or grasping the branches, contrived to reach the shore.

I remained alone in the boat, immersed to my waist in water, and deafened by the roar of the waves, which struck me as they surged by.

My condition was truly critical, but that of an immense monkey, an *Ateles niger*, attached to the prow, was intolerable. To free himself he broke his rope, and bounded toward me; the encounter was so sudden that I could neither anticipate nor avoid it; he cast his long arms around my neck, and fear redoubling his strength, he came near strangling me.

To free myself from his grip I could do no better than to seize hold of the skin of his back with one hand, and give him some raps on his nose with the other. Soon the pressure of his long arms began to relax, and as I bestowed upon him a look of triumph, I saw him gnashing his teeth, great tears rolling down, and an expression of great anguish on his countenance. My fear and anger simultaneously vanished, and I felt ashamed to have struck in the face this ancestor of humanity.

To atone for this dishonorable proceeding, I piously saluted the black nose of this animal.

He understood my penitence and was moved thereby, for to prove that he cherished no bitterness toward me, he uncrossed his arms and leaped upon my shoulders, where he seated himself astride.

As soon as my men succeeded in landing, they ran to the boats which were ahead, and hailing the nearest, informed those on board of the condition in which they had left me. This happened to be the boat of the Peruvian commission, and they helped me out of the bath in which I had been shivering more than an hour, invoking for my monkey and myself the support of Heaven, and the succor of men.

No doubt my kind readers will wonder why I did not save myself, as did the oarsmen, by swimming to the shore, instead of remaining in the water, where I might have caught an attack of pleurisy. Very true; but in leaving the boat I should have been obliged to sacrifice my papers and my clothing; and the Quillabamba-Santa-Ana had already enough of my wardrobe without the few shirts I still possessed.

INDIAN SECT.

The following account of a sect, introduced by a person who called himself Swamee Narain, is interesting:

This sect is represented as having its rise from Odhow, to whom the charge of the human race was delivered by Christna when he left this world; but the first actual appearance of it in Guzaret was upward of one hundred years ago, when a Brimcharee called Gopal began to preach the new doctrines at Gopnath Mahadeo, in the district of Valak in Goilwar. His successor, Atmanund, became a Swamee; by which the person is understood to lay down the observances of caste, and devote himself entirely to the service of the Deity. Nir Narin is the god worshiped, and an image of him is admitted, as by other Hindoos. The grand principle of the system seems to be, that the souls of all mankind are equal. Distinctions of caste are observed by his followers, but they are told that these trammels are only corporeal, and will be all left behind with their bodies; and the souls freed from them will receive the rewards or punishment of their actions in this life, without any regard to the castes to which their bodies may have belonged.

The principal observances enjoined are, abstinence from what are represented as the four besetting sins of the flesh—indulging in drinking spirituous liquors, eating flesh, stealing, and adultery.

His votaries are sometimes indulged with what they call a Sumadhee, in which the spirit is said to leave the body, and to be transported to the blissful regions their imaginations are taught to expect after death. During the periods of its absence, no wound or infliction produces the slightest effect or pain, the trunk is represented to be perfectly senseless, and after its return, the favored person gives lively descriptions of what he has seen, generally abundance of gold and jewels, with palaces, etc., according to the fertility of his imagination.

A multitude of minor observances are also prescribed. Those who become Fakeers receive a name, and are instructed to submit to any ill-usage without resistance, or without allowing the slightest resentment to remain on their minds. They are to forswear all worldly goods and all the concerns of this world. They are not even to possess any article made of metal, except a needle to sew their clothes, and a knife to mend their pen for writing holy works. They are not to see nor to think of women. If they do see one so as to distinguish her as such, if the idea of a woman comes into their minds, or if they touch one, they must fast for that day.

The followers, or those merely converted, are not enjoined to such strict observances. They are (besides the four great sins) to abstain from the use of all intoxicating substances, and some others that happen to be proscribed by the Mooksh, Dhurm, Geeta Bhugvut and Veeshnoo Schustrnam, which the Swamee professes to make the rules of his instruction. Like the Pope, he gives absolution for sins already committed, but does not venture (like him) to grant indulgence for the future.

People of all castes and persuasions resort to Swamee Narain, and the number of his followers is very great, estimated by the most intelligent natives at about 100,000. These are principally from Kateewar and the western districts of Guzerat. Hindoos of all the four classes, Mohammedans, and even Dhers, are admitted; but all are seated, and feed, according to their castes. The Swamee himself (who is a Brahmin) eats indiscriminately with any caste, as far down as Rajpoots or Katees, but not below them.

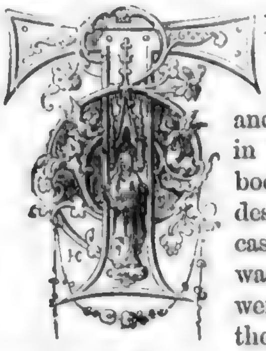
Swamee Narain himself was a very superior man. He soon acquired great influence over men's minds. The distinguishing tenets between his system and that of other Hindoos are so inoffensive that they might at least have escaped violent opposition. This does not, however, seem to have been the case. All the orders of religious mendicants in particular used to take ample advantage of the peaceful professions of his disciples by beating them sometimes unmercifully. And they boast that no instance ever occurred of this violence being resisted.

As tending to show that Swamee desired to practice what he preached, the approach of a multitude of 50,000 people, stated to accompany him on a celebrated visit to Ahmedabal, for the purpose of consecrating a temple to Nir Narain, having occasioned some reports that measures of security would be taken, which he heard of, he immediately sent a message to express his regret that his coming should occasion any trouble, and that rather than it should do so, he would prefer not coming at all.

These reports being, of course, unfounded, he came, and had obtained permission to occupy the Shahee Baug, a house belonging to Government. But on his arrival, finding that he could not stay there without a risk of his followers injuring the premises, he removed of his own accord to an uncultivated plain at a considerable distance, preferring to submit to all the inconvenience and want of accommodation, to running the risk of the slightest damage being committed by the people resorting to him.

The most intelligent people in the country, even while they regret (as Hindoos) the leveling nature of his system, acknowledge their belief that his preaching has produced great effect in improving the morals of the people.

FOR LOVE OF YOU.



THE Château of Plessis Les Tours stood grim and dusty in the snow-covered park. Its quaint pinnacles and gables were swathed out of shape in Winter's white drapery, while the body of the building was dark and deserted-looking, with closely shuttered casements, each projection of which was outlined in white. The fountains were choked with decaying leaves, but the snow hid all that—hid the neglect that had suffered the terraces to lapse into a wilderness of trailing plants and prostrate flowers.

There was a beauty in the vail Nature had dropped over man's neglected handiwork, though it was a sorrowful beauty, such as best befitted the scene and the times.

M. Le Duc de Plessis St. Pol, nathless his seventy years and one, was with General Chanzy and the army of the Loire while the Germans were in possession of Orleans.

The château was a long, straggling structure, picturesque, perhaps, in its want of regularity, but not elegant or imposing, with slated roofs towering up in parts, so as to be a landmark afar off, and elsewhere sinking down in low crowned wings and abutments, telling of successive additions in modern times, for Plessis Les Bois is the old cradle of a very old race; its walls had grown moss when the Pucelle d'Orleans dreamed dreams.

In the rear of the château, where the clipped yew hedges, looking like walls of snow, patterned out the spacious gardens, which are its crown of glory to this day, light streamed steadily through two windows, across which were drawn, on the inside, dark crimson curtains. The rays that escaped threw a deep red flush over the snow without.

There was red-stained snow on the bosom of France elsewhere than at Plessis Les Tours.

Sombre and melancholy as everything looked externally, behind those crimson curtains the cheerfully warm light of burning logs—no coal was burned at Plessis; the duke was a conservative and an anglo-phobe—somehow he regarded coal consumption as an indirect extension of English commerce—lit up a scene of comfort and happiness. The apartment was small, carpeted, canopied, and furnished in a way that told of a woman's occupancy.

In such a domain of Sèvres porcelain and mirrors, masculine habits could have no play; yet a man *was* there, and his *raison d'être* was discoverable in the charming girl, at whose feet he was stretched, and whose hands his own had imprisoned; while she, with eyes full of half-attentive, half-dreamy expression, watched the wavering tongues of flame as they rose and fell from the burning wood.

Sibelle de Plessis St. Pol was happy because her affianced husband was now, after an absence of three months, whispering words that had the sound of an old song in her ears; but it was a breathless, stolen happiness that could only be enjoyed by shutting out the memory of everything but itself.

Through perils he had come to tell her that the chief value in his life, in these days of defeat, consisted in his power to risk it to look into her eyes, feel the warmth of her arm around his neck. Through perils he must go; for Leon de Vissy Boissard, captain of Franc-tireurs, carried his life in his hand ever since his command had tumbled Colonel Melchior van Zeulen out of his saddle, with a bodyful of bullets in him, at the cross-roads of Bas-fonds and Armandville, just below the little church.

The unlucky "Herr Oberst" carried a paper of instructions, emanating from the headquarter staff of the German division, which turned out useful to Chanzy; thus the name of the intercepter got published; and while on the French side De Vissy Boissard was a hero, on the German he was an assassin and a spy.

So there was reason enough for Mademoiselle de St. Pol's repressed impulses of abstraction.

Still, her lover *was* there, and danger seemed so far away from that pretty, snug boudoir, with its subdued firelight and warm tints, its feminine elegancies and perfumes, that she would put away her tremors from her now while he was there in the refuge that had been so sacred to safety ever since she had been only tall enough to peep over the window-sill, and see the Loire flashing back the sunshine into her dazzled eyes.

"Sibelle, peace must come soon, and then you shall be my wife. Your father will give you to me *then*. France will not be unhappier for our happiness; and you, dear love, will not again say 'Wait,' will you?"

"Papa says we must wear black until France has driven every enemy beyond the Rhine, Leon," said Sibelle, whisperingly. "I cannot be married in mourning, you know."

"Your father is seventy-one years old, Sibelle, and at that age people do not think it unreasonable to put other folks' sweethearts into mourning for their country, and say, 'Weep and sigh; waste your youth in sorrow; sprinkle dust and ashes on your golden hair, and you will have a fine crop of gray ones by-and-by.' Bah! Sibelle; press your soft cheek against my face, and let me whisper the truer wisdom of twenty-five into your ear."

Tenderly, trustingly the charming head was bent down, until, with eyes yet gazing into the firelight, it rested upon Leon's upturned face.

At that moment the door of the apartment opened unceremoniously, and an elderly man, in livery, entered so abruptly that the lovers were caught *in flagrante delicto*, if such a thing could be said in any sense of one so purely good and maidenly as Sibelle de Plessis St. Pol.

"Haste, haste, Monsieur Leon!" cried the old chasseur shaking the hands he held extended before him at arms length. "The Prussians are here. They have taken prisoner old Langlois at the gate-lodge, to prevent him giving the alarm. If it had not been for Monsieur de

Thouars they would have been at the château before we knew anything about it. Fly, Monsieur Leon, *pour l'amour du bon Dieu!* Take the staircase leading down to Monsieur le Duc's garden-room. Jules is standing at the door, and will let you out into the Garden of Diana. They will never find you in the wood, and—— Oh, *mon Dieu!*"

The last exclamation was wrung from the speaker by a prolonged ringing of the door-bell.

"De Thouars has betrayed me!" cried Leon de Vissy, springing upright, but still holding Sibelle's hand tightly in his own. "The miscreant thinks to crawl to you through my blood! Adieu, Sibelle! my love—my wife!"

"Fly, Leon!"

The words were scarcely audible; Sibelle's strength seemed all spent in pushing from her the idolized face that looked so yearningly into her own.

"Yes, fly, fly, Monsieur Leon! Listen to those infamous Prussians battering my master's door! Fly, sir, fly!"

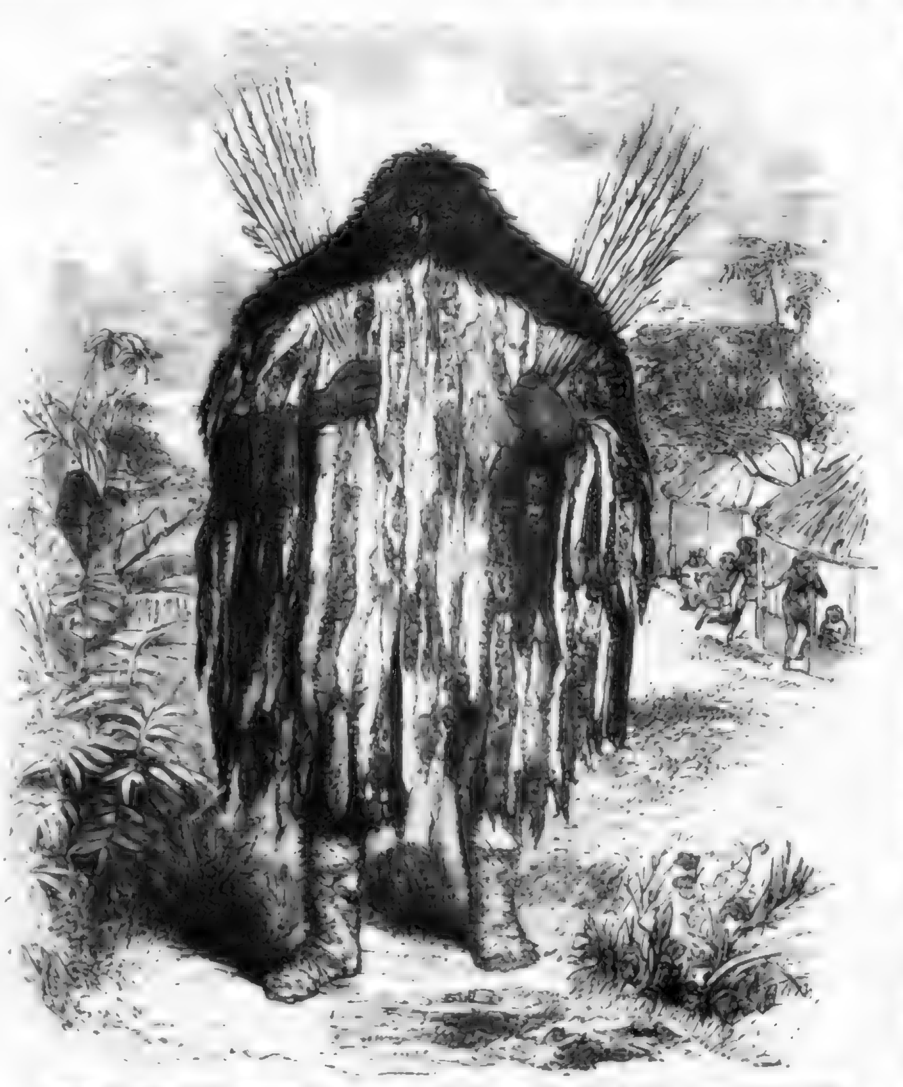
And the old chasseur laid his hand upon De Vissy's arm to draw him from the apartment.

"He cannot fly now; the château is surrounded, and sentries are at every door and window in the basement."

It was a newcomer who spoke—a man somewhat older in appearance than De Vissy, and less handsome, perhaps, in feature, but a man good-looking in every sense of the word.

"De Thouars!" exclaimed De Vissy, "you have brought *this* to pass! You have betrayed me!"

He gazed, with angry, searching looks at the other's face as he spoke.



THE "TERRA MA COURIE," OR WHIPPER OF THE KING'S PATH.—SEE PAGE 110.

De Thouars scarcely noticed the speech; he was looking intently at Mademoiselle de Plessis St. Pol.

"Do not tremble so, Mademoiselle Sibelle; I will save him."

The soothingly spoken words sent their meaning into her stunned faculties with the effect of sunshine streaming into a darkened room.

"Ah, yes, save him, and I will bless you. Only save him, and I will bless you till I die, Monsieur de Thouars."

She was standing full before him, her glorious eyes fixed with wild, wistful hope in the distended pupils upon his own.

"He *is* safe, otherwise I should not be here. Be calm, for his sake, and trust in me." He turned to De Vissy, and added:

"You have not one moment to lose; throw off your coat, and go with my servant Pernchaud; he is waiting for you in the passage. Do just as he tells you; there is no time for explanation. I answer for your safety with my life. Leave mademoiselle to old Guillemand's care and mine. To-morrow you can see her again, without danger."

"To-morrow?" echoed De Vissy.

A crash of breaking woodwork silenced every one in the apartment.

"*Mon Dieu!* they have broken in the front door!" whimpered old Guillemand, running to the window to look out.

When he turned his head from it, De Vissy was no longer in the room, and Monsieur de Thouars was buttoning himself up in the coat the former had just before worn.

"Quick, Guillemand! toss that into a closet," said he, throwing his own garment to the old chasseur. "And now, mademoiselle, your affianced husband's safety depends on your self-possession. I play his part; you must call me Leon, and every gesture of yours must be such as it would be if I were he. It will be bitter for you"— he paused and looked at her with a strange intentness—"but it will be a very brief bitterness, Sibelle—I must call you so—until it is over. Here they come! Run, Guillemand; tell them this is mademoiselle's *boudoir;* show all the desire possible to dissuade them from intruding here. Offer to take them all over the château. Go, go!"

He pushed the chasseur from the apartment, and then turned the key in the lock. Wheeling slowly round, he fixed his eyes with the same strange intentness of look upon Sibelle, who stood pressing her hands to her chest, gazing past him at the panels of the door.

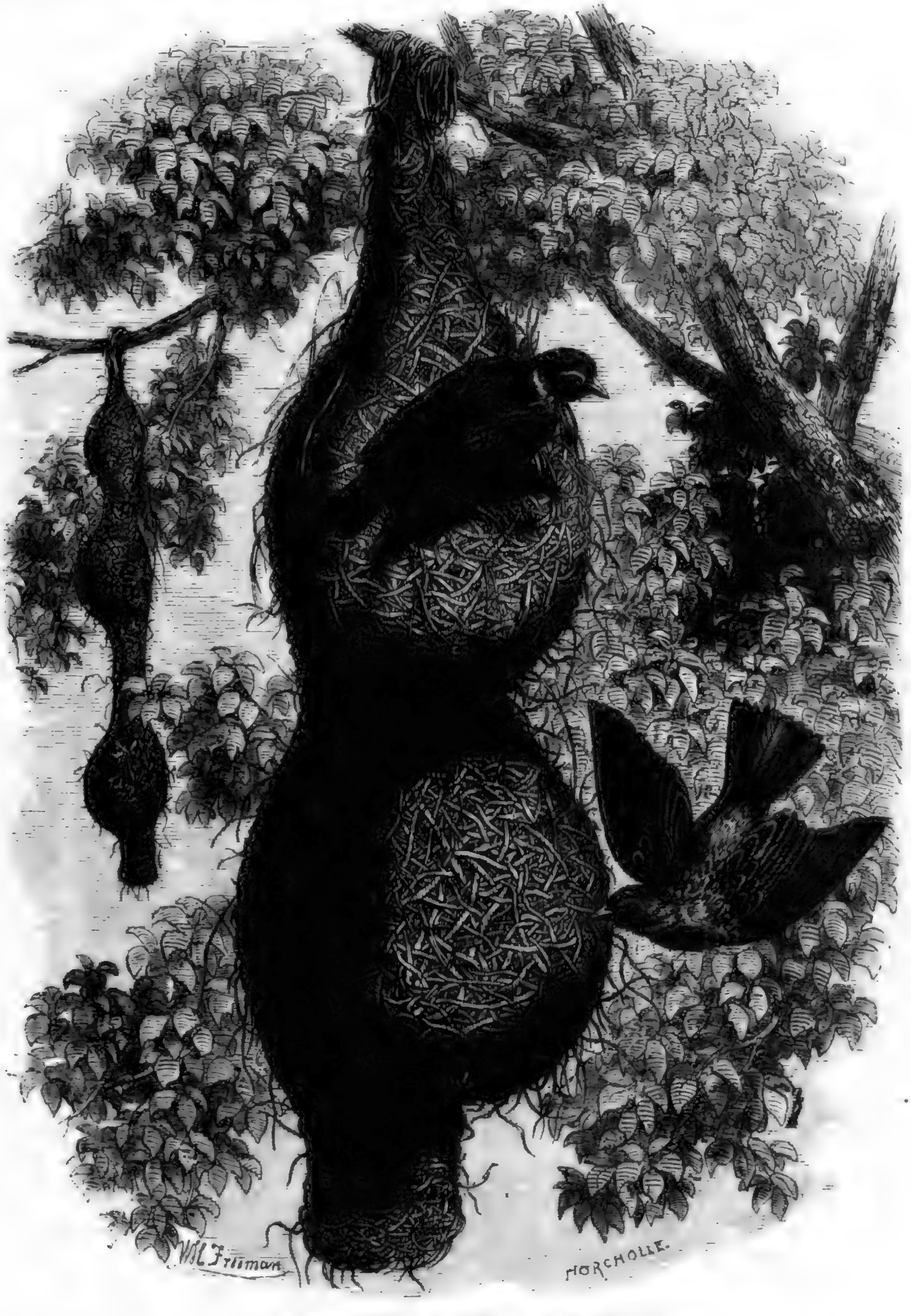
It was easy to read the one absorbing thought of her brain. Was *he* safe yet?

The chateau became more alive with sounds as each minute elapsed, but De Thouars did not appear to heed them. Calm as he had been throughout, he stepped nearer to his lovely companion, and touched her arm gently. She started, and half shrank back.

"Why do you alarm yourself for him? When they find him he will be dressed as one of the servants. Upon discovering me with you they will not doubt that I am Leon. Why do you tremble? He is safe; quite safe."

Her eyes wandered to his face with a look, so full of trouble that his own softened, and he drew her hand down, and gently grasped it. Again she shrank from him, and endeavored to withdraw her hand.

"Nay, Sibelle, leave your hand there. Once I asked you to give it me, just as one asks comfort of a mother or mercy of God. Ah! a mother comforts, and God hears, but you—you thrust my love from you. I asked your hand then as a wife's; leave it me now for a little while in farewell, Sibelle."



NEST OF THE LOXIA BENGALENSIS.—SEE PAGE 110.

"Monsieur de Thouars"—Sibelle spoke with difficulty—"you are generous, you are brave; remember that we are alone, and that I am a young girl."

Footsteps were now heard trampling heavily in the corridors, and the chasseur's voice loud in expostulation

"They are coming!" cried Sibelle, and a sudden flash of resolution lit up her eyes—"they are coming, monsieur. There! hold my hand. A De Thouars keeps his honor as God makes the snow—spotless. Forgive me, and save him. You will, my friend—*dear friend*, you will?"

"Who knocks?"

Before there was time for De Thouars to repeat the question, under the shock of a brawny shoulder the door of Sibelle's *boudoir* burst inward, and a dozen or more faces surmounted with spiked helmets peered into the room. De Thouars stepped before the lady, shielding her with his person.

"Pray who do you want, messieurs?"

A Prussian officer, so tall that he was compelled to stoop to clear the doorway, advanced a few paces, and scanned him critically.

"What is your name?"

The question was asked in very good French and with perfect courtesy.

"I am the Count de Vissy Boissard, at your service, sir, and if you have business with me I feel assured you will yourself respect this lady's privacy, and cause your command to do so likewise."

The German clanked his spurs together, and drew himself up, saluting Sibelle in true Prussian military fashion.

"I regret to have to disturb you, Monsieur le Comte, but you will have to accompany me to Orleans. The interruption to the lady's privacy will be short, in proportion to the speed you use in preparing for your departure."

"In two minutes I will be ready, sir," rejoined De Thouars. "May I ask of your goodness the indulgence to spend those two minutes alone with mademoiselle?"

The Prussian hesitated, and glanced quickly round the apartment, taking in the fireplace and ceiling in his examination.

"I give you my word of honor as a nobleman, monsieur, to be your prisoner in two minutes from the time you leave me alone," said De Thouars.

Apart from the chimney, the *boudoir* presented no outlet for escape. The chateau was closely surrounded, so the Prussian bowed stiffly, ordered his men from the doorway, and himself passed out, drawing the disabled panels as close as a broken hinge permitted.

* * * * * *

"He is saved, Sibelle," whispered De Thouars, "and now in two minutes we part. Two minutes. Ah! once a year, when this night comes round, give me two minutes of your thoughts! Sibelle, you remember where I stood the day I told you of my love, and how the leaves fell from the shaken rose upon us both; to you they were but petals of a faded rose, to me they were the withered blossoms of a life. Farewell, my love, *my love!*"

Caressingly his hands smoothed back the golden waves of her hair. For a few brief seconds of time he gazed lingeringly upon the beautiful face, then abruptly snatched from her bodice a geranium spray, and was gone.

* * * * * *

Peace dawned upon poor France at length. Mademoiselle de Plessis St. Pol had changed her name to Madame la Comtesse de Vissy Boissard. The title of De Thouars was extinct. The last count had fallen somehow—nobody seemed to know how—during the war, and was buried at the little parish church at Armandville. He had expressed a wish to that effect before he died; so it was currently rumored, though a few maintained that he was buried near where he fell, defending the churchyard against overwhelming odds.

The curé would shake his head at the latter report, and declare that no battle ever took place within three miles of his churchyard.

However, he fell. A plain stone bore this inscription modestly among the modest graves:

ISANDRE DE THOUARS,

born, May 11th, 1842. Died, December 9th, 1870.

Low down on the stone, so low that the Spring grass almost hid it, was this inscription, "*Pour l'amour de toi*" (For love of you).

The curé did not know what it signified. Perhaps it was in that way the late Monsieur de Thouars had wished chronicled that he died for love of his country. Or perhaps that lady in mourning who came so regularly to spend a half hour in prayer every Sunday knew what allusion it vailed.

She never left the grave without clearing the grass from the inscription sufficiently to see it, and the eyes always swam in tears as they read, "For love of you."

THE "TERRA MA COURIE," OR WHIPPER OF THE KING'S PATH.

IN the strange life of the African tribes there is no stranger apparition than the Terra Ma Courie, the principal attendant upon the Bey or Ground King of Timnee; this king being, like the Japanese Meaco, the heir of a deposed dynasty, still invested with the regal title and insignia, but shorn of all political power.

Terra Ma Courie is his mouthpiece or herald, and clears the way for his majesty when he sallies forth. His grotesque attire is composed of long strips of cowskin and leopard-hide intermixed. His head is entirely covered with a head-piece and cape, of black monkey's skin, that conceals his whole face, with merely two holes to allow him to exercise his vision. In each hand he bears a bundle of twigs, of the thorny plant called the *teara*, which give him his name. His leggings are made of dried grass, woven into a clumsy matting. At his approach all fly with superstitious terror into their huts, and he seldom needs to employ the weapon in his hand.

THE NEST OF THE LOXIA BENGALENSIS.

THERE is a class of birds, embracing the weaver and tailor birds, whose nests are pensile, and frequently have the entrance below—a long, narrow tube leading up to the chamber formed to protect the eggs and callow young. The nest of the Loxia Bengalensis is one of the most curious of these. The nests are variable in shape, some like a retort, or Italian flask, hung with the mouth down; others wider at the mouth, and resembling the liberty-cap of the *sans culottes;* some again, like that of our illustration, show a series of bulbs. The pretty little bird that builds them is songless, but with a monotonous chirp, and is seen in flocks of thousands in India. It is a kind of sparrow, and atones for its silence by a brilliant plumage, chiefly yellow, the wings, back and tail being brown. It is peculiarly fond of the acacias and date-trees, which it generally selects for the suspension of its nests.

It is a curious fact that the nests, or all the chambers of the nest, when there are several, as shown in the engraving, are not made for the reception of eggs. One is set apart for that, and precautions taken to prevent the young from falling. The others are arbors, or rooms, in which the male sits while the female is hatching, being one of the few cases where any provision is made for the shelter or ease of the male sex.

"THE GRAY MARE THE BETTER HORSE."

THIS well-known proverbial saying originated from the following circumstance. A gentleman of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and at the same time possessed of many other charms, he found, not long after marriage, that she was of a high, domineering temper, and always contending to be mistress both of him and his family; therefore he formed the resolution of parting from her. Accordingly he waited upon her father, and told him that he found his daughter of such a temper that he was heartily tired of her, and if he

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would take her home again he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman, having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he might have expected when he entered into the married state. The young gentleman desired to be excused if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and most certainly no man who had a sense of right and wrong could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed by the same method; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing a hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and one egg only where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope that you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home and look upon your wife as no worse than her neighbors. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected. Our young married man therefore set out with great eagerness, to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and of his wife. At the first house he came to he heard a woman with a shrill and angry voice call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry. At the next he met with something of the same kind, and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county. He knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in his lady was in the parlor. The lady with great complaisance desired him to be seated, and said, if his business were urgent, she would wake her husband, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really, madame," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me. You will doubtless think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and, it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madame, my desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "this question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say that I am always proud to obey my husband in all things; but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at this time entering the room, and, after some apologies being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his *obedient* wife had reported in her own favor, upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them, but madame still persisted in her claim to the gray mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her, then? But I say you shall, *for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse.*" "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so ——" "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavor to live happy with my wife."

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

THE Library of Congress is prepared with a full representation of the latest books, documents and periodicals, to answer the numerous drafts that are made upon it in every field of inquiry. Large additions have been made to the library, especially in works on political economy and finance, and there are few publications, either periodical or permanent, in this direction, which are not found in the collection. The entire number of volumes is now about 315,000. This library is especially rich in periodicals, nearly all the English and American reviews and magazines being taken, with many of the most valuable in foreign languages. The files of newspapers alone now exceed 5,000 bound volumes.

The copyright business of the library, notwithstanding the depressed condition of the book trade, shows more entries than last year, about 11,000 copyrights having been granted since the 1st of January, 1877. An increasingly large number of periodicals, musical compositions, photographs, engravings and maps are protected by copyright. The library grows so rapidly, through its various collections, aided by purchase, exchange with foreign governments, the deposits of National and State documents, additions from the Smithsonian Institute, and the operation of the copyright law, that the necessity of a new building, constructed especially for its accommodation and future growth, has long been conceded.

It is believed that Congress will, at the coming session, provide for the better protection and safety of this great and invaluable library, and save the 60,000 books which are now being piled upon the floors in all directions, from further injury.

The use of the Library of Congress by the general public is steadily increasing, the number of those reading and writing by the aid of its fully equipped store of authorities being very large, especially on Saturdays, when the institutions of learning in Washington have a holiday. This increasing use of the privileges of the library, especially during the sessions of Congress, would alone compel an enlargement of the facilities for readers, even were the library itself not suffering from the over-crowded condition of the collection.

AN ECCENTRIC FIG TREE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Santa Barbara (Cal.) *Press* says: Much has been written about the curious freaks of Nature this season in South California, particularly with fruit trees, but I think a fig tree in my garden caps the climax for eccentricity. This tree is of the white, Smyrna variety. The first crop ripened in June. The fruit was white-skinned, and very large and most excellent, a specimen of which I sent you. Now comes the funny part of the story. This same tree put forth a very full second crop, and the figs are ripe now, and have been for two weeks past, and are ripening every day, but the fruit is blue. Who can account for this caper? There are two different and distinct varieties of fruit on the same tree in successive crops the same season. The first crop were all white; the second crop are all blue.

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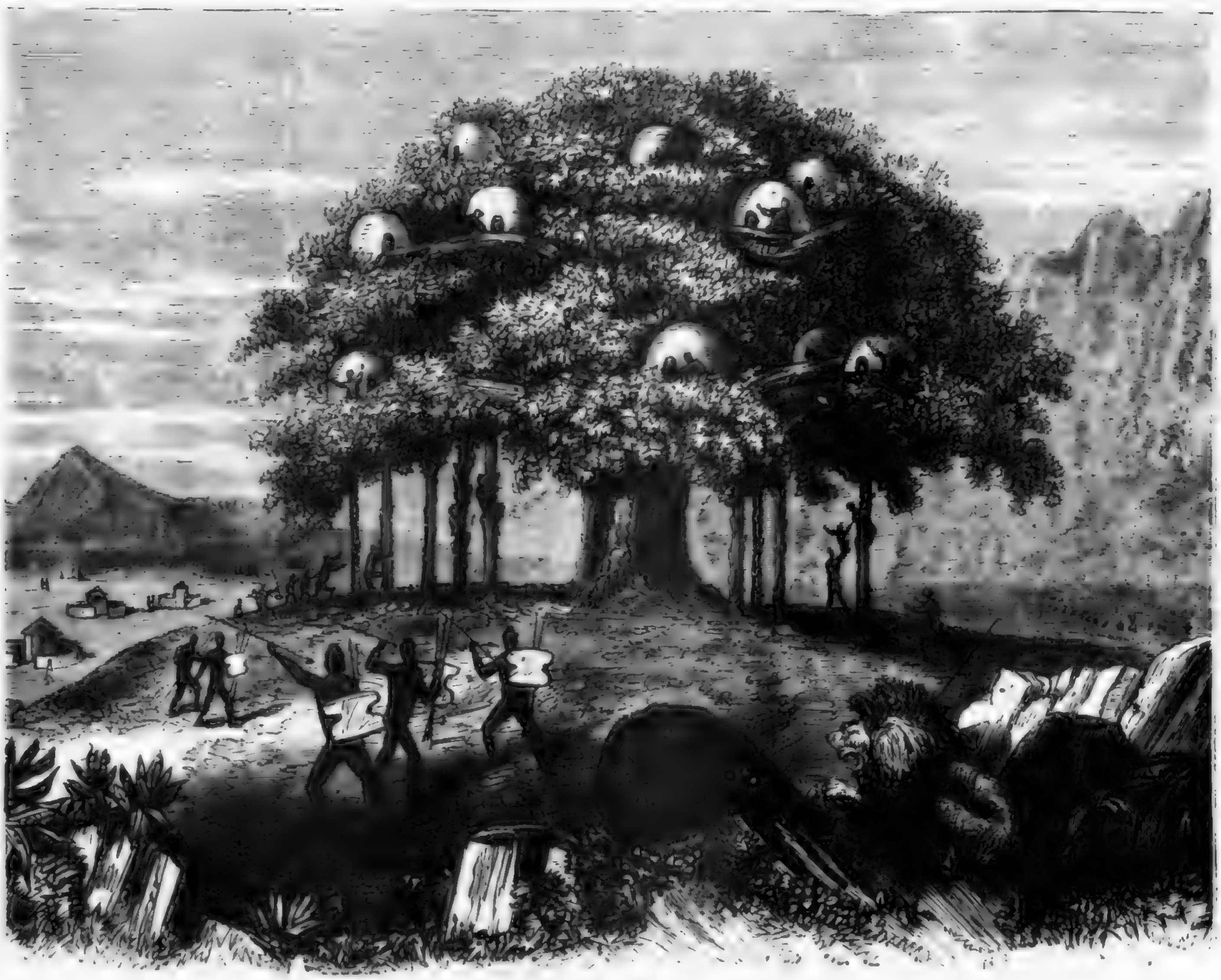

INHABITED TREES, SOUTH AFRICA.

HIGH LIFE—TREE HOMES.

The birds and insects are not the only creatures that can claim to belong to high life and have their homes far above those of ordinary mortals. Some quadrupeds are among the tree-livers, and almost the whole family of quadrumans, those burlesques of humanity, who, leaving the kingdom of four feet, missed our middle kingdom of intelligence with its happy medium of two hands and two feet, and landed in the uncouth kingdom of four hands.

Many of the anthropomorphoid apes, especially one in Borneo, who the natives say are really men who took to the woods to escape paying taxes, make regular beds in their aerial homes. We should like to dwell on their abodes and customs, not knowing but that some of our readers, to escape taxes and assessments, will also fly to the forests; but it will be enough here to say that they make a kind of bedstead of twigs, on which they spread a soft bed of leaves, and even go so far as to work together soft, leafy branches into a kind of quilt which they draw over them.

It has been positively stated that the Orang-Outang and Gorilla actually build a kind of hut in the trees in which they live, but other naturalists deny this positively; so that we cannot assert it as a fact or illustrate one for our reader's admiration.

But if the quadrumans do not build houses in trees, men have done so occasionally.

Religious enthusiasm has led men sometimes to retire thus away from the haunts of men, and like St. Simeon Stylites, seek a home nearer heaven. A mansion amid the birds and the blossoms is certainly less severe and more practical than the bare top of a tall column exposed to a tropical sun. Our Japanese hermit at Kiota does not appear to have so dreary a home after all, and the devotees evidently attend to his wants with pious care. His quarters are circumscribed and his life must be rather monotonous. Our gentleman who adopts a similar spot either as a resort for the perusal of a favorite author, or to escape bores and duns, is bound to the spot only by his free choice, and can, therefore, enjoy it while it is enjoyable.

Cases like this occur, but there are harder still. A hollow tree has at times formed a refuge for some hunted fugitive, and during our late war, a poor woman was found, who, after seeing her humble home laid in ashes, had taken up her abode with her children in a tree.

But the most singular case has been discovered in Africa, where human beings systematically build their houses in trees. This curious fact was discovered by Mr. Moffatt, the well-known missionary, in the course of his travels.

Two traders had been in the country which was ruled by the ferocious chief, Moselekatze, who has derived an unenviable name for his relentless cruelty, which will always eclipse his well-deserved reputation as a man of commanding genius and of subtle intellect. He was, in fact, a savage Napoleon, and if possible, even a more wonderful man, inasmuch as he had no education, and created the terrible power which he so skillfully wielded.

King of the Zulu Kafirs, he had organized a vast military establishment, and had invented a system of warfare so ingenious, as to entitle him to the name of a born general. All able-bodied men were forced to serve as soldiers, drafted into different regiments according to their capacities of

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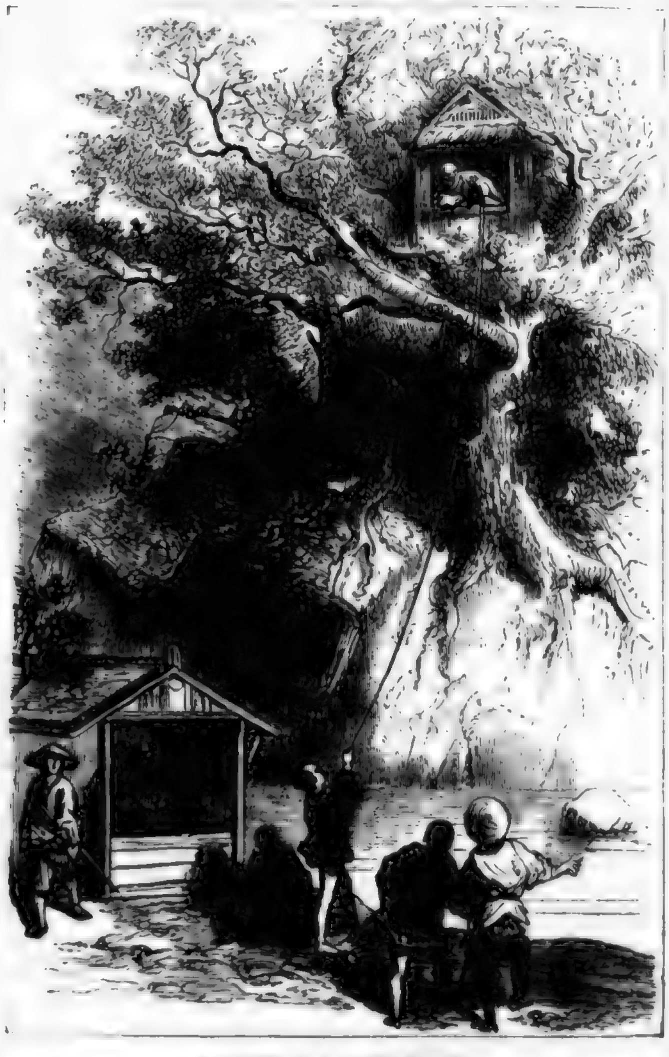
strength, swiftness or cunning, and when they went into action had the alternative of victory or death, a fugitive being invariably killed by the executioner.

When his white visitors were about to return to their homes, Mozelekatze thought that it would be a good opportunity of extending his knowledge, and consequently his influence, by learning the manners and customs of white men, and therefore sent two of his councilors to accompany the visitors to their homes, to inspect their proceedings, and then to return and report what they had seen. The envoys carried out the instructions of their master, though their brains could scarcely retain the vast stores of new facts which were continually poured into them, and in due time they wished to return to their own country.

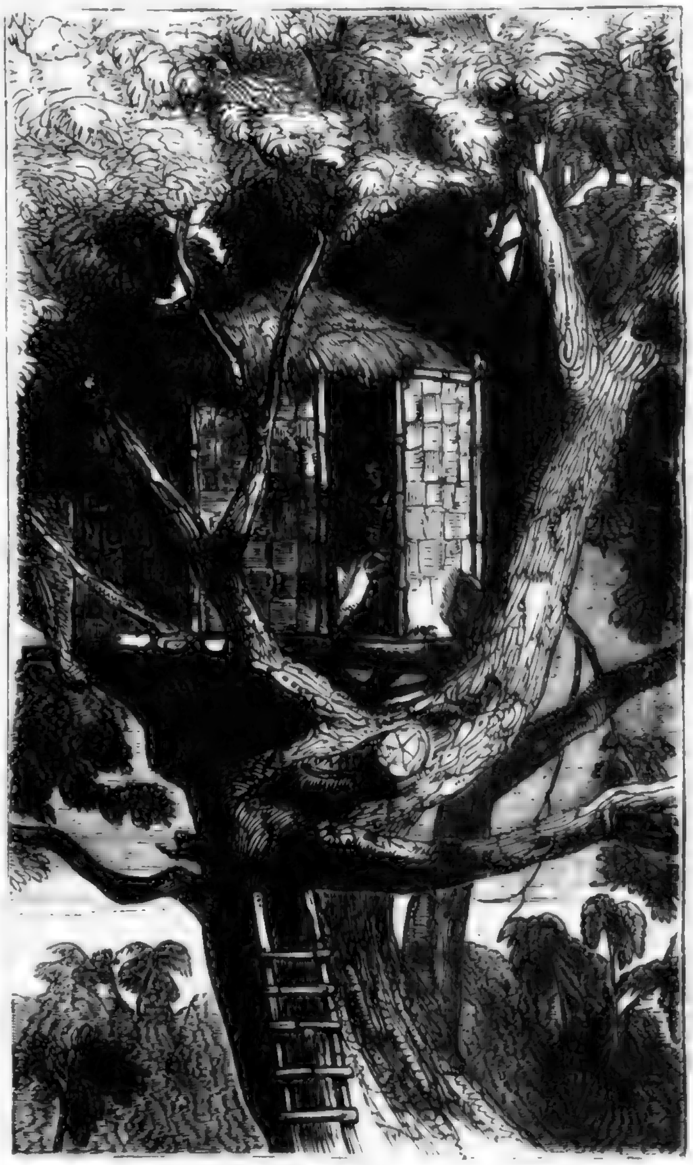
Here, however, was a difficulty. In order to reach Zululand, they must pass through tracts inhabited by other nations, all of which had been invaded and harried by the conquering troops of Mozelekatze, and they knew full well that if their identity were recognized, they would be murdered in retaliation by the incensed owners of the land.

In this strait Mr. Moffatt offered to accompany them until they had reached the boundaries of their land, and set off with them. When he had fulfilled his promise, he was about to return, but his guests begged so earnestly that he should go on and visit their king, that he yielded to their request. Contrary to the usual habits of the Kafir, Mozelekatze was grateful to Mr. Moffatt, saying that "the kindness which had been done to his servants had been done to him, Mozelekatze the son of Machobane."

On this journey Mr. Moffatt's attention was taken by a magnificent tree, under whose shadow were a number of human beings moving about. On approaching nearer, he found that the tree was close to water, and on looking upward he saw that a number of little huts were among the branches. Seventeen of these huts were completed, and three more were in course of erection. These were the dwellings of the natives who had been seen under the tree, and were constructed in a very ingenious manner.



A JAPANESE HERMIT, KIOTO.



A HOUSE IN A TREE.

Where two or three branches spread their forked boughs horizontally, a number of sticks were laid so as to form a platform about seven or eight feet in diameter. Upon this platform was erected the hut, a necessarily small edifice, consisting of sticks fastened together so as to make a conical-shaped hut, about six feet in diameter at the bottom, and barely as much in height, so that a tall man could scarcely lie at full length, even when occupying the very centre of it. The roof of the hut was made of grass, and the sides were wattled with the same substance. As the hut was always placed at one edge of the scaffold, the opposite edge afforded a small landing or platform, about a foot or eighteen inches in width. The only method of approaching these curious huts was by means of notches cut in the trunk of the tree, the owners not daring to trust to any less difficult means of ascent.

We now ask ourselves why the natives chose to live in such small and inconvenient dwellings, when there was ample space on the fertile ground for a village. Mozelekatze was the cause. His armed hordes, with their wonderful discipline, had swept over the country, destroyed all military power, carried off the cattle, in which consists the wealth of the South African, killed many warriors, and disarmed the rest. Under these circumstances, the wild beasts

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began to increase in number and audacity, and the enfeebled members of the tribe were, perforce, obliged to abandon their ordinary mode of life, and to reside among the branches where the lions could not reach them. During the day they were tolerable safe, but at night they retired to the trees.

In one of these aërial huts Mr. Moffatt passed the night, having previously shot a rhinoceros, and put the hump into a deserted ant-hill which was used as an oven. During the night the lions came and did their best to devour the meat, the savory smell of which attracted them on all sides. Fortunately for the travelers, the oven was too hot for the lions, and although they growled and snarled over it all night, they dared not attack it, and retired in the morning.

The chief food of the people who inhabit these huts consisted of locusts and roots, for their cattle were gone, they could not make fences wherein to inclose a patch of cultivated ground, the lions had driven away the smaller game, and the few weapons which had escaped Mozelekatze were insufficient for the slaughter of the larger and more powerful animals.

A HEROINE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Bertrand Duguesclin was one of the most renowned warriors of the Middle Ages, and it is said that his valor was contagious, and inspired his family and his followers. The chroniclers of those times tell us of many daring deeds performed by his fair sister, Julienne; among others, the manner in which she once preserved the castle in which she resided, with her brother and his wife, from surprise and capture.

In this castle were always confined the prisoners who were to be ransomed. Among these was an Englishman named Fenton, who, during his captivity, made himself familiar with the plan of the castle, and who, after he was set at liberty, profited by Duguesclin's absence, and attempted to scale the walls and effect an entrance into the stronghold. It was then that Julienne, warned by a dream, gave the alarm, and, seizing a sword, was the first to defend her home. Rushing upon the audacious Englishman who led the assault, she cut him down with her sword, and he in falling carried with him the second in command, causing the ladder by which they were ascending to vibrate, and enabling her, by a supreme effort, to dislodge it from the castle wall, and to defeat the audacious design of the invaders.

HUNTING THE WART-HOG.

An Episode of Abyssinian Life.

My Dear Friend: Although the address of this letter is Massawa, from which place Mr. De [illegible] has kindly undertaken to forward it to Aden, I have gone a short distance inland, and am now in the house built by Consul Plowden, and afterward occupied by Mr. Rassam, assistant political resident when he was here with Dr. Blanc, on the Abyssinian mission, in '64, just before the war.

The fact is that Massawa is rather too hot even for me—and you know I like hot weather. I believe it is the hottest place on earth. The day I left, the thermometer stood at twenty-two degrees over a hundred in the shade, and they told me much hotter weather was expected soon. I didn't stay to see it.

I suppose you want me to tell you what luck I am having with the Purdy breech-loader you were kind enough to make me a present of. Of course you must know sporting here is a rather different affair from what it is at home. In the first place, hunting is seldom engaged in as a sport at all, but as a means of getting the wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of appetite; secondly, although I have known this to happen occasionally at home in a somewhat different sense of the word, there is a pretty even chance when you go out for game of getting made game of yourself—a thing extremely likely to happen if some old bull bachelor elephant should chance to come across you in his solitary peregrinations.

Aitato Georgis, my Abyssinian, whom I brought from Adona with me, is an invaluable assistant in hunting, having a thorough knowledge of the habits of the animals here; and being, unlike the generality of his countrymen, a good shot, he is not a little vain of the accomplishment.

My friend, speak not lightly of the devil; that worthy personage and Aitato's rifle have helped me to a pair of the most beautiful boar's tusks, and Aitato himself to the most beautiful little wife mortal man ever saw.

The way of it was this: I found out, shortly after coming to the coast from the hill-country, that my valuable assistant was in love, and, as his being in love, taken in connection with his absence from the object of his affections, made him utterly useless, I manœuvred to have his sweetheart brought down to the coast with her widowed mother to keep house for me, not doubting that a wedding would follow, as a matter of course. I found no particular difficulty in carrying out the first part of my plan, but the old lady, Aitato's proposed mother-in-law, urged what she considered an insuperable objection to the marriage. Aitato's father had been a blacksmith.

I tried to convince her ladyship that, as Aitato did not personally superintend the choice of his father's occupation, but, on the contrary, had shown his good taste in refusing to serve an apprenticeship to the odious handicraft, he should be held to have escaped contamination; but all in vain.

"*B'ism ob ou Weld ou Memfus Kouddos!* The offspring of a teman will remain teman to the last generation," was all I could get her to say.

"But certainly you don't believe that a blacksmith really becomes a hyena at night! I have lived with Aitato long enough to know he has much more of the anshou"—(a little antelope, equivalent to saying he was a harmless fellow)—"than the hyena in his nature."

"What do we know? My father killed a hyena, and our blacksmith disappeared. But you are not of our faith, though you claim to be a Christian. Perhaps these things are different in your country."

It was useless to argue with her, as it always is with ignorance and superstition. Aitato was a sorcerer because his father had been a blacksmith.

I pitied the poor lovers, for the girl was evidently at least as much attached to Aitato as he was to her.

Abyssinia is the country of all others in my experience for beautiful women, and Mintaizie is by no means surpassed in the matter of good looks by the generality of her countrywomen. Her complexion, of a soft chocolate and cream color, with a bloom of rose-pink on her cheeks and carmine lips, sets off her great, liquid, black eyes, shaded by their inordinately long lashes. I may add that her features are European, and her hair, hanging in long, luxuriant, well-buttered plaits, falls by nature into that crimpy condition which some of our New York ladies give so much time and pains to arrange their tresses. One remarkable difference between our fair Tigreans and their civilized sisters is that, while a bald pate is considered with you a mark of advancing age, and is sedulously concealed under masses of false hair by the female sex, it is with us a sign of youth. The young ladies of Abyssinia carefully shave the top of their heads, upon which the hair is allowed to grow only after they become mothers.

One morning Aitato came to me with the information that Mintaizie was very sick, and that her mother wished me to prescribe for her.

It appeared that she had for several days past complained of languor and headache, which had gradually increased until she sank into a condition of stupor, from which she was with much difficulty temporarily aroused.

In all my practice I have never met a similar case. I could not rid myself of the impression that the girl was either acting a part, and acting it with a determination and heroism which were without a parallel in my experience, or else that she was under the influence of anæsthetics of some sort.

In vain I plied her with restoratives, and even held a bottle of strong sal volatile to her nostrils. No one could imagine the young savage had ever before smelt of a preparation of liquid ammonia, but it had no more effect on her than so much bay-water. Her mother, not contented with this, pinched her unmercifully, and deluged her with an unexpected *douche* of water from a jar holding nearly a bucketful. I imagine she half suspected her daughter was acting. Finding it all to no purpose, she pointed to her daughter's hand.

"Do you now disbelieve?" said she. "This is Aitato's work, or some friend of his. See how tightly the girl holds her thumbs! She is under the influence of a Boudek."

In fact, I had noticed that Mintaizie held her thumbs tightly bent inside her hands, and I now asked the mother a reason for it.

"Boudek always claims the thumbs," replied the mother, "and he bends them inward so that no one may touch them."

I myself tried in vain to open the girl's hands. Child though she was, she resisted the utmost strength I could use.

I confess I was puzzled. This Boudek of whom the girl's mother spoke is the great bugbear of the Abyssinian people. He is supposed to be some blacksmith who has transformed himself into a jackal or hyena with the intention of devouring some unfortunate who has rendered himself or herself obnoxious to the said Boudek.

His first proceeding, however, is to take a straw, bestow upon it the name by which his intended victim had been baptized—without the right name is known to the Boudek his sorceries will be unsuccessful, in consequence of which the superstitious Abyssinians carefully conceal their real names—and after sprinkling it with the ashes of certain plants and animals, together with a mumbled ritual of cabalistic words, bend it into a circle and deposit it beneath a flat stone, on which is a drop of goat's blood. If in bending the straw the Boudek should accidentally or purposely break it, his victim will certainly die; if not, the one afflicted may recover.

The mother of the girl now began to question her with regard to the spirit that troubled her, but could obtain no satisfactory answer until Aitato made his appearance, when Mintaizie began to jabber incoherently and cry out, begging him to take away his charm.

Not knowing what to make of this, I asked him what she meant, but the old mother—who, far from showing the anger and detestation which it would seem natural to expect from her toward one whom she strongly suspected of wishing to devour her daughter hyena-wise, seemed to have imbibed a sudden respect and regard for my assistant—interrupted me, and begged Aitato, if he had a talisman, to produce it.

This Aitato did, producing a greasy, narrow, leather bag, tied up with a blue string, which he laid beside the patient, who shrieked wildly and fell into violent convulsions.

"Will you tell me your name, O spirit?" asked Aitato, firmly, although the tears coursed down over his dark cheeks. "Will you speak if I take it away?"

But Aitato, in his invocation, had unwittingly neglected to state whether he considered the possessing spirit male or female, and this, it appears, the intelligence resented as a personal affront.

"Am I indeed a woman, that you do not address me as befits my sex?" cried poor Mintaizie, or rather the spirit, speaking through her.

The question was then repeated, using a masculine form of speech, and an answer promised in case the tormenting talisman was removed.

It appeared, however, that the spirit was as great a liar as if he were in his own proper Abyssinian body—these people seldom tell the truth, except by accident—for the former unintelligible jargon was renewed as soon as the bag was taken away.

It was replaced. Again screams and convulsions ensued; again reiterated promises to speak were given, only to be broken again. Seven times was this ceremony repeated, and I confess I began to get tired of it, regarding it, of course, as as pretty a piece of tomfoolery as it has ever been my luck to meet, though, to judge from appearances, it was all a most serious reality to the others. The eighth time, however, a threat to replace the charm had the desired effect; the spirit declared that his name was Sheton, and that he lived at Kalewaur.

"Know that I am angry at the slight offered to the blacksmiths—I, the Boudek," said the sly young puss, speaking ostensibly under the influence of the spirit.

"What will appease the wrath of the worshipful, the well-favored, the able-bodied Boudek?" asked the mother, humbly.

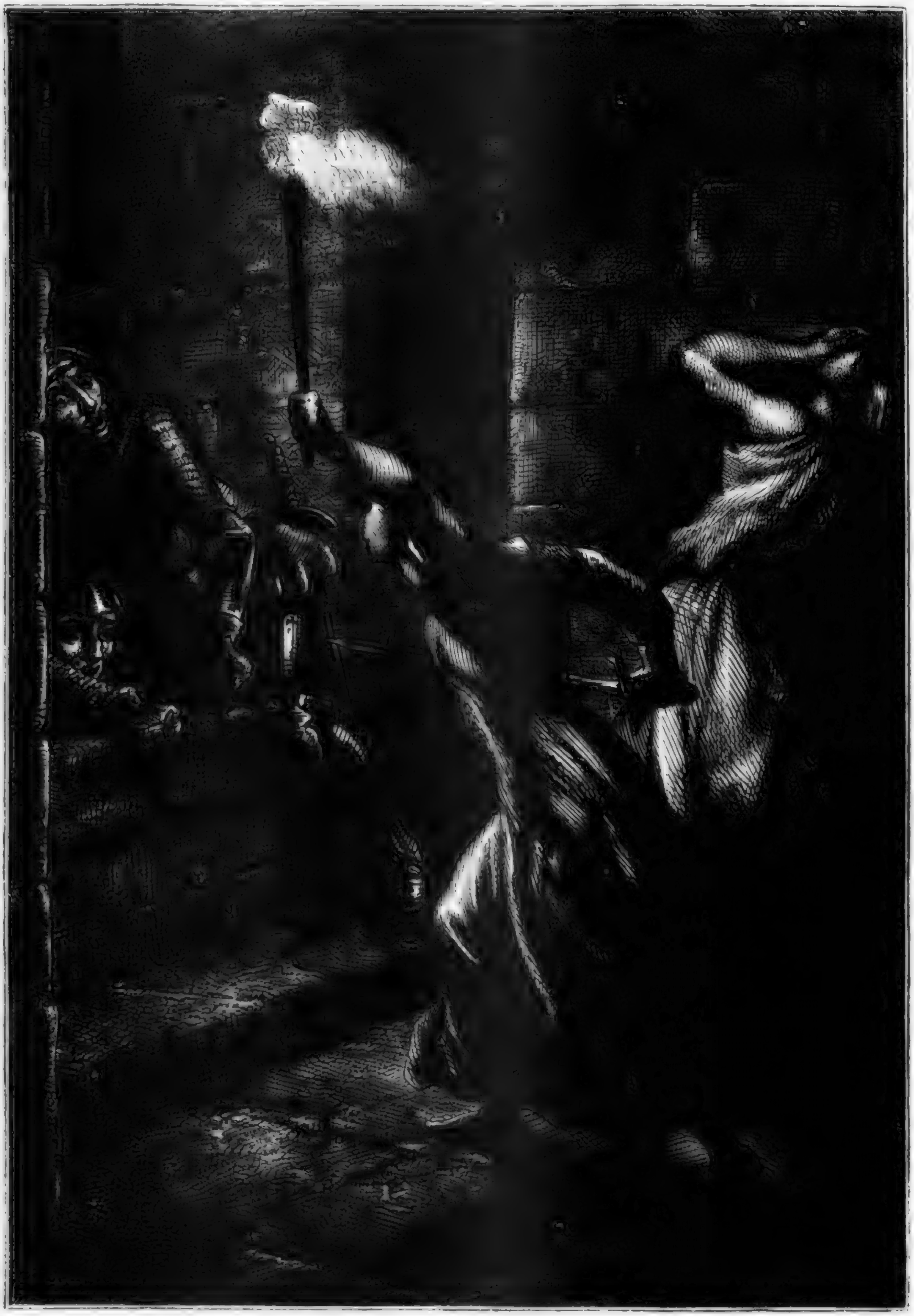
After this succeeded a series of categorical questions and evasive answers. Even the charm failed to elicit anything definite from the possessing spirit, who was evidently loath to quit his lovely tenement. At last an egg was passed three times around the head of the patient and then broken. She then exclaimed it was enough.

"The young man Aitato is not one of us," said the Boudek. "He is not like us. He is not a disciple of Booda; but for his father's sake I will depart from the damsel if a talisman is brought, a talisman of qualqual, of the tooth of a hyena, of the root of fourezly, and the tail of cist. And the maiden must eat of the flesh of erza, and the fat thereof, before the new moon wanes. If this be attended to I will depart."

By the strangest chance in the world (?), Aitato, whom I suspect of dabbling in the forbidden mysteries of falla'tz, or magic-medicine, had all the articles required for the charm in his wallet: Qualqual, which is a species of euphorbia, exuding a milky juice, of a poisonous nature, used by the Abyssinians in intoxicating fish, by mixing it with the water of pools where they abound—the poor creatures rise floating on the surface and become an easy prey; another herb, fourezly; a white earth used by the natives as a remedy for throat diseases; and the tail of a small lizard.

Whether Mintaizie was fond of pork, and wanted an excuse for eating some, contrary to the religious prejudices of her mother, or whether she wished our absence for carrying out some plan of her own, I have, of course, no means of determining, but what has puzzled me the most with regard to the whole business is the apparent earnestness and sincerity of the very parties engaged in the imposture.

At any rate, a hunt was immediately resolved upon to obtain one of the curious wart-hogs of the country; for, curious to see the end, I was careful to interpose no obstacle to the plans of the lovers.



A HEROINE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—SEE PAGE 114.

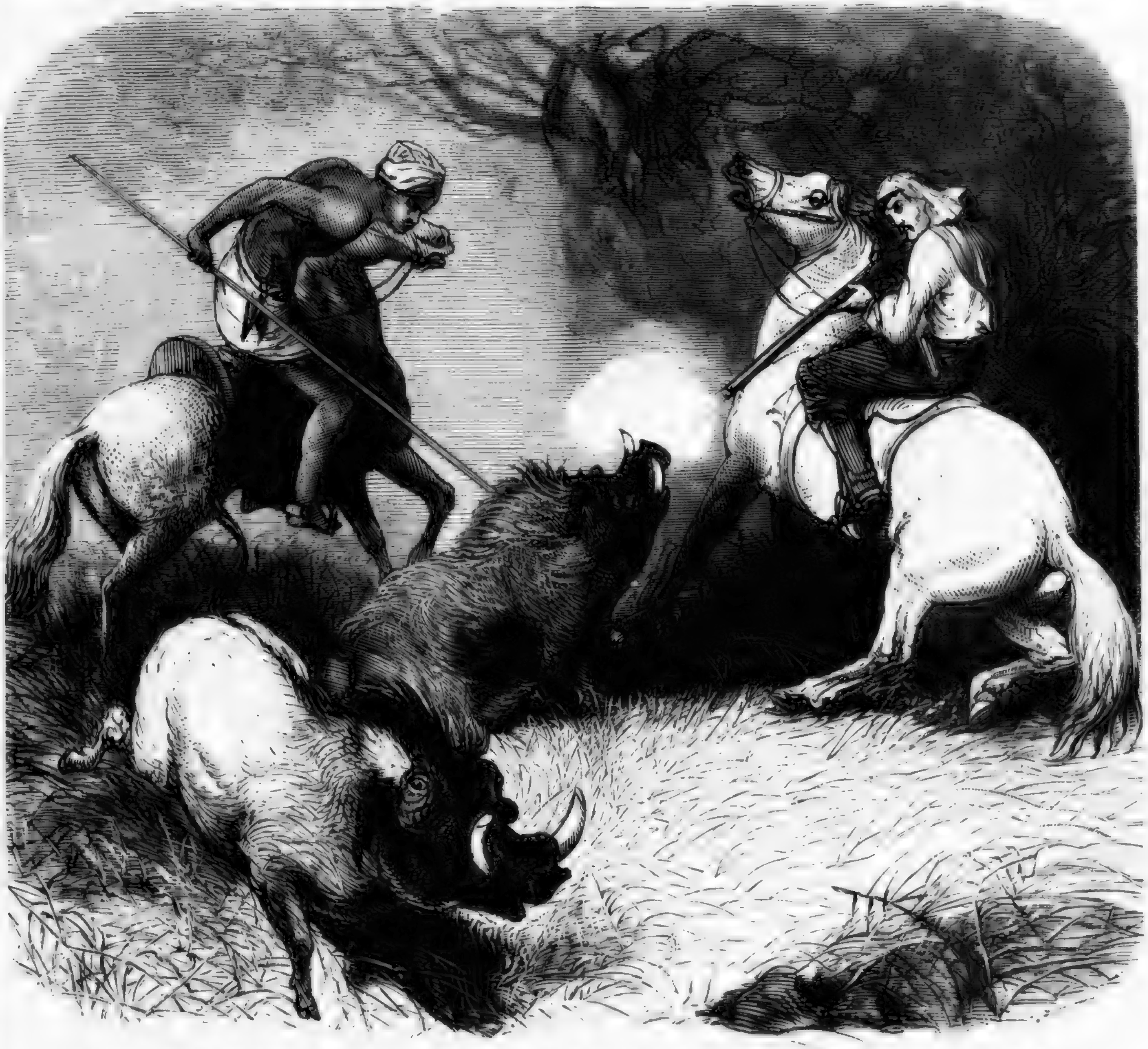
There is the very spirit of romance in tropical scenery. In England, and often in our own country, the cold, gray skies, chilling winds, tough, hardy foliage and comparatively sober hues of the landscape, little favor illusion or extravagance; but under the fervent African sun nature blooms into rank, grotesque and beautiful forms that fitly typify passions and sentiments unknown and unintelligible to the inhabitants of more temperate regions.

It was midnight when Aitota and I set out, and morning broke upon us as we descended into a valley, using the bed of a former torrent for a road. As we reined in our horses on the brink of a steep descent, no description can adequately convey the delicious sensation caused by the novel and vivid beauty of the scene before me.

An intensity of prismatic color blending into harmonious, clear and brilliant variety became, as we gazed upon it, an infinite number of strange and beautiful forms. The clear azure of the sky, deepening to a rich violet overhead; the delicately touched distances, suggesting passages of infinite beauty covered with a delicate vail of rosy purple; the orange sand; the rich green of the foliage, relieved by clusters of flowers of every hue and exquisite perfume, combined to make a living picture that surpassed the most beautiful conception I had ever been able to form of Paradise.

I rode a Turkish horse, sent to me from Aden, and Aitato a buckskin-colored mare, of native breed. The head-stall of the latter animal is of red leather. A strap, ornamented with circular plates of brass, reached from his forelock to his nostril, each plate having a little spike projecting from its centre; this useless affair, which Aitato calls a *lienuictha*, he values very highly. The bridle is of rounded, plaited leather, as thick as a small cable, and covered with scarlet cloth. Aitato has no idea of guiding his horse by rein as we do, but is content with thrusting his little finger through a leather thong attached to the clumsy bridle.

Around the throat of his horse he hangs a broad leather belt with large circular iron plates. The saddle is of wood, covered with untanned oxhide, has a very high pummel and cantle, covered with scarlet cloth, which is cut into scallops and hangs below the stirrups. The stirrups themselves consist of small iron rings, into which, by way of set-off to his one-fingered bridle, Aitato inserts the great toe of each foot. His arms consist of the rifle I have given him, which I believe he values as his own life, a huge spear or "cutchew," and a knife with a hilt made of rhinoceros-horn.



HUNTING THE WART-HOG.—"THE WOUNDED PIG TURNED ON ME, AND I LET DRIVE WITH YOUR PURDY RIGHT BETWEEN HIS UGLY-LOOKING EYES."—SEE PAGE 114.

"We shall be fortunate, Aito Smitta" (Mr. Smith), remarked Aitato, as we began to descend. I saw the gaddy gaddy, and he remained perched on the gooman, nor did he take flight as we passed. This is a most favorable omen."

"Aitato," I replied, "a falcon is but a bird, whether he stays or flies. He knows no more than any other bird what fortune is in reserve for us."

"The Franks are a wise people," said Aitato, "but they are heretics. They neither know omens nor acknowledge

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spirits. Abouna Terabrok be thanked, I am neither so ignorant nor incredulous in these matters."

"Who is this Abouna Terabrok of whom you speak ?"

"*B'ism ab ou Weld ou Memfus Keuddos*"—(In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit), said Aitato, crossing himself. "In the province of Naytcha, this holy saint lived as a monk of Tima, a hermit and a recluse in the most secluded wilds, far from the temptations of society. Not only did he keep the fasts of the Church, but he made new ones on his own account, so that at last he became accustomed to go without eating and drinking. One cake of dogansha-meal on St. John's Day, and a cup of water on Christmas, served him for food and drink throughout the year. At last he became so holy that twenty-four wings began to sprout out of his back, and as soon as they were fully grown he rose in the air and soared away through the heavens like a bird, until he came to the ends of the earth. Here he found a great wall of mud, built to keep the waters above the firmament from overflowing into the waters below the firmament, and, lighting upon the wall, he saw the two great serpents that inclose the whole earth in their coils; the male serpent, whose name is Biheyamote, and the female serpent, whose name is Yohatten. To prevent them from devouring all the inhabitants of the earth, the Lord has ordained the birds of the heavens shall, of their own accord, fly continually into the mouths of these serpents and appease their hunger; while an angel a thousand miles in height pours rivers of water down their throats to quench their thirst. This holy saint, desiring to count the teeth of Biheyamote, said to the great dragon, 'Biheyamote, I command thee, in the name of the Lord and of the most Holy Virgin, open wide thy jaws!' The serpent obeyed, and the saint walked in, first having placed his staff upright in the creature's mouth, lest it should mistake him, because of his wings, for a bird, and devour him."

"I should have thought the good saint would have required a little fattening after his abstemious diet to become an appetizing morsel even for a serpent," said I.

"Doubtless," replied Aitato, in perfect good faith, with great *naïveté*. "He counted the serpent's teeth, and for every tooth, of which there were thousands and thousands of times thousands, he received power over some evil that afflicts the race of man. Then the angel who stood at the serpent's head spoke to Abouna Terabrok, commanding him to return to his own country and instruct his children in what he had seen. This he did to the day of his death.

"The convent called after his name, is it not now the resort of many sick persons? And then, O Aito Smitta, have you so wonderful, so celebrated a saint in thine own country ?"

"None," I replied; "but the Europeans, those whom you call Franks, have one, and one only, who can rival the exploits of Abouna Terabrok, or of the other Christian saints here of whom I have been told."

"And what is the name of this sacred person ?" asked Aitato.

"Baron Munchausen," I replied.

"I will remember me to invoke his aid when I call upon the saints," said Aitato. "Perhaps the patron saint of the Franks may excel in what the Franks are excellent. Truly they are a wonderful people, these dollar-makers."

I would say in explanation of this last remark that the native Abyssinian is fully possessed with the idea that all Europeans have it in their power to manufacture or create dollars (which is the only coin used in Abyssinia) whenever and wherever they choose. We would it were so.

Had we cared for other game, we could have had plenty of it, but being very anxious to secure a specimen of the *Phacochœrus æliana*, and knowing that one hog would be a good load for a horse, we only shot some small birds before coming to the jungle frequented by the boars. The country in this place is very sandy, and covered with brushwood. The beautiful flowers and ferns that have delighted our eye in the upper part of the valley disappeared, and gave place to a variety of thorny plants, that lacerated our own and our horses' legs.

One species of thorns, that Aitato called the "Khentaph taffa," grow two and two, and are curved like the claws of a tiger; they will penetrate and tear through clothing, leather and flesh, and are very difficult to get free from. Here I obtained my first view of "wild pig," for Aitato's eyes, more accustomed to the glare of intense sunlight that beat down upon us than my own, had spied a couple at a considerable distance away, feeding under some trees in a bit of open country, and he now pointed them out to me. We had fortunately approached to the windward of them, and were for the moment concealed by the brush. The distance being too great for a rifle-shot, nothing remained but to stalk them or ride them down.

Our horses being comparatively fresh, we determined on the latter, and, getting between them and the cover, dashed forward. The pigs, catching sight of us, broke away with the fleetness of deer, erecting their heads and tails, and presenting a very absurd aspect. It was a most exciting chase, reminding me of a hurdle-race over an extremely rough country.

After following them for several miles, however, Aitato became alarmed lest they were running for some safe retreat, and I made a considerable *detour* to head them off. Taking my station behind a mimosa considerably higher than my head, I did not see the boars. Aitato shortly after came dashing up, and, firing his rifle, shouted out:

"Take care! Here they come!"

Bursting out from behind the trees, I saw my assistant driving his spear into the side of one of the hideous-looking animals, while the other broke away in an opposite direction. As I came in sight, the wounded pig turned on me, and I let drive with your Purdy right between his ugly-looking eyes. Without stopping to see the result I spurred on after the other boar, who came to bay under a bush.

I had scarcely time to fire again when the animal was upon me, and, running under my horse, lifted him off his legs. Catching one of his formidable tusks in the girth, he tore it loose, the saddle turned, and I fell to the ground. Fortunately, the boar could not at the moment extract his tusk from the saddle-girth, for had he been free to attack me, I should have had his ivories buried in my body. Springing to my feet, I drew my revolver, but before I could fire it, Aitato rode up at full speed, and hurled his spear, javelin-fashion, into the shoulder of the brute.

Instead of turning upon his new foe, the boar made a second savage rush upon me; and although I had time to fire three shots from my revolver, which severally took effect in his neck, jaw and shoulder, he reached me and threw me down.

Had it not been that Aitato's spear in the shoulder of the brute, projecting forward, embarrassed his movements, this second charge would have been most certainly fatal. As it was, one of the cavalry boots I had on was torn all the way from the foot to the knee, and the shaft of the spear struck against my head with such force as to nearly render me insensible.

In place, however, of completing his work, the boar, having in the force of his charge torn the spear from his wound, dashed into cover amid the jungle, where he disappeared in a labyrinth of enormous holes, the haunt of the hyræx, and where, in all probability, he recovered or died in peace, for we could by no means persuade him to make his appearance again.

The other boar, however, was quite dead, and, with much rejoicing, we managed with our united strength to lift him upon Aitato's horse's back. Having secured him as well as we could, which was no easy task, overbalanced as he was by his enormous head, we set out for home.

My own horse had received a flesh-wound, and I feared at the time was badly injured, but I afterward discovered that no serious harm had befallen him, and he was soon quite serviceable again. Aitato told me that, having discharged his rifle and coming into close quarters with the boar we killed, he had tossed his gun lightly aside, so as to be more at liberty to use his spear. He now recovered his weapon.

Returning to the house, I skinned my pig, secured his tusks, and Mintaizie and I had a hearty dinner of broiled spare-rib. None of the rest would touch it.

I supposed, of course, the comedy was over, but it appeared that one more act was necessary. After the dinner of pig we had a relapse; and here follows an episode which seems incredible. I myself can account for it on no supposition I have been able to form, for the poor deluded Abyssinian mother was completely cowed and perfectly willing to listen to Aitato. Nothing was to be gained by pretense. Nothing remained but for the girl to get well of her pretended sickness as soon as she consistently could, and yet the wayward creature insisted on having another attack.

It appears that the mother happened to use her habitual expression, "*B'ism ob ou Weld ou Memfus Kouddos*" (in the name of the Father, etc.), in the presence of the girl, who immediately went into strong convulsions.

I was gravely informed that the Boudek cannot endure to hear these holy names spoken, and seriously torments his victim, through whose ears they reach him. For my own part, I confess I thoroughly lost patience, and fairly told the poor old mother that her daughter was deceiving her, and that the girl wanted nothing so much as a good beating. This, however, she would not believe.

A great deal of time was lost in getting the Boudek into a tractable frame of mind again, and, when this was done, of exacting a fresh promise to depart. At last, stipulating that he should be fed, and well fed, the promise was given, and, for the first time during her attack, the girl arose of her own accord from her bed.

A pan of any filth of dogs and fowls and earth, mixed with water and ashes, was carefully hidden away. The Boudek then being informed that his supper was ready, the girl crawled upon all-fours, sniffing and smelling on all sides like a dog, till, passing into the yard where the basin was hidden under some loose stones, she went straight up to it, and, if you will believe me, grabbed it out of the place where it was secreted, and greedily devoured its contents, and eagerly licked the basin.

The Boudek was then supposed to leave her, and she fell on the ground fainting. Her mother and Aitato having discovered that they could get get hold of her thumbs, joyfully announced her convalescence, and, in fact, in two or three days she seemed as well as ever.

I have been thus particular in detailing this case, as it exemplifies remarkable and persistent delusion on the part of this primitive Christian race, involving mental elements as yet unexplained.

The girl and Aitato are now betrothed, and are soon to be married, not in the usual left-handed fashion of the Abyssinians, but in church, as I have insisted it should be.

For my part, however, I must confess I do not envy Aitato. A young woman, at the mature age of fifteen, capable of such incredible realistic acting to obtain her purpose, or liable at any moment to be possessed of such a filthy and disgusting evil spirit, would, in our cold Western judgment, be scarcely a desirable bride at any price, though she were as beautiful as the fabled houri of Mohammed or the ideal perfection of the Greek sculptors.

FINGER-RING LORE.

The ring has for many years formed a part of ecclesiastical insignia.

It appears to have had a two-fold purpose and significance—the one as a mark of dignity and authority, and the other as symbolic of the mystical union between the priesthood and the Church. Prominent among these ecclesiastical rings are those worn by the pope and bishops in a variety of shape and ornamentation. The pope uses a ring for the purpose of affixing his signature to any document. The usual types of pontifical rings are massive books, with the crossed keys engraved on them. In early times they were made of gilt bronze and set with precious stones.

Great importance is attached to episcopal rings, which form a part of ecclesiastical investiture. They are generally set with a sapphire or a ruby, but their shape varies considerably.

Rings as pledges of betrothal and wedding gifts are of a very ancient origin. The Romans used iron as a material for their rings; this metal was chosen as symbolic of the lasting character of the engagement.

The ring was not used among Christians until the year 800. The plain gold wedding rings which are the fashion among Anglo-Saxon nations came to us from the Saxons. A curious variety of the old wedding ring is the jimmel or gemmon ring, elaborately ornamented, and engraved with sacred inscriptions. Most curious in shape are large and elaborately ornamented betrothal and marriage rings in use among the Jews. The summit of hoops is generally surmounted by a small temple or pyramid-shaped tower opening upon a hinge, and representing the ark of the covenant. They are made for the use of the synagogue, and are placed on the fingers of the couple at a certain part of the marriage rites.

Many romantic tales are connected with ring-tokens. For Englishmen one of the most interesting ring-tokens is that which Queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the Earl of Essex, "in token of esteem," with the intimation that if he ever forfeited her favor and it should be sent back to her, the sight of it would insure his forgiveness.

The Prince of Wales, in his marriage to the Princess Alexandra, gave her as a keeper a ring set with beryl, emerald, ruby, turquoise, jacinth and emerald again, spelling thus his familiar name, Bertie.

Of remarkable rings there are several worthy of description. The gold signet ring of Mary Queen of Scots is one of them, and is described as bearing on the face of the motto, "In defens," and her initials, M. R. In the inner side of the seal a crowned monogram is engraved, formed of the letters M. and A., (for Mary and Albany,) referring to the title of Lord Darnley as Duke of Albany.

The ring of Henry, Lord Darnley, is also preserved in the South Kensington Museum. It bears the initials M. and H., united by a lover's knot. In the hoop is the name engraved, "Henry L. Darnley," and the year of the marriage, 1565.

Shakespeare's signet ring is of tolerably large size, and evidently a gentleman's ring of Elizabeth's time. No positive proof can be adduced as to the authenticity of the ring having belonged to Shakespeare, yet it is accepted as such, having been found in 1810, by a laborer's wife, upon the surface near the mill adjoining Stratford churchyard. The ring is now in the Shakespeare museum of the town.

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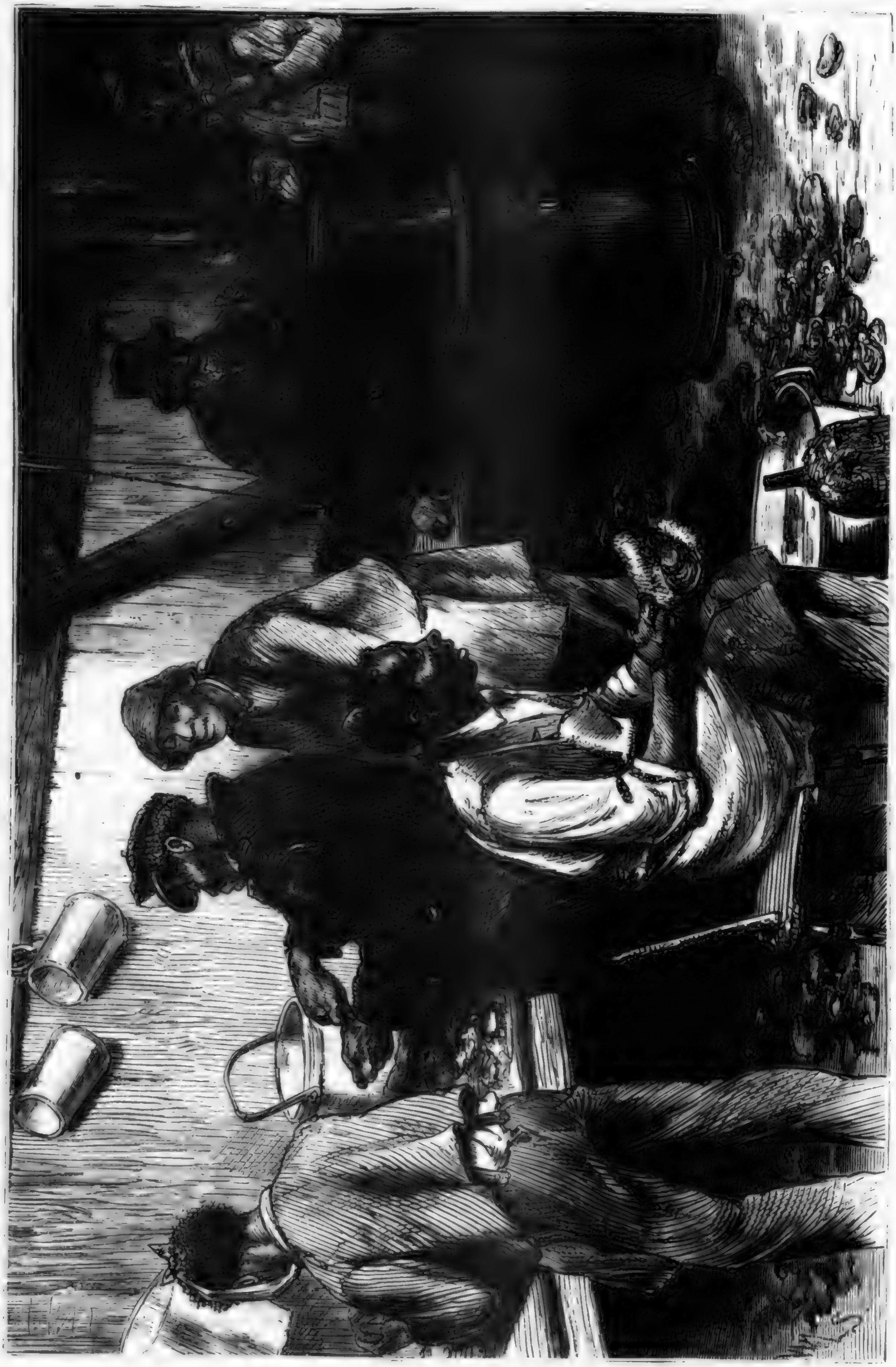


SOUTHERN SCENES.—NEGRO OYSTER-OPENERS.

ZEPHYTA.

A FAIRY STORY.

In one of the distant oceans is a vast submarine continent, rising at times in thick vegetation above the surface, and clustering around the coral branches. Sea-anenomes and beautiful creatures of every form and hue float around, but the chief inhabitants are a race with human forms, speech, thought, but without souls.

In a sequestered nook of this territory, shaded from the meridian heat of the tropical sun by a clustering screen of the sea vine, lay a young and lovely being. Near this lovely Zephyta knelt Alardos, one of her race, urging his love with all the eloquence of passion. But Zephyta had heard of another clime, and of a more favored race, and of a heaven high over all, where the Maker of all dwelt. He alone seemed to her to deserve her love, and her heart beat with no responsive thrill to the affection of Alardos.

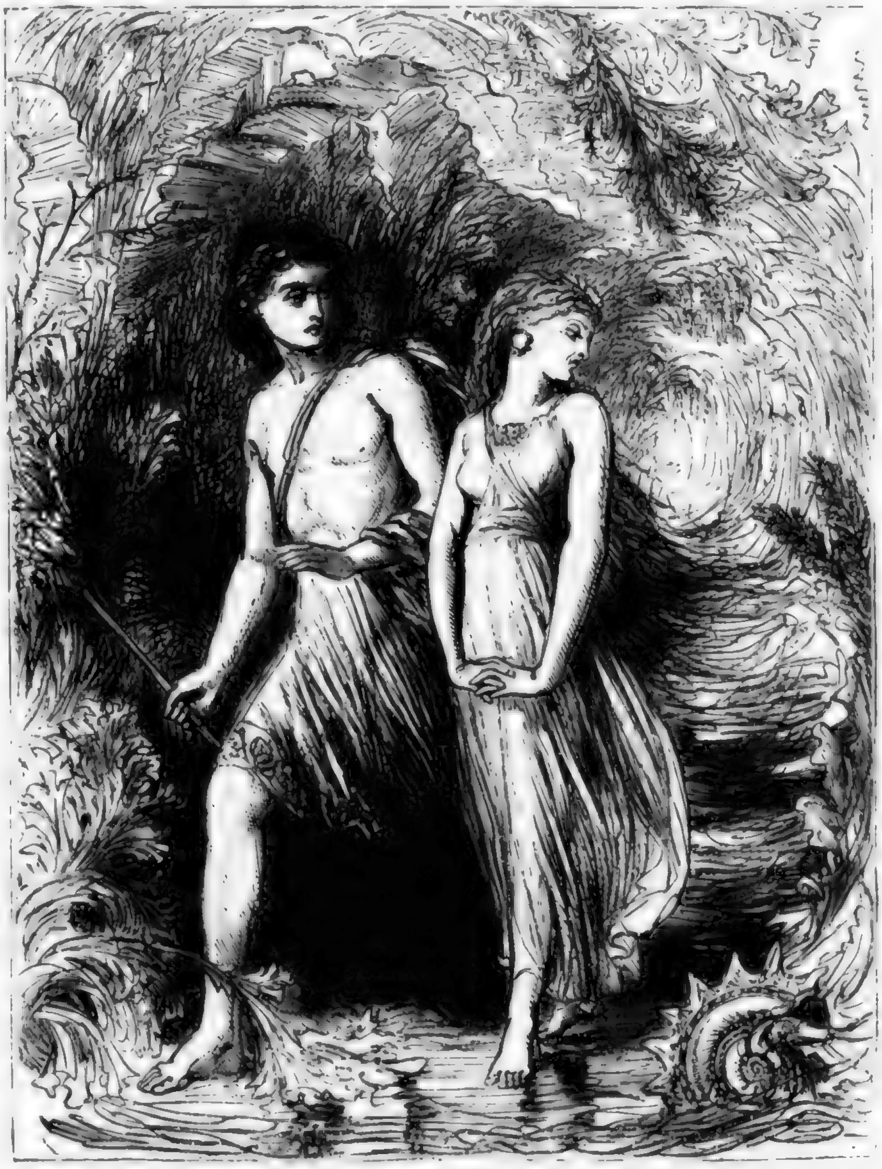
"I must go to the coral wood," she cried, "and seek the world above. Perhaps, wiser and happier than we, they know fully what only comes to us in whispers from the distant waves."

In vain Alardos showed her the dangers of the path she sought to tread, the fierce fish that swam in the upper waters, devouring all. But her heart was undismayed by the terrors he portrayed. She implored him to bear her company, that, hand in hand, they might seek the Ruler of all things. But the world in which he lived sufficed for Alardos; the pleasures of sense alone had attractions for him.

When she found that even for her love he would not be her companion, she started up to undertake her perilous task.

Alardos walked beside her for a time, depicting the beauties of the world she was leaving, his own love, the happiness they might enjoy; but she turned away with a look of weariness.

"Alardos! Alardos! my heart yearns for something more. I feel a great void within me I would fill, and in a new sphere give my heart to God, who alone can satisfy its yearnings. Come, oh, come with me; there is a brighter world than this; we were created for a nobler end."



ZEPHYTA.—"ALARDOS WALKED BESIDE HER FOR A TIME, DEPICTING THE BEAUTIES OF THE WORLD; BUT SHE TURNED AWAY WITH A LOOK OF WEARINESS."

At last, when Alardos found all argument useless, he turned back sadly; Zephyta hastened on. The surface gradually sloped up, till she came to a dense and gloomy forest of coral, and the way seemed barred. She commenced to climb a tree, through whose tall branches a dim light came fitfully. As she ascended, the branches were closely intertwined, more like a rock than a tree.

The sun was shining brightly as she emerged from the surface of the water, and she found herself near a little island, whose clear, sandy beach glittered in the rays of declining day. Joyfully she hastened to it, and ran up the bank, delighted with the new vision that burst upon her gaze. Birds of the most brilliant plumage, flowers of rarest color and fragrance, bloomed on every side. But it was not for such beauties that she came. Where was the happy race that knew of God?

Just then a hermit came to meditate at eventide by the Summer sea. He started at the lovely spectacle, but knew in a moment whence she came. One of the soulless dwellers of the sea. How he wondered when she fell at his feet and implored him to instruct her in the way of heaven.

He taught her of the great Providence of God, and of His conduct to His creatures; of Christ the Redemer; of heaven and its bliss. But he knew the trial that awaited her. By baptism, she would receive indeed a soul, and be prepared for heaven, but would then die in agony. All this he told her, but she did not flinch. For a moment she leaned over the ocean, and cried: "Alardos! Alardos! come, follow me"; then knelt, and as the waters of baptism flowed over her brow, she arose a woman, but a flame of ruddy gold at once encircled her, and in anguish she expired. Her birth was death.

Then from the heaving breast of ocean came Alardos and all his race. Their pristine fault had been atoned for by Zephyta; all recovered their human existence, and served God faithfully.

OYSTER-OPENING AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

It is no doubt well known to our readers that the Chesapeake Bay, especially the lower portion, embracing parts of

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the States of Maryland and Virginia, is the great depot for the oyster trade. From the extensive native deposits in this region, large numbers of the delicious bivalve are annually transported to other sections of the country, and are again deposited in beds for propagation, as well as for the improvement of the shellfish, it being a well-settled fact that transplanting produces a beneficial effect. For this reason our "East Rivers," "Shrewsburys" and "Rockaways" are constantly being increased in number by fresh accessions from the beds of the Chesapeake.

In addition to the traffic in the oyster in its original state, an extensive business is also carried on in the way of canning oysters. This trade is almost exclusively confined to the cities adjacent to the place of production. Annapolis, from its convenience of location on the bank of the Chesapeake, is naturally one of the places selected for this line of business. There are several large packing establishments in the city, where a number of negroes are employed to open the oysters intended for canning.

The scene depicted by our artist represents these workmen in active employment, and, as a faithful delineation of character drawn from life, will be at once recognized and appreciated by all who are familiar with the subject.

CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE HOTEL DU GRAND CERF, GRAND ANDELYS, EURE, FRANCE.

In Europe, inns are often found which astonish travelers by the beautiful carving, or decorations, found within. They little know, or, perhaps, do not stop to think, what the building may have been in other days. At Grand Andelys, in the Department of Eure, is an inn bearing the title of the Great Stag; and in it this magnificent chimney-piece bursts on the eye.

It was, in olden days, an abode of royalty even. King Anthony of Bourbon, father of Henry IV., died here in 1562. It was, too, a residence of Prince-Archbishops of Rouen. Since 1749 it has been an inn, though the first sign of the Fleurs de lis was ere long compelled to give way to some more democratic emblem.

The beautiful carving is full of grace—children running and bounding amid flowers, fruit and leaves, playing with quaint monsters. The sort of organ-shaped ornaments above crown it beautifully. The table near—a massive structure—is another beautiful specimen of medieval carving.

"CALLED TO THE BAR."

Call-night is an event in the life of a barrister which is never forgotten, not, at least, in the Middle Temple, where the ceremony, in some respects, is unique and peculiar. On that night he casts off his sleeveless student's gown, and assumes that of the barrister, with its ecclesiastical-looking sleeves, and that strange appendage to the back, which some have likened to a crab's claw and others to a fool's cap, but which is in reality a traditional remnant of the old money-bag, said to have been slung on the shoulders of counsel while practicing in court, and into which his fees were dropped by the client who solicited his assistance. It goes by the name of the purse to this day among the law wigmakers, and the strip of black serge to which it is attached is called the purse-string. The student must wear this gown thrown over his shoulders and must have his wig properly adjusted by the wigmaker before he meets his fellow-students in the Council or Parliament Room of the Hall. Here the Under Treasurer calls out the name of each student, and arranges the students in single file according to seniority of admission. At their approach, the Bye, the head porter (once a sergeant in the Guards, and a Crimean hero), strikes the floor with his large, silver-headed staff as a sign of "attention." At the familiar sound the men who have been sitting and chatting in the Hall stand up in their places like disciplined soldiers to receive the Benchers.

The procession, headed by the porter, who marches forward with all the dignity of a drum-major, then passes through a crowd of spectators, consisting of barristers and students; an ordeal, by-the-way, rather trying to the nerves of the novice, who knows he is the observed of all observers, including his friends who are looking down upon him from the gallery. However, the procession is not a long one, and the end of the Hall is soon reached, and then the Benchers take their stand before a long table, which bears a magnificent display of silver loving-cups and chalices, beautifully embossed, belonging to the Inn. The students are ranged according to seniority on the opposite side, and now comes the momentous roll-call, each student having to answer to his name to the Treasurer, and to place his signature in the book of the Inn. This ceremony completed, which entitles the student henceforth to be dignified with the title of Barrister at Law, a few words are sometimes delivered by the senior Bencher, and after a round of applause from the men who have crowded round to witness the proceedings, the newly-made barristers retire to the tables which have been set apart for them on this occasion, and the usual dinner takes place. Upon this the visitors in the gallery retire; for, like Brahmins, both barristers and students have a wholesome dislike to be seen at their meals. We may mention, however, that each mess consists of a "captain" and three men, and that the diners plentifully interlard the business of eating with table-talk.

The "call-party" is similar to the wine-parties of Oxford. This is the only occasion on which a barrister has the privilege of giving his outside friends a reception in the Hall, and this being the case, he generally makes the most of the privilege.

On these occasions the newly-made barrister retains his wig and gown throughout the evening, which is an onerous duty in itself for a novice. He also, as host, has to respond to his "health" and to propose that of each of his guests; but songs, choruses, and recitations relieve him in some degree, and help to fill up the intervals of speech-making.

Another festive occasion is "Grand Night," which takes place toward the end of term, when the Judges of the Superior Courts, and very often some of the Cabinet Ministers, are invited to dinner.

The Hall is paneled in oak, at least to the height of twelve or fifteen feet; each square panel containing the shield and armorial bearings of the members of the Inn, whether living or dead. A goodly proportion of panels yet wait for their shields. This custom was observed at the University of Bologna, where, to this day, the central court contains innumerable shields of noble families of all countries. Above the paneling are windows of stained glass, with shields and heraldic devices introduced into their compartments, while between the windows hang chandeliers, alternately with trophies of medieval armor, chiefly casques, heart-plates, shields and armlets. A large window, with six lights, forms the background of the gallery, which has also an elaborate screen of carved oak, partially opaque and partly open arches. Many curious figures support it; *basso-relievo* panels adorn the front, immediately above the round-headed doors and hideous half-wheels of glass compartments which disfigure the two entrances. Notwithstanding its richness of detail, and its associations with grave and lordly ages, it cannot be said that the style of the

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Hall is good, being that of the early Georgian era. And then again, there is some lurking incongruity which cannot help but strike the visitor, between the dignified wig and silken gown, so like a canon's, and the ugly trowsers of the present generation of barristers. It is a pity that the old silk stockings and buckled shoe style is not preserved as befitting the rest of the costume, for the gown does not reach to the heels, and there is consequently a hiatus of about four or five inches filled in by our abominable modern costume, between the clerical-looking dress and the floor.—*Lady Blanche Murphy.*

THE COLOR OF MARS'S MOONS.

A PROBLEM of great difficulty has been attacked by the Cambridge telescope, namely an accurate measurement of the brightness of those minute bodies, the moons of Mars. Several methods have been employed to obtain results wholly independent, as, for instance, reducing Mars until it is no brighter than the satellite, or allowing it to shine through a very minute hole and comparing the light. A curious discovery has thus been made regarding the color of the satellites which do not partake of the red tint of Mars. This could not be determined by ordinary observation, since the intense light of Mars would prejudice the eye. When Mars is out of the field and its image reduced to the brightness of the satellite and brought close to the latter, the difference in color is well shown, Mars appearing red and the satellite gray or bluish like Saturn. The light affords the only measurement which will probably ever be possible of the diameter of these minute bodies, its angular amount being only two or three hundredths of a second of arc.

HOW GREAT MEN ESCAPED.

THE St. Louis *Republican* is to be credited for the following interesting notes:

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window. It then went off without difficulty. Satisfied that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be preserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which, for some time previous, had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into a pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him from a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various devices were used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector. All was unavailing, his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced his steps and deposited its burden safely upon the bed. On a subsequent occasion the water had well-nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman was the sole instrument of his rescue.

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant, he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author preserved to the world.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena, one of them peculiarly helpless. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of marvelous deliverances. As a youth, he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized, and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide-surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few moments sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

WAGES IN JAMES II.'S TIMES.

AT the Easter sessions, 1688, the rates of wages allowed by the justices of Bucks were entered in the records. A "Cheife Bayliffe, or Hyne in Husbandry," was allowed to receive £6 a year "in the Chilterne," and £5 10s. "in the Vale." Every other man-servant in husbandry, if above 20 years of age. £4 10s. in the Chiltern, and £4 in the Vale. If under 20 and above 16, £3 in the Chiltern, and £2 10s. in the Vale. Boys between 12 and 16 might receive £1 13s. 4d. and £1 respectively. "Cooke mayds and Dary mayds" were to have £2 10s. a year; other maid-servants not more than £2. "Mowers or reapers of corne or grasse" might receive 1s. 2d. by the day without meat or drink, or 6d. with meat and drink. Mowers of grass by the acre were paid 1s. 2d. Men haymakers had 10d. a day, without meat or drink, or 5d with meat and drink. Women haymakers, 6d. or 3d. Mowers of barley, peas, beans or oats had 1s. 4d. or 8d. Laborers at other times might be paid 8d. or 4d., from Lady Day to Michaelmas, and 7d. or 3d. from Michaelmas to Lady Day. "Free Masons" might receive 1s. 8d. a day without meat and drink. "Rough masons, carpenters, ploughrights, (*sic*) bricklayers, *playsters* and tylers" were to have 1s. 2d. from Lady Day to Michaelmas, and 1s. from Michaelmas to Lady Day. If supplied with meat and drink they were to have 8d. all the year round. Gardeners and thatchers were paid at the same rate; but a tailor got only 6d. a day with meat and drink, or 10d. without. These rates appear to have remained without material alteration until the reign of George I.

CURIOUS CHINESE COOKERY.

AMERICANS who dine with the Chinese are surprised at the perfection to which they have carried their cooking. During a recent Chinese banquet at San Francisco an orange was laid at the plate of each guest. The orange itself seemed like any other orange, but on being cut open was found to contain within the rind five kinds of delicate jellies. One was at first puzzled to know how the jellies got in, and, giving up the chain of reflection, was in a worse quandary to know how the pulpy part of the orange got out. Colored eggs were also served, in the inside of which were found nuts, jellies, meats and confectionery. When one of the Americans asked the interpreter to explain this legerdemain of cookery, he expanded his mouth into a hearty laugh, he shook his head, and said, "Melican man heap smart—why not findee out?"

XUM

THE ADULTERATION OF ARTICLES IN COMMON USE.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

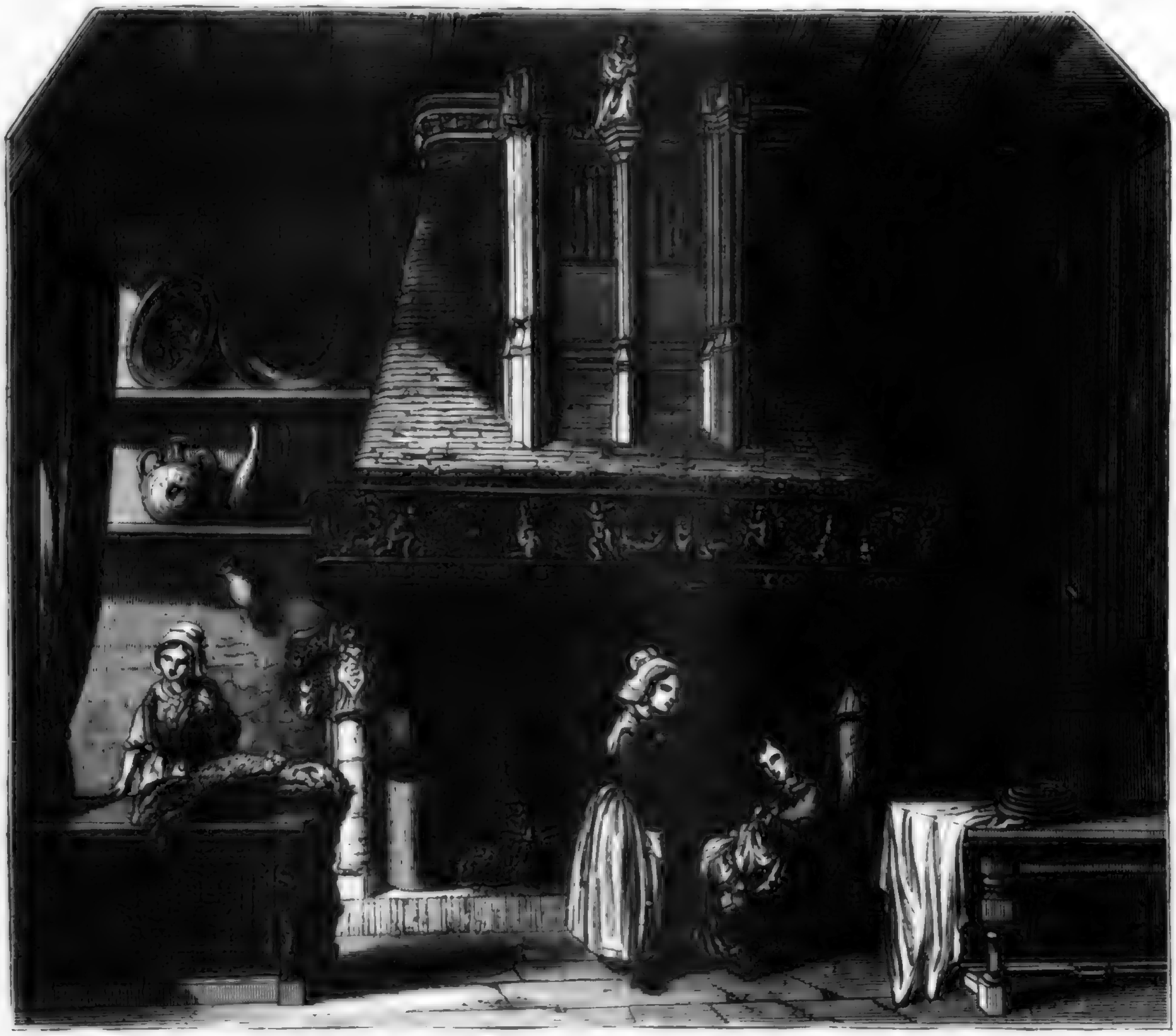
If the talent which is now so frequently employed in devising means for the sophistication and adulteration of articles of food and drink were to be diverted to more economical methods of production, and to the creation of new channels of trade, we have no doubt that the honest reward of fair dealing would be greater than the uncertain gains of fraudulent imposition. Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue, and adulteration is the tribute rogues pay to good things. There is scarcely any good thing that is not adulterated, and we propose to enumerate some of the most common articles of daily consumption which are often tampered with, and show by illustrations how to distinguish the genuine from the false.

PEPPER.

The black pepper plant grows both in the East and West Indies, in Sumatra, Java, and other islands; it is shrubby and climbing in its character, and sometimes attains a height of twelve feet. The fruit grows abundantly from all its branches, in long, small clusters of from twenty to fifty grains; when ripe it is of a bright red color. After being gathered, it is spread on mats in the sun, when it loses its red color, and becomes black and shriveled. Figure 1 represents the appearance under the microscope of the pure article after being ground. It is often largely adulterated with linseed meal, ground mustard seeds, etc., for the microscopical characters of which see figure 2. In addition to these substances, however, a great variety of other falsifications are practiced. Wheat flour, pea flour, sago, rice flour, woody fibre, potato starch, bran, ground gypsum, rape seed, and bone dust, are some of the articles that have been employed. Many persons decline to use the ground pepper, as it is more easily adulterated than the berries.

CAYENNE PEPPER.

Cayenne is improperly called a pepper, as it belongs to the genus *capsicum*, or nightshade family, which also includes the potato plant. It is a native of America, but is cultivated in the West and East Indies, and to some extent in green-houses. It is an annual, herbaceous plant, producing its fruit in pods. When the berries are dried and reduced to powder they constitute cayenne pepper. The appearance of the powder under the microscope (see fig. 3) is very different from that of black pepper, and its properties are also dissimilar. Owing to the peculiar color of the powder, it is necessary to have recourse to red pigments for purposes of adulteration, some of which are of a highly poisonous character. Vermilion (a compound of mercury), red ochre, venetian red, ground rice, sawdust, salt, mustard husks, red lead, are a few of the substances which have been detected, as shown in figure 4. The cayenne itself is employed to adulterate ginger; it is also put into gin and rum, and



CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE HOTEL DU GRAND CERF, GRAND ANDELYS, EURE, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 122.

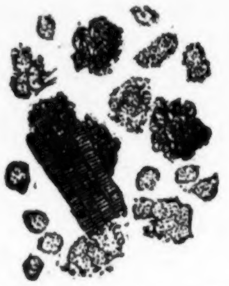


FIG. 1.—PURE PEPPER.

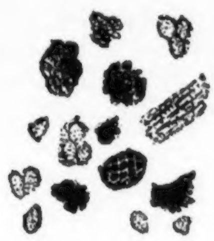


FIG. 2.—ADULTERATED PEPPER.

ought to be closely examined before being used in large quantities, as the falsifications are often of a highly dangerous character.

MUSTARD.

Mustard is another condiment obtained from two plants which differ in botanical characters as well as in properties. One variety has smooth seed-vessels, and is black; the other grows in pods covered with hairs, and is white. The seeds of both black and white mustard are first crushed between rollers and then pounded in mortars. The pounded seeds are then sifted, yielding dressings and pure flour of mustard.

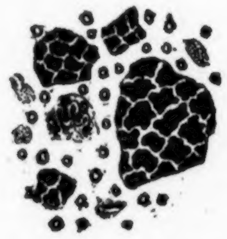


FIG. 3.—PURE CAYENNE.

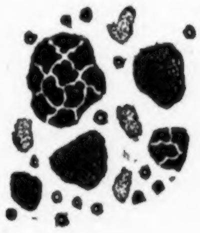


FIG. 4.—ADULTERATED CAYENNE.

From the dressings, by pressure, a fixed oil is obtained, which is sometimes mixed with rape and other oils. The pure flour of mustard has the appearance of the roe of eggs in its rounded grains (see fig. 5), and under the microscope the additions of foreign substances (see fig. 6) can readily be detected.

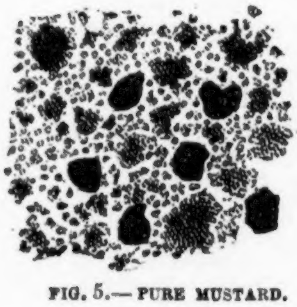


FIG. 5.—PURE MUSTARD.

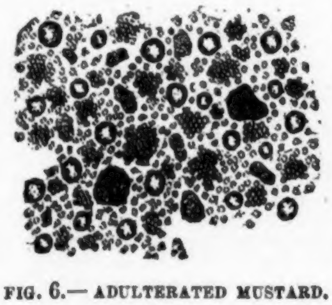


FIG. 6.—ADULTERATED MUSTARD.

A great many substances are employed to cheat the consumer, the most common of which are wheat flour, starch, turmeric, cayenne pepper, clay, plaster-of-paris and chromate of lead. The pepper is used to impart pungency to it when it has been otherwise adulterated; clay, for bulk and weight; and the chromate of lead, to restore the color when reduced by other adulterations.

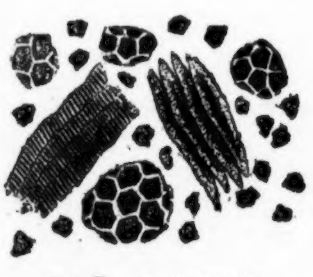


FIG. 7.—PURE COFFEE.

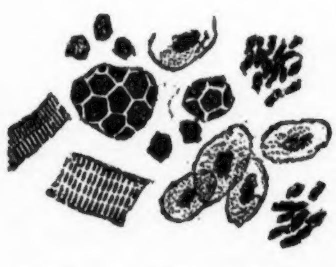


FIG. 8.—ADULTERATED COFFEE.

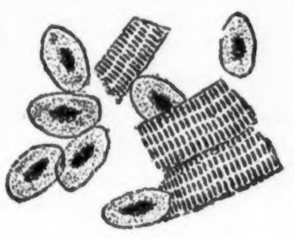


FIG. 9.—PURE CHICORY.

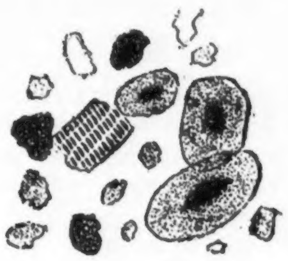


FIG. 10.—ADULTERATED CHICORY.

There is an additional difficulty in the case of mustard, and that is in the temptation held out to adulteration in the variety of qualities which are offered for sale. Many samples scarcely possess the flavor of mustard, and when used as poultices produce little or no effect.

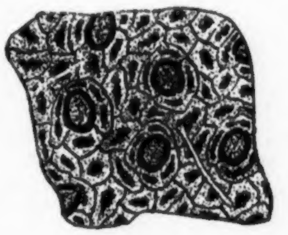


FIG. 11.—PURE TEA.

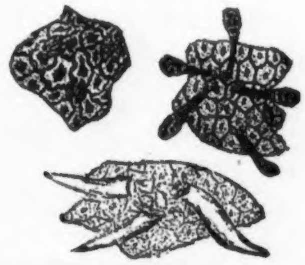


FIG. 12.—ADULTERATED TEA.

COFFEE.

Coffee is another article of large consumption which, since its introduction into London two hundred years ago, has steadily grown in favor, and is now deemed indispensable in every household. It grows on plants fifteen to twenty feet high, with widely branching limbs in pairs, at right angles to each other, and the leaves resemble those of the common laurel, but are not so thick and dry. Its fruit is like that of the cherry-tree, but it grows in clusters;

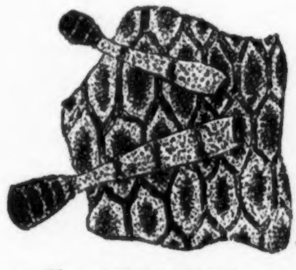


FIG. 13.—PURE TOBACCO.

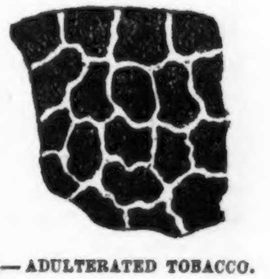


FIG. 14.—ADULTERATED TOBACCO.

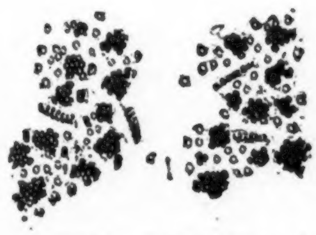


FIG. 15.—PURE COCOA.

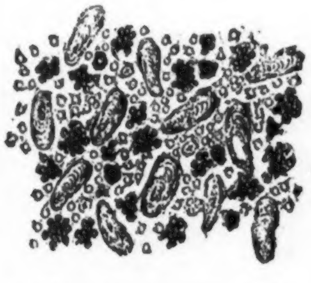


FIG. 16.—ADULTERATED COCOA.

within the fruit are the seeds or berries. The seeds, commonly called berries, of Arabian or Mocha coffee, are small, and of a dark yellow color; those of Java and East Indies are large and of a pale yellow, while those of Ceylon, West Indies and Brazil coffee possess a bluish or greenish-gray tint.

An artificial coloring matter for coffee is prepared and sold as a regular article of commerce. It consists of Prussian blue, chromate of lead, gypsum and clay, and is sometimes called chrome green. Such a mixture is highly poisonous.

The process of roasting coffee is in the nature of dry distillation, and there is produced a number of oils and other compounds which do not exist in the raw bean. During the roasting a valuable alkaloid called caffein is wasted. If an adapter nine feet long were to be attached to the axis of the drum, through which the fumes could be passed and condensed, the alkaloid could be saved, and it is probable that it would find great use as an antiseptic and in medicine. A pound of coffee yields, on the average, 75 grains of caffein. According to this, with an annual consumption of 13,000 tons of coffee in the United States, if the roasting were to be conducted in factories, the yield would be 140 tons of caffein.

It is scarcely necessary to say that coffee is extensively adulterated. The pure article shows the structure and cells of wood (fig. 7), while the adulterated samples are full of strange admixtures (fig. 8), which are easy enough to detect but not always so easy to describe. The almost universal falsification practiced on coffee is the introduction of chicory, and this adulterant has been used so much that many persons prefer to have it in their beverage, and would enter a complaint if it were absent. The microscopic appearance of pure chicory is shown in figure 9; and as the chicory itself is also often tampered with, it is necessary to be able to recognize the impurities indicated in figure 10. The foreign substances in chicory are usually roasted starch, mangelwurzel, sawdust, etc.

The adulterations practiced upon coffee are numerous. A simple way to test for them is to strew some of the powder on the surface of cold water. The oil manufactured by the roasting prevents the particles of coffee from being readily wetted by the water, thus causing them to float; while the chicory, burnt sugar, peas, beans, rye, corn, bread-crumbs, and other impurities, not containing any oil, rapidly sink to the bottom. By performing the operation in a funnel, it is possible in this way to separate the pure coffee from its contaminations. The rapid coloration of cold water is pretty certain evidence of adulteration.

TEA.

Tea is adulterated with other leaves, such as sycamore, elm, willow, horse-chestnut, beech, plum, and is dyed with Prussian blue, plumbago, turmeric, chrome yellow, clay, gypsum, talc, chalk. Figure 11 is pure tea, and figure 12 a sample of the adulterated article. A simple way to detect any of the mineral contaminations is to burn a sample of the suspected article in a shovel, and if there is an inordinate amount of ash, the presence of foreign matter may be safely conceded. Leaves of strange plants can be determined by a botanical examination under the microscope.

TOBACCO.

Tobacco is adulterated with leaves of dock, rhubarb, potato, cabbage, chicory, elm, oak, sea-weed, also with wheat, oatmeal, cane-sugar, molasses, honey, licorice, sal ammoniac, potash, soda, fuller's earth, sand, copperas, and saltpetre. Figure 13 is a drawing of a pure sample of tobacco, and figure 14 the adulterated article.

COCOA.

Cocoa is prepared from the seeds of *Theobroma cacao*, a plant so named by Linnæus from two Greek words signifying that it was a food fit for the gods. It is a small but handsome tree, indigenous to the West Indies and Central America.

The adulterations practiced upon cocoa are the introduction of potato, arrowroot, maize, sago, sugar, starch, chicory, etc. Figure 15 is unadulterated cocoa, and figure 16 the adulterated article. In Europe the Government measure to protect consumers is to compel all coca manufacturers to stamp their business address upon the tablets or molds, as well as upon the paper wrappings. In this way the responsibility is at once ascertained, and the penalties for falsification are visited in the right quarter.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Photography in Public Museums and Galleries.—The Minister of Public Instruction in France has ordered that all the State Collections shall be opened to photographers, under proper regulations—libraries, archives, galleries, museums, art collections, etc. Till now, access to these establishments was rarely accorded, and then only to those armed with very special recommendations. The result was, that the most valuable documents and treasures were kept guarded, and the public remained in ignorance of their existence. How far red tape can go is shown in a story told about Versailles. Some one wanted to photograph the Orangery there, but could not obtain permission, as it was to be newly decorated and the façade was to be freshly painted. To prevent the public—which, on Sundays and *fete* days, is somewhat numerous—from rubbing against the wet paint, and otherwise injuring the work and their clothing at the same time, it was decided to place a sentinel in the vicinity for a short time. But the order having once been given, no one troubled themselves about rescinding it when the paint was dry, and the consequence was, that for twenty-five years afterward a sentry still continued to tramp methodically to and fro before the Orangery every day. The new Minister of Public Instruction is in favor of abolishing such supernumeraries, and to let the photographers do the guarding, if any is necessary. The new regulations require that the operator must always make use of the dry process. He must bring with him plates or tissue ready prepared, and must do nothing further upon the premises beyond exposing the plates; the development and fixing of the latter being conducted subsequently at home. Every photographer who is admitted to the privilege, must forward to the director of the establishment one good negative and two prints of every object reproduced by him in the gallery or museum.

A New Locality for Potash Salts in Germany.—A discovery of much interest and importance has recently been made at Archers Leben, Prussia, in the vicinity of the Hartz Mountains. Within the last twenty years the governments of Prussia and Anhalt have been deriving large profits from the working of sundry pits or mines productive of potash salts, situated at Stassfurth and Leopoldshall. Hitherto these undertakings have enjoyed a monopoly, but an independent party of explorers, aided by the diamond rock boring apparatus, have succeeded in reaching the potash deposits at moderate depths, not far from Stassfurth. The first boring reached what is called the "kainite" portion of the potash layer, which was found to have a thickness of 50 English feet. As the Prussian mining law entitles the discoverers to a concession equal to an area of 2,189,000 square meters, it is computed that this discovery includes about 66,000,000 tons of potash salts.

Photo-Electricity.—Professor Hankel, of Leipsic, has recently published an account of observations appearing to show some connection between light and electricity. If the face of a blue, violet or dark-green crystal of fluor-spar be exposed to light, either direct sun's rays or diffused light, electrical phenomena appear upon the surface which acquire considerable intensity, according to the time of the exposure. If the sun's rays are brought to a focus by a lens, the mineral loses the property of becoming electric in the light, but heating in a dark chamber to a temperature of 212 deg. Fah. does not affect this property Through the influence of light a change occurs in the coloring matter of the crystal which induces the electric action. The chemical or actinic rays are the ones which occasion the most marked photo-electric phenomena in the crystals.

Unpublished Letters of Humboldt.—Alexander von Humboldt conducted a long correspondence with the astronomer Gauss, the centennial anniversary of whose birth has just been celebrated at Brunswick. Gauss carefully preserved all of the letters received from Humboldt, but the latter had the habit of destroying all letters which he did not require for immediate use, and hence the replies of Gauss are lost to the world. It is proposed to publish the letters of Humboldt to Gauss, for the benefit of mathematicians and astronomers.

Improvement in Steel-Making.—The production of steel upon the open hearth, to the elaboration of which Dr. Siemans has so largely contributed since he first established the process at Llandore, in 1868, has, in fact, become assimilated, in simplicity of character and precision of results, to a laboratory operation, and may be justly regarded as a triumph of the successful application of chemical principles, and of the power of guidance and control afforded by utilizing analytical research, to the attainment of prescribed results upon a stupendous scale, with an accuracy approaching that which the experienced chemical operator secures in the laboratory upon a small scale, under conditions which he can completely control. The production of steel by a large number of small, separate operations in pots, has become supplanted with great advantage by the Siemans-Martin system of working at some of our largest establishments at Sheffield. This system has also secured a footing at highly renowned Continental works, which are formidable competitors with the English in the manufacture of steel; such as those of Essen, Creusot and Terre Noire. The success which appears to have attended the addition of silicon, in combination with iron and manganese, to the steel before casting, in preventing the formation of so-called *blow holes*, and in contributing at the same time to the production of the particular character of steel required, bids fair to be of special importance in connection with the application of steel to the production of projectiles for use against armor plates, as affording ready, and comparatively very economical, means of insuring the production of perfectly sound castings, which, in compactness of structure, will, it is asserted, compete successfully with carefully forged castings, and even with the material which Whitworth produces by submitting the fluid metal to powerful pressure.

The Sale of Dairy Products.—According to the *U. S. Butter, Cheese and Egg Reporter*, the sale of dairy products for local consumption and for exportation is something enormous. For example, the daily average receipt of milk in New York City alone amounts to 373,000 quarts. Cheese has become an extensive article of exportation. During one week in May, 657,000 pounds were sent out of the country. The exportation of butter during the last six months amouted to 8,401,000 pounds. It will be seen from these statistics that the dairy business has attained great proportions in the United States, and that competition will compel producers to use every precaution to offer a pure article for sale. There are strong suspicions that much of the so-called English and Dutch cheese is manufactured in this country.

Origin of Sewer Gas.—The more recent investigations into the nature of sewer gas have demonstrated that in its poisonous condition it is the product of an abstracted decomposition; of fermentation, which Pasteur aptly calls "life without air." The atmosphere within the soil-pipe does not contain sufficient oxygen to supply the continuous decomposition, which is thus checked until the oxygen which it requires is supplied by the constituents of the organic matters themselves—a process which leads to a radical difference in the resultant gases. Instead of being a thoroughly destructive oxidation of the material, it becomes a putrefying decomposition, producing foul-smelling and dangerous gases. Hence, substances rich in oxygen act as disinfectants.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A Royal Blue—King Indigo.

Cheap Busses—Stolen kisses.

Floating Capital—The Obelisk.

'Pon Honor.—Q. What are debts of honor? A. Obligations too immoral to be recognized by law.

"Obelisk," in the Greek tongue, means a skewer. Probably this is the reason New York wants to sekewer one.

There isn't much difference between a grasshopper and a grass widow, after all. Either will jump at the first chance.

A Spanish proverb says: "The man who, on his wedding-day, starts as a lieutenant in the family, will never get promoted."

"At what age were you married?" asked she, inquisitively. But the lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, "At the parson-age."

"My dear," said a pretentious man, "I'm to write an essay on the golden calf." "My love," replied his wife, "I'm afraid you'll re-veal your ignorance."

Nothing will bring a man down in the world quicker than a few walnuts scattered on the stair-steps at night. So we are informed by a man who was brought down.

"The rabbit is the most timid of all animals," said a philosophical cook. "That is true," said his wife; "but there never yet was a cook who could make a rabbit *quail*."

What is the difference between a person going to Plymouth Church and one about to ask a lady a favor? One is going to see Beecher and the other is going to beseech her.

A Pottsville (Pa.) woman, thinking she had heard an unusual noise in her parlor, stepped into the room, and there discovered her cow, contentedly chewing her cud, and complacently looking at herself in the mirror.

An observing politician says that the difference between those going in and those going out of office is mainly this: The former are sworn in, and the latter go out swearing.

An agent soliciting subscriptions to a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who, after reading, "One dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep," declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand when called upon for payment.

"Well, doctor," inquired an anxious New York husband, "and what do you think is the matter with my wife?" "Oh, nothing serious; probably a little humor of the blood." "No, that can't be, doctor, that can't be; for she's been out of humor for ten days past."

"I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt." "Why, how do you know how much salt I give them?" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water; that makes their milk thin, you know."

The fashion journals say: "Feathers are still the style for hats and bonnets." Beds, too. We slept on a hotel bed the other night that must have had as much as thirty or forty feathers scattered around on a car-load of slats. But this is carrying feather decoration to the extreme of fashion.

Nothing New.—The following announcement may be seen in a shop in a London street out of the Strand, near Somerset House: "Bread is going down." As wheat was recently going up, this is good news, of course; but then bread always does go down—in fact, nothing ever goes down like it.

She stepped out of the cars a few minutes, leaving a book on the seat; but, on returning, went to the wrong place, and inquired of a placid old lady: "Are you not sitting on 'That Husband of Mine'?" "Good gracious! no!" exclaimed the old lady, jumping up, and scanning the seat with rigid scrutiny.

"Do you see that old man over there?" said a young scapegrace to his aunt. "Well, he committed a very grave error once, which blighted his career." "Dear me! Poor man! What did he do?" "Well, you see, he was a sexton, and buried a man alive, and that was such a grave error that he lost his situation."

A Grand Place.—A newspaper in San Francisco says they are so much annoyed out there with musquitoes and bedbugs, that a physician advises, first a bath in a solution of soft soap and molasses, then a sprinkle of sawdust on the head, after which the patient should take to his bed and maintain perfect repose.

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, and fell asleep soon after the meal. The prelate, a sorry preacher, was about to deliver a sermon, and awakened Malherbe, inviting him to be an auditor. "Ah, thank you," said Malherbe, "pray, excuse me; I can sleep very well without that."

A Platform orator calls his lecture "How to Gain Wealth." There are several ways of accomplishing this object. One is to over-issue stock; another is to "raise" insurance scrip; another is to get elected president of a savings bank; and a fourth is to charge two hundred dollars a night for a twenty-dollar lecture.

A gentleman crossing a narrow bridge, said to a countryman whom he met, "I think this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, my honest friend; pray, are not people lost here, sometimes?" "Lost! No, sir, I never knew anybody lost here in my life; there were several drowned, but they were all found again."

Said a little boy to his mother the other morning, "Ma, I had the beautifulest dream last night you ever saw. I dreamt that I wouldn't go to school, and that you went into the yard and cut a great, long switch, but just as you was going to give me an awful dressin' the world came to an end! Didn't I get out of that easy, though?"

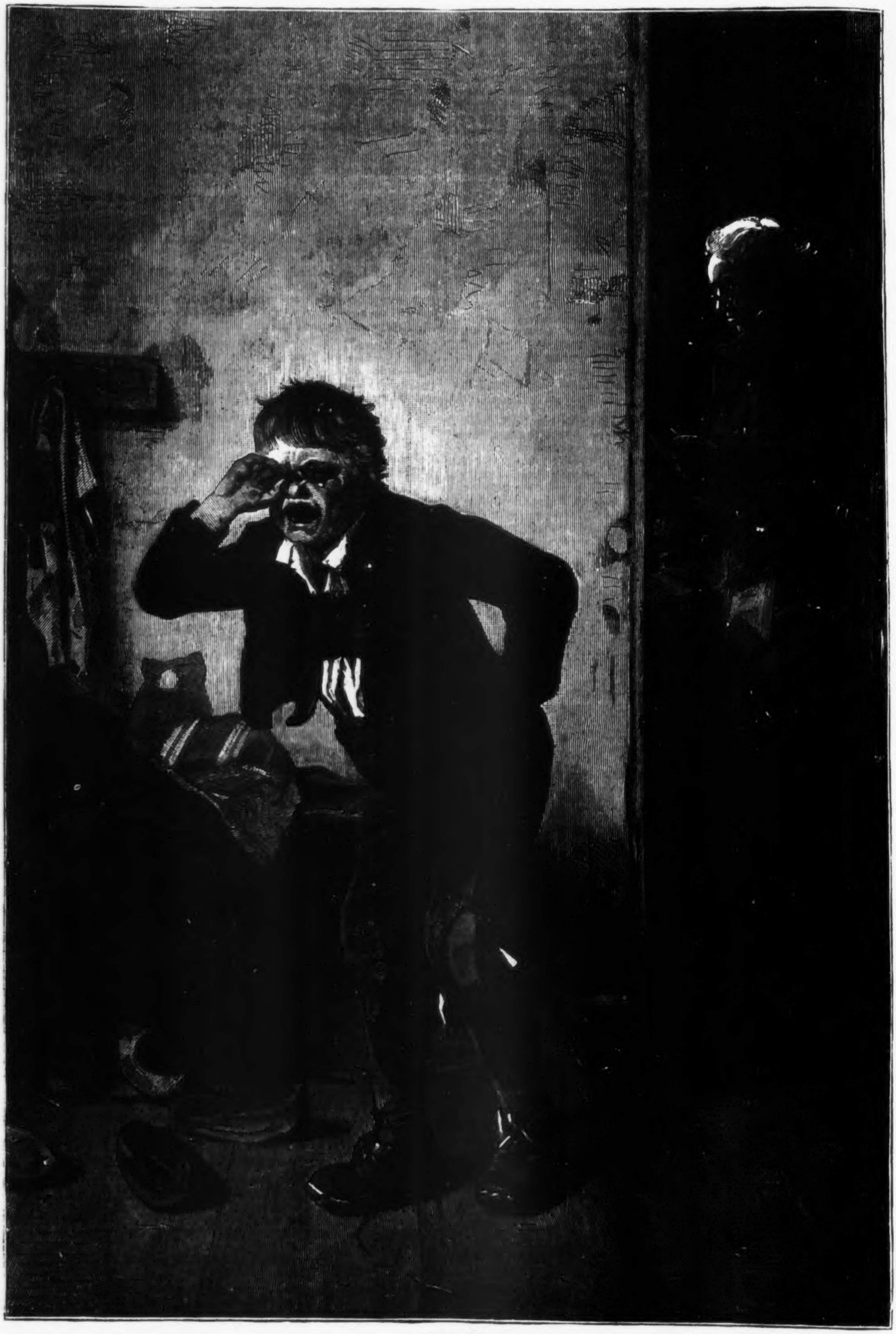
It was time the young man spoke out his sentiments. For five years and three months he had courted pretty Mary—and, by his sticking so long and well, drove all other suitors away. Last Sunday night he was neatly hooked by the lady, who suggested to him the propriety of spelling Mary with an extra R. Wedding announced. No cards.

A nice and sympathetic, but inquisitive and "spoony" young man, who was visiting a county prison, gently asked a girl prisoner the cause of her being in such a place. "Oh," said she, with a contemptuous toss of the head, "I stole a water-mill, and got off safe; but, like a fool, I went back after the stream that turned it, and was arrested." The nice and sympathetic young man left immediately.

ENTICED HIM OUT THE DOOR.

She sat upon the parlor lounge,
And William, he sat by her;
And neither spoke a single word,
But both gazed in the fire.
At last he clasped her dimpled hand,
And told her of his love,
And swore he would be true to her
By moon and stars above.
He said he could not live without—
Before he could say more,
Her dad came in, and with a club,
Enticed him out the door.

XUM



IN FOR IT.